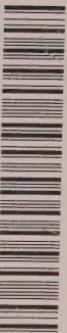


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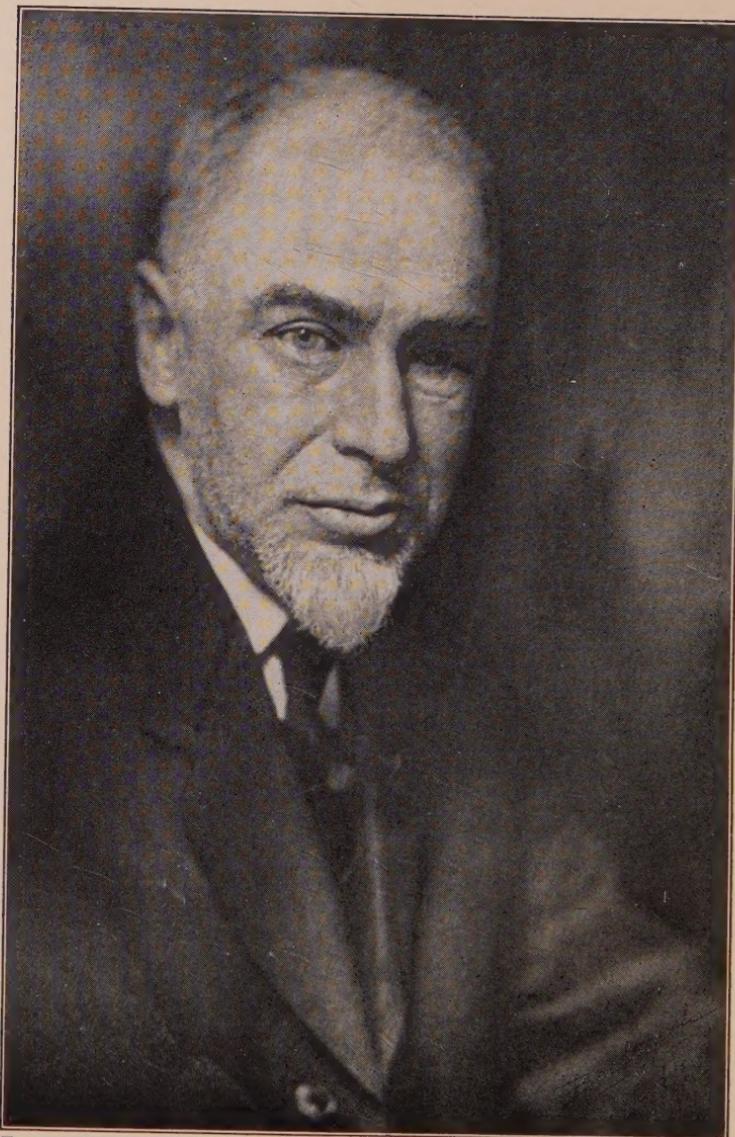
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MEMOIRS OF AN EDITOR



From a photograph by Pirie MacDonald

EDWARD P. MITCHELL

MEMOIRS OF AN EDITOR

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM

BY

EDWARD P. MITCHELL

FORMERLY EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF "THE SUN" OF NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATED

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
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1924

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PREFACE

I have taken a wandering course from juvenilities through personalities perhaps to senilities, attempting neither to write a history of my time nor to make a treatise on journalism; but hoping that here and there some kind friends unknown may find something as interesting for them to read as it has been for me to remember.

E. P. M.

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MEMOIRS OF AN EDITOR

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CHAPTER I

A NEW ENGLAND EDUCATION

I

OFTEN the recollections of early childhood are pictures that do not move, unassociated scenes strangely selected by the tyrant management down in the subconscious. When recalled overhead these scenes are made to stand forth with startling distinctness, even to minor details; but it is a hopeless effort if you try to connect them with what had gone before and with that which followed.

So when I turn back to the prehistoric or legendary period of one unimportant existence I find this tableau, earliest of all, persistently recurring.

The child cannot be much more than two years old. He is on hands and knees upon the ingrain carpet of the so-called sitting-room in his grandfather's house in Bath, Maine; the house in High Street where he was born in 1852. He has been pushing along a little woolly lamb so contrived as to bleat in going. Above the sinful child and the untimely toy towers the awesome figure of his grandfather's nephew, the Reverend Jesse Page, of Atkinson, New Hampshire, tall type of the uncompromising Puritan divine with the excessive nose of a Roman senator and the voice of an Ezekiel. He preached that morning at the Congregational Church. The pulpit tone is in his words and the wrath of heaven is in his upraised finger as he menaces the woolly lamb and thunders: "Edward! Thou shalt not work, thou shalt not play upon the Lord's

holy Sabbath-day." The child cowers and trembles, drops the innocent partner of his guilt, and still remembers.

The shades of John Calvin and William Farel and the gloom-charged atmosphere of the Genevan church three centuries before held undisputed possession Sundays in that home, as in most of the respectable New England households throughout the fifties.

As the small boy grew he underwent an intensive education in the repression, one day in seven, of libertine proclivities as to sport and literature. The printed Sunday-school lesson for the afternoon class, "The Schoenberg Cotta Family," leaving dismal ideas on the subject of Martin Luther's activities, and the "Religious Section" of the *New York Observer* constituted the prescribed diet for Sunday. This well-intentioned weekly used to come by mail on Saturdays in two equal parts, "Religious" and "Secular." The family shears severed the two departments regularly on Saturday evenings after baked beans, and the "Secular," which the Reverend Doctor Irenæus Prime certainly knew was not addicted to sensational worldliness, went just as regularly into hiding until released by Monday's dawn. An exciting novel called "The Daisy Chain," together with "The Lamplighter" and similar works of imagination, permitted on week-days, was locked up in the bookcase in the room of one of my four maiden aunts. The unbound files of Mr. Bonner's *New York Ledger*, chock-full of Sylvanus Cobb and Emerson Bennett and the rest of that fascinating crowd, the numbers tied neatly in bundles and stored in clean flour barrels in the attic, to be the joy of many a rainy afternoon, became for twenty-four hours inaccessible except by stealth; as remote were they from hungry eyes as the Rockies or the Caribbean or the Castilian Sierras or any of the distant regions whereof their delightful columns told. Even the Rollo Books in blue, moral as morality itself, were rigidly prohibited, like the woolly lamb.

No doubt the same severity of censorship was experienced by tens of thousands of New England boys in my time, and not only by them but also by countless others in preceding generations; and not always on Sunday alone. Charles A. Dana told me once how he used to read "*Thaddeus of Warsaw*," standing on tiptoe before the pulled-open drawer where the forbidden book was interred in his mother's bureau, ready meanwhile to slam the drawer shut and skedaddle at the approach of footsteps on the stairs.

Likewise taboo on Sundays were certain books kept behind the baize-lined glass doors of the top compartment of the beloved old "secretary" on which these words of memory are now being written: tall structure of mahogany and curly maple veneer, with ancient brass-ring handles to the drawers and hinged desk-lid that when open rests upon two sturdy side pull-outs, to me in infancy a mysterious and bewitching mechanical construction. As a creeping child I used to pull them out and use them to hoist myself up into temporary perpendicularity years before I learned to climb the steps of literary culture with the help of the friendly occupants of the secretary's upper stories.

One well-remembered volume was an abridgment of the "*Arabian Nights*," sheep-bound like its next neighbor, the hymn-book, but otherwise so different with its copper-plate pictures of the Little Hunchback, and Codadad, and the Enchanted Horse, and the charming princesses, and Ganem, son of Abou Ayoub, surnamed Love's Slave. Another, also in sheep, was a political, geographical, and statistical compendium of the United States, containing the Constitution up to the Twelfth Amendment and the distance between New York and Albany, with special attention to the District of Columbia, a novelty in governmental fabrics at the time the compilation was made. Diagrams like checker-boards in this book taught me that

ten square miles by no means meant ten miles square. "The Letters of Junius" were there, shoulder to shoulder with "Baron Munchausen" illustrated by Rowlandson, and a small but variegated assortment of biography and fiction, ranging from the "Life of David Garrick" in two volumes, boards, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Life among the Lowly," written by Mrs. Stowe in Brunswick, nine miles away from Bath, and published first in book form in the year of my birth—ranging from these to what was then to me perhaps the most engaging thing in the collection, the ungrown first edition of the "Life of P. T. Barnum, Written by Himself."

Yet am I quite sure of Barnum's election? For beyond "Sandford and Merton," British exemplars of desirable and undesirable youth for whom I never greatly cared, stood another Connecticut product, "Alonzo and Melissa: A Tale," lacking the title-page with locus and date and possibly the author's name, but apparently printed not long after the Revolutionary War. The inspiration was Richardson rather than Fielding; "Waverley" was yet to come, "Pride and Prejudice" was far in the future, Fenimore Cooper farther still; but behold an American novelist with something of Scott and something of Jane Austen and something of Cooper, romancing intrepidly if naïvely of love and adventure and actually showing the spunk to introduce the great Doctor Benjamin Franklin not only as a loquacious character in the story but even as the determining factor in its plot. Let me tarry a moment over this early favorite. It was the first formally constructed novel I ever read. Here is the book itself, with its once familiar pages unopened by me for two and sixty years. How stately and yet candid the promise of the preface!

It is believed that the story contains no indecorous stimulants; nor is it filled with unmeaning and inexplicated incidents, sound-

ing upon the senses, but imperceptible to the understanding. When anxieties have been excited by involved and doubtful events, they are afterwards elucidated by the consequences.

The scenes of “Alonzo and Melissa” were laid in New London and in some unidentified region of western Connecticut near the Sound. I wish I might mention a few of the involved and doubtful events afterward elucidated by the consequences, but must content myself with one passage from the remarks wherewith Doctor Franklin, in philosophic converse with Alonzo, then a Revolutionary prisoner escaped from London to Paris, offered consolation for the supposed death of the beauteous Melissa in America:

“Was it the splendours of beauty which enraptured you? Sickness may and age must destroy the symmetry of the most finished form—the brilliancy of the finest features. Was it the graces of the mind? I tell you that by familiarity these allurements are lost, and the mind left vacant turns to some other source to supply vacuum. Besides, the attainment of your wishes might have been the death of your hopes. If my reasoning is correct, the ardency of your passion might have closed with the pursuit. An every day suit, however rich and costly the texture, is soon worn threadbare. On your part, indifference would consequently succeed; on the part of your partner, disappointment, jealousy and disgust. What might follow is needless for me to name; your soul must shudder at the idea of conjugal infidelity. . . . After all, my young friend, it will be well for you to consider, whether the all-wise dispensing hand of Providence has not directed this matter, which you esteem so great an affliction, for your greatest good and most essential advantage. And suffer me to tell you, that in all my observations on life, I have always found that those connections which were formed from inordinate passion, or what some would call pure affection, have been ever the most unhappy. Beware, then, my son, beware of yielding the heart to the effeminacies of passion. Exquisite sensibilities are ever subject to exquisite inquietudes.”

Franklin paused. His reasonings, however they convinced

the understanding, could not heal the wounds of Alonzo's bosom.

Yes, better and nobler even than P. T. Barnum's perseverance was the constancy of Alonzo's bosom, and a happy child I was when Melissa turned up alive in Charleston, South Carolina, in the best manner of the best-sellers of the eighteenth century.

Elsewhere in the house, in quarters thoroughly explored as I became older, were the ponderous quartos containing the "Chronicles" of both Froissart and Monstrelet, and the imposing long row of the Cyclopædia of Abraham Rees, that vast but inviting British brother of the Japanese Ko-ji-dan, or "Treatise on All Old Things." With gratitude I recall the big square pages and the illustrative plates wherein I found fully explained and depicted a somewhat archaic system of shorthand writing, which was mastered with some difficulty by diligence. The study of stenography was pursued in after years with more modern text-books, but it proved, probably by my own fault, of no practical use whatever during fifty years and more of incessant newspaper work.

Elsewhere, also, were my father's copies of "Don Quixote," of Dickens complete to that time, of J. Ross Browne's whimsical travel narratives, of Lieutenant Derby's immortal "John Phoenix," of Macaulay, of Hallam; and, of valuable service that I could not estimate till much later, the bound sets, from the beginning, of the good *Knickerbocker Magazine*, rich with a hundred such delectable offerings as its translation of Henri Murger's "Vie de Bohème"; of *Harper's*, both monthly and weekly, with Bulwer and Thackeray and Porte Crayon and George William Curtis, and in the back of the magazine those most diverting forerunners of the modern serial comics; of *Putnam's Monthly*, too short-lived in both of its two incarnations, containing in the earlier series the

articles that attempted to identify the Indian missionary Eleazer Williams with the lost Bourbon prince who might have been Louis XVII but for well-known historical events. This sensational discussion, referred to by Major Putnam in his memoir of his father, had for me at the time an interest almost personal, inasmuch as there was a stoutly maintained tradition in our family, originating in I know not what process of genealogical research or impulse of royalist yearning, that the Reverend Eleazer was a distant relative of ours.

Up in the attic, besides the barrelled *Ledgers* of Robert Bonner and the *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, reposed no end of numbers of *Yankee Notions* and *Nick-Nax* and *Vanity Fair*, the last-named supreme in its field—all carefully bundled and ready for release whenever the hunger for mirth became urgent. I was too young, of course, ever to have known Artemus Ward, that is to say, Charles Farrar Browne, either in our native State of Maine or in New York when he edited *Vanity Fair*; one of his artist associates, Henry L. Stephens, whose foxes and geese and other animals reached the highest grade of humorous delineation, I did come to know slightly about 1875. But of Artemus Don Seitz has left little to be said that is really interesting.

Finally, on top of the bureau in the spare room of the house that has been spoken of, there stood, or rather lay in sequestered dignity, the two big volumes of Josephus's "History of the Jewish War," with sumptuous martial and architectural engravings, and a ponderous family Bible, strangely enough of no assured Sabbath status, since it included between the Old Testament and the New the books of the Apocrypha, sought by us children with purely secular eagerness on account of Tobit and the Fish. May I be forgiven the partial catalogue of these ancient companions? They were of my earliest and best-loved friends.

Such were the week-day privileges and Sunday restrictions as to prose. Intercourse with poetry was limited on the Lord's Day to Doctor Watts's "Hymn and Psalm Book," which I was permitted to take from the rack in our family pew in the Winter Street Church and to peruse as a special concession during a protracted or hypertheological sermon. Attendance on divine worship twice a day, often plus the evening prayer-meeting in the "vestry," it scarcely need be told, was obligatory in the case of every youngster able to be out of bed. The services sometimes lasted for two hours or more, morning and again afternoon, and the noon intermission was brief. How many times did I toddle, led by affectionate hands, up the plank sidewalk of the steep Winter Street hill, a diminutive unit in the decorous procession on its way to cold Sunday dinner; and how often did I fail to find thoughts suitably expressive of my dread of the too imminent descent of that hill, after the cold dinner had been partaken, and the return to those hairy, drab-colored pew cushions.

Strict veracity, however, compels the statement that the hymn-book in the rack was a welcomed resource during the fourthlies and fifthlies and retarded lastlies that seemed like a race of endurance with eternity the goal. I studied most, if not all the hymns and psalms, noble, commonplace, and empty, and was then, I think, sufficiently perceptive to form independent valuations that were reasonably accurate. At any rate, it was a more engaging occupation than listening to doctrinal discourse I couldn't understand. Thus I grew familiar with the sacred poesy of Isaac Watts, of the two Wesleys, Charles and John, of Doddridge, Toplady, Cowper, Ray Palmer, and other masters. I can recall even now many of the stanzas, crudely attuned in my silent rendering to a sort of near-music, for the real melody was sealed to an always unmusical ear. "Coronation," of course, was the



AT BATH, MAINE, ABOUT 1856

prime favorite. It was a lucky Sabbath when "Coronation" was given out by the minister, and organ and choir burst forth with the swelling strains of the tune which a carpenter, Oliver Holden, once composed to carry Perronet's stirring verses. There was a thrill just above the youthful midriff comparable to that which the "Marseillaise" or the "Star Spangled Banner" sets a-going. Next to "Coronation," perhaps, were Mrs. Adams's "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and Toplady's "Rock of Ages"; but I fear me the standards of esteem depended mainly upon the impressiveness of the air and other merits apart from devotional significance. For instance, I was fond of the hymn beginning:

"The voice of Free Grace cries Escape to the mountain,"

but probably because of the exceptional length of the line of dactyls and spondee stretching across Doctor Watts's page and the suggestion of a perilous adventure like a flight to the hills before a band of hostile Indians.

Years afterward I chanced to become the friend and in a microscopic way the collaborator of the late Reverend Samuel Willoughby Duffield, author of "Latin Hymn Writers and Their Hymns" and of "English Hymns: Their Authors and History." He was not only a learned hymnologist but also a true poet and a soul full of human humor. I can recall the glee with which Duffield communicated to me, then a young writer of more or less reprehensible editorial articles in *The Sun*, the particulars of a heated theological controversy between the saintly John Wesley, author of the lovely stanzas beginning:

O Thou to whose all searching sight
The darkness showeth as the light,

and Mr. Augustus Toplady, of "Rock of Ages." In the exchange of amenities, Wesley called Toplady a "lively

coxcomb" and "a chimney sweep" and described him as "Too dirty a writer for me to meddle with; I should only foul my fingers." In his turn Toplady spoke derisively of Wesley as "Pope John," accused him of "hatching blasphemy," said he had "a petrified forehead, impervious to a blush," that he wrote "a known, wilful, palpable lie to the public," and piled on other epithets and objurgations which, as Duffield sweetly pointed out to me, would have done no discredit to Horace Greeley in his most aggressive midnight mood, or even to *The Sun*.

Before the hymn-book is closed, two remaining personal memories of the old Winter Street Church in Bath and in the late fifties and early sixties of Century Nineteen:

A feminine cousin of mine acted as substitute for the regular organist. On such occasions I was sometimes drafted to inflate the bellows for her playing. As some of my readers may remember, this indispensable if humble part in the church services was performed behind a screen in the organ-loft by operating a pump-handle and keeping a watchful eye upon the plummet that indicated the amount of air still available for service. The function required vigilance rather than strength, for the music swooned when the weight on the string got down to the point of exhaustion. I had been proud of my skill at the pump, but one day when a fine old hymn was being rendered by the joint energies of myself, the organ, the choir, and the entire congregation, my thoughts went sky-larking and there was a sickly gasp, then dead silence on the part of the outraged instrument. The choir collapsed, the good minister, the Reverend Doctor Fiske, turned scarlet as Babylon, and hundreds of heads in the pews swung around in staring surprise, while a wicked minority giggled. The delinquent pumper was so befogged by mortification that it was several seconds—it seemed minutes and hours—before he recovered his sense of duty. The

hymn was then resumed with a deep sigh of intake by the organ, but that was the last public appearance of this provider of atmosphere.

It may be that professional attention on that occasion was diverted by thoughts of a certain red-headed girl, much my senior, who used to sit at the extreme end of the south gallery, opposite the pew on the lower floor frequented by our family. I had long admired her from afar. She had become, indeed, the unconscious object of a veally adoration. I never spoke to her. I have forgotten her name, if it was ever known; but she has my gratitude for aid given during the stress of many a long sermon on many a hot Sunday; and I wonder if she observed the audacious signalling from a far-away pew with Doctor Watts's anthology on one memorable afternoon when the pulpit announced and the congregation sang a hymn in which I discovered with emotions indescribable this stanza:

Here I behold thy distant face
And 'tis a pleasing sight:
But to abide in thine embrace
Were infinite delight.

And now quite enough of the New England Sabbath of threescore years ago.

II

The movies of that period were active and ubiquitous in the shape of the old-fashioned panorama. It warms me yet to think of young Expectancy seated in the front row in Columbian Hall, waiting for the curtain to go up, at one of the exhibitions of this obsolete form of entertainment. When the curtain did rise, unveiling the painted canvas in an oblong framing lighted from in front by gas or kerosene lamp reflectors; when the picture began to move slowly from the spectator's right to the spectator's

left, accompanied by creaking machinery out of sight, with staccato explanations from the gentleman with a long stick, Expectancy settled back on his bench with a sense of æsthetic contentment produced by no other spectacle, not even by the circus or the annual spring parade of the town Fantastics.

Possibly the fascination of the show was due in part to its continuously flowing presentation. I recall a feeling of disappointment when the otherwise engaging Panorama of the Life of Christ proved to be merely a succession of panelled views, each independent of the others; this was not the orthodox method of panorama painting.

Banvard's Mississippi came our way, of course, with its half-mile of rather monotonous scenery. Doctor Kane's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin made a more lasting impression by its delightful sequence of turbulent seas, icebergs, ice-imprisoned ships, Esquimaux men and dogs, close-ups of walruses and polar bears. For many years a vague recollection that this panorama ended with a vessel entering Havana harbor past the Morro castle perplexed me. Cuba is on the way neither to nor from Baffin Bay and Grinnell Land, but obviously in quite an opposite direction. Afterward the mystery was solved by the discovery that Elisha Kent Kane visited Havana in 1857 and died there. So I concluded that my recollection was right, after all; the Morro and the palm-trees must have been introduced by the artist to commemorate the explorer's death amid scenes in striking contrast with his arctic experiences.

Soon after we went to live in New York Lady Franklin was a visitor one afternoon at my father's house, on what errand I know not. Her unwearying efforts to sustain the search for news or relics of the *Erebus* and the *Terror* had endured since 1848 on both sides of the Atlantic. She was a stately, sweetly speaking lady in a jet-trimmed black silk dress of mid-Victorian style. The autographed

words of remembrance she sent the next day are on mourning paper and the date is November 9, 1860. I wish I could have told Lady Franklin that Donald Mac-Millan, the latest of the long line of American adventurers won to the frozen North in consequence of her husband's fate, would be holding in 1924 by atmospheric messages regular and, if necessary, hourly communication with his friends at home.

Dearest to me of all these moving pictures was the great panorama of Broadway. Had I not by that time beheld its wonders with my own eyes? The truthful representation of New York's Main Street started at South Ferry, swerved around the Battery to take in Castle Garden, regained the highway at the Stevens House and proceeded northward to a point considerably above Canal Street, perhaps even to Union Square. It exhibited in succession Trinity Church and churchyard, the towering spire being left to the imagination for dimensional reasons. St. Paul's, likewise sadly abridged in altitude, the Astor House, which not many years before had been criticised for having been built too far up-town for the hotel business, the sumptuous Taylor's saloon at Franklin Street, the Broadway Theatre near Broome Street, and so on with faithful depiction of the intervening structures, even to the shop-signs and the thronged sidewalks and jam of omnibuses and other vehicles. Why, you might be walking up Broadway yourself as the canvas rolled on! Then the course was reversed and came down on the east side of the street, ending somehow at Fulton Ferry, with the good people of Brooklyn hastening home to dinner and the trucks laden with supplies for Brooklyn crowding the gates.

Whatever became of all these old panoramas, their miles and miles of natural scenery and historical record painted on strips eight or ten feet wide? Of course, I made a panorama for myself. It reproduced Broadway from

memory, but avoided the difficulty that stumped the professional artists by setting Trinity Church so far back in the perspective, so well down toward the North River, that the lofty steeple was visible even to its apex. My panorama was operated in a soap-box covered with plum-colored cambric, the oblong space for vision being cut in the bottom of the box; the two rollers worked by little cranks outside. Conceiving a scheme of illumination worthy of the subject, I persuaded a too complaisant apothecary to sell me some pieces of phosphorus. These he put in a bottle containing water and I hid the bottle beneath a bookcase. When the time came for the exhibition and description of Broadway to an audience of small children, I fished out a lump of the dangerous stuff, transferred it to the round tin cover of a mustard-box, and placed my lighting system on a table in front of the panorama. Then I touched it off with a lucifer match; but, alas! instead of burning with steady brilliance while Broadway unfolded its architectural marvels and I delivered my discourse thereon, the chunk went off all at once, filling the room with a red glare and a dense and stifling cloud of smoke. Thus the moving-picture enterprise came to grief. For years and years an ugly circular scar burned deep in a varnished table-top pursued me with its mute reproaches.

Trinity's spire recalls an incident of travel some time before the Great War. We had visited the mediæval Cité at Carcassonne, as restored by Viollet-le-Duc, and were sitting at a restaurant-table on the platform of the railway-station, waiting for the train from Narbonne to Bayonne. The waiter said: "The patron is also an American. He asks if he might venture to speak to you." "Most certainly, with pleasure to us." There came to our table a dessicated but exceedingly polite and respectable little old Languedocian, wearing a black-silk skull-cap. I invited him to be seated.

"Yes," he said, in very good English, "I well know America. I went to California in 1849. In the gold-fields I had no fortune. Then I kept a restaurant in San Francisco for a year and a half. I sailed to New York. In 1852 and 1853 I was chef at the Astor House. Then I came back to Carcassonne and have not since journeyed, even to Paris."

"Ah! the Astor House," he continued with enthusiasm; "*Magnifique construction!* And Broadway, how well I know it. And the Church of the Trinity!" His finger shot upward as if it would reach the zenith.

His Broadway was the Broadway of the panoramas of my boyhood. I tried to explain to the former chef of the Astor House, who in the days of its glory had no doubt cooked well and loyally for Daniel Webster and the other great Americans of that generation, the changes that had meanwhile occurred. The magnifique construction stood as before, but below there—and I sketched roughly on the back of a wine-list the sky-line of lower Broadway showing Trinity's spire overtopped by the prodigious office-buildings.

He was too courteous to express incredulity. He merely shook his head as he contemplated the drawing and looked at me as one who would say, "Ah! these Americans! I know but too well the national habit." The train came along; we shook hands with him and departed.

A couple of years later, when expecting to go to the South of France again, so possessed was I with the idea of justifying myself in the sight of this amiable doubter that I provided photographs and postal cards in plenty with which to convince him. But it was not to be. At the railway restaurant there was a new management. Monsieur Guimet, the old patron, had removed to Toulouse; a married daughter remained in Carcassonne. She kept a stationery-shop in the lower town; I might hear of him there. I hunted up the daughter. She told me, with tears

in her eyes, that her father, the patron, had died at Toulouse not long before. Just as once there was an old man near Limoux who never saw Carcassonne, so was there once an old man in Carcassonne who never saw my pictures of the new Broadway.

III

Of my first visit in 1857 or 1858 to the New York of perhaps nine hundred thousand people my recollections are few and dim. They are limited to the iron balcony outside the windows of our room in the Girard House, still open for business as the Cosmopolitan Hotel at the corner of Chambers Street and College Place, the infinite charm of Ridley's little white candy-shop across the way, and the big railway-shed just above, where the Hudson River passenger-trains trundled in and out.

Of the second visit, really beginning my acquaintance with the city that was to be a home during the greater part of life, I can fix the date by a letter affectionately preserved and docketed as a memento of the ripening age of seven:

New York, March 31, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER: We arrived safely at New York yesterday morning. We had a pleasant trip from Boston. Crossed the Sound on the steamer "Connecticut." Visited the Egyptian Museum yesterday and saw a great many curious things. We saw several mummied persons and three mummied bulls. I also saw some mummied cats and crocodiles. There were some wood cats there. I wish A—— had one to hold in her lap. They had glass eyes and are very quiet cats. I went to Genins with Father and ordered a new cap made for me.

This evening I went to Barnums Museum and saw the Play of our Irish Cousin.

Buchanan was President. Lincoln had recently finished his joint debates with Douglas in Illinois and had not yet delivered the two later speeches in Ohio which

marked the last oratorical station but one in his predestined course to the presidency. Louis Napoleon was preparing for his war with Austria. Hawthorne was in Italy, writing "The Marble Faun."

Memories of old conditions and half-forgotten names are stirred by this small note of early travel. Transit by water between Boston and New York was by the Norwich route, embarking at a point on the Thames River, just below that town, after a railway journey of five and often six or more hours by way of Worcester; or from Stonington, reached by way of Providence. The Bristol, afterward the Fall River line, came later into my experience. There have been several *Connecticuts* plying the Sound; I am not sure whether this *Connecticut* ran from Norwich or from Stonington.

The museum referred to was the collection of Egyptian antiquities gathered by Doctor Henry Abbott, an English physician who had lived twenty years in Cairo. It contained objects of importance from Thebes, Sakkara, Ghizeh, Philæ, and elsewhere, and was for that time a notable and representative exhibit, spoken of, indeed, as comparable in value, to the student antiquarian or the theologian, to any similar collection in the world. My chronic recollection has been that I saw the Egyptian museum on an upper floor of the Cooper Union, in proximity to the Bryan gallery with its fine Greuze and some putative Old Masters that might now be regarded by beholders as choice morsels for a Professor Van Dyke. The Abbott collection had been housed for years at the Stuyvesant Institute on Broadway opposite Bond Street. It was purchased soon after for the New York Historical Society, and may have gone directly to that institution, in the custody of which it still remains. If so, I have been confusing visits on two different occasions. Better than the mummied humans, cats, bullocks, and crocodiles and the Osirian figures, I remember a very kind gentleman in

authority, perhaps Doctor Abbott himself, who was so much amused by a child's interest in Egyptology that he clinched that unscientific interest for a lifetime by presenting me with a phial containing cylinder beads from one of his mummies that had been unwrapped.

Genin was the hatter at Broadway and Fulton Street—afterward, if I am not mistaken, farther up Broadway under the marble Saint Nicholas Hotel—who won fame and achieved a nation-wide advertisement for his hats with what would at present seem the inconsiderable expenditure of \$225 for first choice at the auctioning of seats for Jenny Lind's concert in Castle Garden. The cap he constructed to meet our important order is yet visible in a quite ancient portrait. It was built of gray velvet with a flat octagonal top braided from each angle to a tuft at the centre, making the superficies look like a pie cut for serving; while on thick cord there depended to below the visor line two magnificent flossy tassels. Rollo might have worn this cap. It was my pride and joy when I carried it back to Maine, but I shudder to think what a lad would incur nowadays if he should display anything like the celebrated Genin's concoction in a quarter where boyish spirits overleap restraint.

The old Seventh Ward is now a superheated melting-pot. At the time of this visit to relatives there—they were dwelling in Henry Street or Madison or Monroe, I am not sure which—it was a neighborhood of prosperous respectability and quiet refinement that made it a favorite place of abode. Rutgers Institute, of which my uncle was the president, had not yet moved up-town. Doctor Krebs was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church close by. Street after street in that region east of East Broadway was lined with comfortable brick houses, antedating the period when Belleville sandstone took possession of the town. Overlooking pleasant back yards, some of the residences had verandas at the rear, outside galleries of

one, two, or three stories in the manner of Charleston or New Orleans. The shopping district for the well-to-do Seventh Warders was not far away—Paris modes in Catherine Street, good markets in plenty, an interminable row of fashionable milliners in Division Street, great dry goods stores like Ridley's and Lord & Taylor's in Grand, with Arnold & Constable in Canal just west of Broadway.

One evening I was escorted on what seemed an endlessly lumbering omnibus ride across the city to Broadway and, after a transfer, up that thoroughfare to Laura Keene's Theatre between Houston and Bleecker. The play was Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin." It had been running then for five or six months and was yet to hold its place in public esteem for many months to come. "Our Irish Cousin," which my foregoing letter mentions as having been seen a few days earlier at Barnum's Museum, must have been an imitation or travesty of the dramatic sensation of the day. I can remember nothing of the "Irish Cousin," except the physical appearance of the moral lecture-room in which it was performed. And I am sorry to confess that the celebrated production at Laura Keene's, wherein that peppery artiste was supported by two great actors previously known only in minor parts, namely, young Joseph Jefferson as *Asa Trenchard* and Edward Askew Sothern as *Lord Dundreary*, left few impressions as to actors and acting so distinct as the blazing gas-light letters "Laura Keene's" across the front of the theatre when we entered, or the crowded condition of the down-town omnibus when we came away, with the passengers struggling to poke the coins in their fingers up through the round hole leading to the driver's seat on high.

Yet I have a faint picture—I think I never saw the play afterward—of *Asa Trenchard's* manly face and bearing, and of *Dundreary's* silly little tripping gait and magnificent silky side-whiskers. The inquiry "Can you wag your left ear?" somehow lingers. How far the elder

Sothern's best rôle had then been developed by him from its original insignificance is a question for more learned historians of the stage.

Contrary to a quite prevalent popular belief, neither Jefferson nor Sothern was with Laura Keene when her company played "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theatre on the night of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Both were abroad at the time; Sothern during a continuous absence of ten years from the United States, while Jefferson had just sailed or was about to sail from Melbourne after his four years in Australia. Laura Keene, actress with an unparalleled experience, dramatic and historic, married John Lutz, her manager, and died in 1873 at Montclair, New Jersey. There is a farm, still known as Laura Keene's farm, where the actress used to summer after the Civil War, in Fairhaven, opposite New Bedford, not many miles from Joseph Jefferson's grave at Sandwich.

On the Boston & Maine railroad in the autumn of 1860 my father confided to me a rumor that John C. Heenan was aboard, probably in the baggage-car. Imagination was fired by this imminence of opportunity. Heenan had recently returned from his victorious encounter with the champion of England and was at that moment undoubtedly the most popular superman between the Atlantic and Pacific. The excitement over those international fisticuffs exceeded in intensity, if not in volume, anything else in the annals of the ring. Of course I pleaded for an introduction. My generally indulgent parent consented, though reluctantly. The train stopped as usual for sponge cake at Berwick and I was led forward to the baggage-car. There, surely enough, the huge bulk of the Benicia Boy lay sprawling upon a pile of mail-bags, surrounded by a group of courtiers. With awe I noted a partly healed cut over one of his eyes, the stigma of Tom Sayers's prowess. Heenan was holding a long straw between his lips. When

the singular presentation had been effected he surveyed my forty inches or so of young altitude, reached up lazily and tickled my nose with the straw, and, turning to his companions, broke into Herculean hilarity.

The reader is assured that these sporting reminiscences shall be brief. Just after leaving college I visited Jem Mace in company with an enthusiast from Maine. Mace had retired from the ring and was conducting a well-disciplined barroom, with perhaps a temple of fortune overhead, in a brownstone house west of Sixth Avenue in the Thirties, I should say. My sophisticated friend and myself were received with dignified courtesy in a little office opening from the barroom, the former champion meanwhile keeping an eye upon the exterior apartment. Beyond the door an obstreperous giant, half intoxicated, was engaged in discussing with one of the barkeepers some fancied breach of the etiquette proper to the establishment. Suddenly there appeared on the scene an undersized, sandy man of peaceable appearance. Without foreword he knocked the disturber senseless and bleeding to the floor. The human thunderbolt's name, we learned, was Cusick—Johnny or Jimmy, it matters not. Never had I believed that so little a man could strike such a blow; in the conventional phrase it would have felled an ox. But Mr. Mace, paying scarcely more attention to the incident than he would have paid to the brushing of a fly from the counter, resumed his decorous conversation as to the state of the nation and called for sherry for us and himself with the tranquillity of the East Indian gentleman who, when a lightning-stroke demolished the table contents and incidentally pulverized his wife at a dinner party, merely observed to the attendants, "Bring fresh glasses and sweep up your mistress."

These men of wanton muscle! I once saw a Philadelphia prize-fighter, a very amiable pugilist, as he was swinging up and down the deck of a steamer in mid-ocean, in the

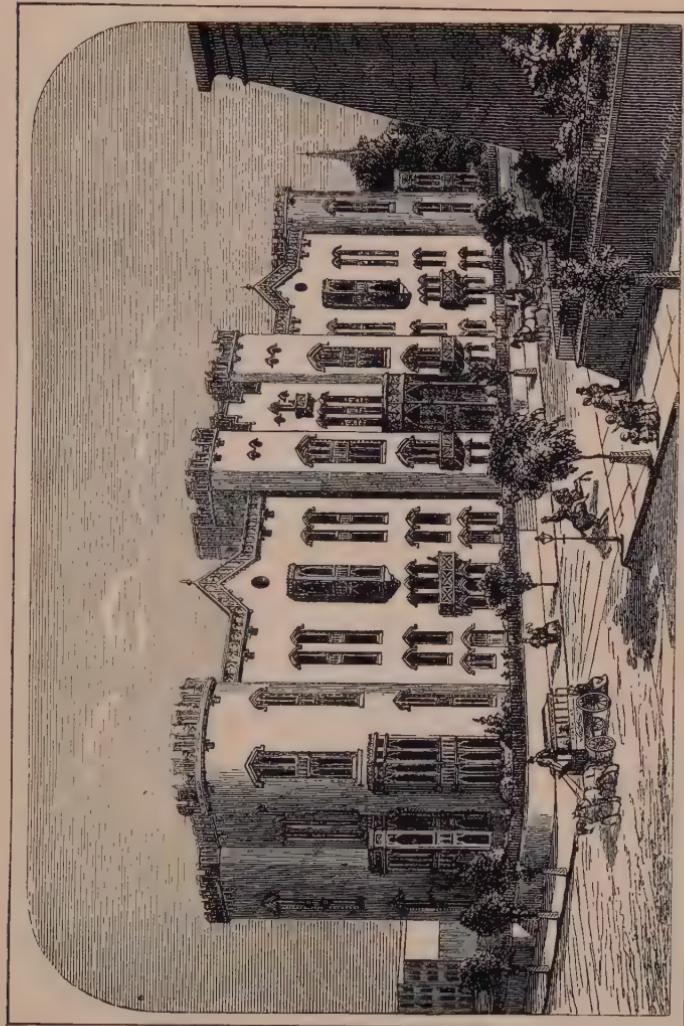
pure joy of might and spirits snatch up a child and hold it at arm's length over the rail, as if that were a good-natured and amusing thing to do, instead of a criminally foolish action.

John L. Sullivan came on board a Fall River boat one night some years later with a rather noisy party. That they meant to start disorder is not likely. In the next chair to mine in the gangway for smokers sat a gnarly down-easter in uniform, the watchman or "bouncer" of the *Providence*. He was scrutinizing Sullivan with professional interest, evidently meditating a plan of campaign in case of necessity. At last he leaned over and remarked, "Guess I should let him have it thar," indicating a portion of his own anatomy which the Marquess of Queensberry would have considered inviolable.

IV

Our family moved the hearthstone from Maine to New York in September of 1860. I was eight. We had not been established long in the new home between Forty-first and Forty-second Streets, in Fifth Avenue opposite the grim gray Croton Reservoir where the Public Library stands, before I was exploring the surrounding territory. In the waste land that is now Bryant Park I dug with success for nuggets of molten glass, relics of the Crystal Palace. The neighborhood consisted largely of vacant lots, with here and there a completed dwelling, or row of dwellings, pioneers of far-flung city development invading the void.

A series of arrests upon the highway soon taught the explorer that the local issue paramount thereabouts concerned a state of war between two companies of volunteer firemen, one operating a lustrous hand-engine named "Black Joke," housed somewhere up in the vicinity of Eighth Avenue and Fiftieth, and the other the graceful Naiad Hose, of Fortieth or Forty-first Street toward the



FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SECOND STREET IN 1860

East River. I would be halted by a bigger boy of truculent demeanor, squaring off and demanding between his teeth, "Fifty-three or Thirty-three?" and an unfortunate answer invariably resulted in a punch. The situation was acute, not only as between the juvenile partisans of this or the other machine but also with the firemen themselves. When coming away from conflagrations or on occasions of festivity and parade the red-shirted volunteers in their shiny black helmets sometimes dropped the ropes to engage in battle. It was Guelph or Ghibelline, Montague or Capulet, Black Joke, Number 33, or Naiad Hose, Number 53, in the part of the town we inhabited. Neutrality was as impossible as indifference. I cannot say what principle of selection determined allegiance to sable humor rather than to the hosiery of the water nymphs, risking thus the dilemma of the challenge; but later, when Black Joke was reincarnated in a resplendent steam-boiler of the new fashion, the foreman himself could have been no prouder.

This first experience of the perils of metropolitan life also decided me to arm myself. Three dollars, the total contents of the savings-bank, were secretly invested at a Fourth Avenue shop in a broad-bladed bowie-knife with a lovely red-morocco sheath. Both Edward S. Ellis and Captain Mayne Reid had convinced me by word of print that such was the type of weapon best adapted for all-around usefulness. The bowie-knife when in commission was concealed beneath my jacket.

One day in October the Reverend Alfred Morse, of Minnesota, husband of my father's sister Esther, convoyed me down-town to witness the arrival of the Prince of Wales. The good missionary clergyman certainly did not understand the awkwardness of his small charge's clamberings when boosted into a City Hall Park tree somewhere on the land now occupied by Mullett's dismal post-office, and across the way from the present Syndicate Building. However, I was soon perched above the heads

of the sidewalk crowd, clutching a branch with one hand and my dagger, through two thicknesses of cloth, with the other. The band boomed by, then the escort and the carriages; just as I have since seen numberless approaches of distinguished visitors to the place of municipal welcome. The young Albert Edward, travelling in America under the style of Baron Renfrew, like his grandson sixty and more years after, rode in a barouche and graciously dispensed smiles and bows in acknowledgment of the plaudits. To my eight years his nineteen seemed to make a full-grown monarch. Facing him, if memory serves, was the Prince's mentor, the Duke of Newcastle, bearded, of serious visage and wearing a plumed chapeau. Of course I did not know, up in my tree, that, as Lord Lyons wrote to Secretary Cass a few weeks later, Queen Victoria had sent over her son and heir for the express purpose of proving "to the President and citizens of the United States the sincerity of those sentiments of esteem and regard which her Majesty and all classes of her subjects entertain for the kindred race which occupies so distinguished a position in the sovereignty of nations." New York outdid itself on that occasion; and yet, when the official historian of the journey, Newcastle's private secretary, came to publish his diary this sentiment was revealed: "The Bostonians were anxious that their entertainment should be in better taste than that of the New Yorkers, and they evidently succeeded."

To me the great event of the day was my own achievement in descending the tree accompanied by the hidden blade without exciting the least suspicion on the part of the police. Newcastle got the Garter; I lost my most prized decoration.

Ignoble, so far as is known, was the end of the bowie-knife's career. In a moment of indiscreet ostentation it was displayed to Jim, our furnace-tender, after pledging him in the privacy of the coal-chute not to inform either

of my parents. The wise Hibernian expressed boundless admiration of the purchase and begged for the loan of the weapon; he said he was contemplating an excursion that night through a most dangerous locality on the West Side to call on a lady he knew. Need it be said that the precious weapon was confided to Jim, as by one bold spirit to another, not to be seen again by its purchaser? Or that there was never appeal to authority up-stairs for its restitution?

That earliest year of mine in the city seems ten times longer when looked back upon through the telescope. Events were moving swiftly toward the great crisis in the republic's history. Three months after the jocund visit of the Prince of Wales the first shot of the Civil War was fired at Commodore Vanderbilt's ocean steamer, the *Star of the West*, while she was heading to Fort Sumter with reinforcements for Major Anderson. I was taken to see the wound in the *Star of the West*'s side as she lay at a Hudson River pier after her return to New York. A few months later I was watching, day after day from our windows through the morning mists, the stacked muskets and bivouac fires along the cobblestones of Forty-second Street and the Belgian blocks of Fifth Avenue, where the tall fellows of the New England regiments, detrained between the two engine-houses at the upper end of the Park Avenue tunnel, were heating coffee and warming doughnuts before marching down-town on their way to the front.

CHAPTER II

NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON IN CIVIL WAR TIME

I

I WAS ten years old, with curiosity omnivorous, when the dispenser of lucky chances to meritorious youth gave me my first and only portrait of Abraham Lincoln, the living man. The trivial incident left a picture of him as vivid now as at the time. Possibly the narrative of a visit to Washington and the White House in 1862 may be worth while.

This was just after the disastrous second battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, as Confederate history styles the engagement. An uncle of mine, an uncle by marriage, was Doctor Henry M. Pierce, then president of Rutgers Female Institute, next to which we lived in the block of castellated dwelling-houses in Fifth Avenue between Forty-first and Forty-second Streets. Doctor Pierce happened to be greatly interested in the development of improved methods for the care of the wounded. Whether his system of ambulances and stretchers belonged to the activities of the Sanitary Commission, the Red Cross of that period, or was independent war work on his part I do not now remember. At any rate, he had contrived appliances of first aid which were believed to be far in advance of the then existing practice, however crude and clumsy they might seem alongside the modern equipment of war surgery.

It had already been my privilege to attend a demon-

stration of the new ambulance-and-stretcher system in the Academy of Music at Irving Place and Fourteenth Street. The great opera-house was thronged with spectators holding free tickets; but I am sure nobody present could have been more thrilled than myself at the representation of a desperate combat, with its rattle of musketry and boom of heavy artillery and glare of red fire and clouds of copiously produced and highly pervasive battle smoke that obstinately refused to respect the footlight frontier. The stage was strewn with dead and wounded in blue and gray. Then Doctor Pierce's improved ambulances entered the scene, shiny in new varnish and drawn by cobs smartly caparisoned in new harness. Doctor Pierce's skilled stretcher-bearers descended rapidly with their improved stretchers and picked up the supposedly mangled unfortunates, deposited them in the improved ambulances, and, accompanied by spirited applause from the deadhead audience, drove off to the imaginary field-hospital somewhere in the wings. In less time than it takes for the telling the battle stage was cleared of its welter.

After this exhibition in the Academy of Music, perhaps in consequence of it and its coincidence with the distressing sequels to the second Bull Run, Uncle Henry obtained an appointment for a certain morning at nine o'clock at the White House to explain his ideas to the President in person. He was good enough to take me with him. The journey was crowded with events that recorded themselves indelibly upon the gray matter of an impressionable boy of ten. In the early sixties the night express to Washington proceeded by the old Camden and Amboy route, with a long ferriage from Manhattan at the start. The train we took at Amboy was de luxe in the novelty of its accommodations; it boasted a diner and a sleeper.

The diner of 1862 was a baggage-car, retired from heavy work on account of long service in the transportation of

trunks, and bare as to its interior except that it was furnished in the middle with an oblong counter around the four sides of which the patrons ate while seated on high stools, as in some railway-station restaurants of the present day. From the inside of the oblong the viands were served by colored waiters in white jackets. If memory does not betray me, the bill of fare of the diner on the Washington express of threescore years ago consisted chiefly of oyster stew, pie, crullers, and coffee.

The sleeping-car, regarded by all passengers as the crowning achievement of railway enterprise in the way of provision for sumptuous travel, presented on entrance the appearance of an ordinary day-coach. That, indeed, is what it really was, although it carried the germ of the subsequent Pullman. When the porter—or was it the brakeman?—made up the berths, as I observed with astonished interest, he turned over every alternate seat-back, dividing the car into a series of compartments or near-compartments. Then in each section he fitted from seat to seat a base of boards thinly upholstered, and arranged thereupon the sheets, blankets, and pillows. A slightly longer platform, similarly padded, rested on the backs of the car-seats and formed the upper berth. Finally, the porter or brakeman hung around three sides of the sections a flimsy and dingy curtain of some cotton stuff; and lowers and uppers were ready for their occupying snoozers.

The lesser height of the lower berth yielded rather cramped and stuffy quarters, especially for a large body; the upper was, therefore, the preferred location. My ticket called for an upper. As I watched the progress of the making up, farther down the car, my uncle was engaged across the aisle in earnest conversation, undoubtedly about ambulances and stretchers, with a gentleman who wore gold spectacles and had very curly hair and a statesmanlike diameter. The gentleman was listening to Uncle

Henry's remarks, but at the same time was viewing the preparations for slumber with an expression of countenance that registered more or less apprehension. By and by Uncle Henry beckoned to me.

"Neddy," he said, "I want to introduce you to Governor Andrew. He has the berth under yours. I don't think it will be quite comfortable for him. We were asking each other if you would be willing to exchange with the governor."

I assented with enthusiasm, not so much, I fear me, out of devotion to the Union cause, or the policy of emancipation and the employment of colored troops which Andrew was then urging upon the President, as because that shallow dark shelf had the fascination which anything cave-like exercises upon the small boy. Andrew's face immediately became tranquil. He could not have thanked me more warmly if I had offered to raise and equip at private expense a regiment to help out his State's quota. I went to sleep down-stairs wondering a little what was going to happen if the planking above me gave way in the night, and was not at all exalted by any consciousness that I was enabling the distinguished war governor of Massachusetts to arrive at the capital without impairment of his dignified rotundity of person.

The governor beamed on me through his glasses when Washington was reached. In a shabby hack all three of us rode together along a wide avenue lined with insignificant brick structures, residences and shops alike of inexpensive aspect. The street was almost as deep in mud as it was laterally imposing; for far in the future, then, was the beneficent Tweed of the Washington pavements, of whom I was to hear and know so much in *The Sun* office when Boss Shepherd was endeavoring to drag Mr. Dana away from New York for trial in the District of Columbia courts on a charge of criminal libel—an attempted rape of jurisdiction prevented at different times by decisions of

the federal judges Samuel Blatchford and Addison Brown, in the latter case on the arguments of Elihu Root.

Ahead of us as we rode was the Washington Monument, then perhaps about one-third of its full growth and looking like a fat copy of one of the truncated towers of a town in north Italy. Willard's of that day was a hostelry of unpretentious exterior, provincial in scheme of entertainment, but housing in instalments from time to time an impressive representation of the patriotism of the North, as well as of its profiteering enterprise. Uncle Henry, trailing me, used to wander from room to room and swap ambulances and stretchers with this, that, or the other subject of interested or disinterested promotion. One evening he nearly crushed the end of a finger while manipulating the heavy model of a spherical cannon which Norman Wiard, the inventor, was pressing upon the attention of the War Department. Whether Mr. Wiard ever succeeded I do not know, nor did I ever discover the principle of ballistics upon which a cannon should be shaped exactly like a cannon-ball; nor, again, whether his solid sphere of steel ever developed, like General Miles's once ridiculed testudo, into an engine of warfare comparable to the testudo's great-grandchild, the potent tank of the World War. All I know is that Uncle Henry politely dissembled his dissatisfaction with the Wiard innovation in artillery, wrapped his pocket-handkerchief about his non-combatant finger, and without waiting for an ambulance led me hurriedly back to our own apartment, where he cursed awhile and then proceeded to translate from the second book of "*Les Misérables*" which had recently come over from Paris in paper-covered parts. Thanks to the Wiard gun, I made early acquaintance with little Gavroche and his enchanting home in the belly of the plaster elephant on the site of the Bastille.

Those were days, as may be imagined, crammed full of beatitude. Under my own steam, I used to roam through

the straggling hotel with a particular fondness for the mysterious chapel which the process of extension along Fourteenth Street had included in the establishment. At other times I would sit in the office and gaze with awe upon the swarming officers in uniform. Once my uncle took me up to the Capitol. Congress was not in session. The chamber of the House of Representatives had been converted into a temporary hospital for the wounded arriving daily from General Pope's army. The floor of the House was closely packed with cots. As we walked among them I saw the doctors removing a stained bandage from one poor fellow's forehead. There, above closed eyes and a face graying already at the approach of the end, was a black ugly hole in a circle of inflammation upon the temple. It was strangely simple and definite—physically as simple and obvious as Uncle Henry's blackened fingernail; but I scarcely realized what the round ugly hole meant.

Several times in the old Willard, and many times in its grandiose successor, as through a lens at focus I got close-up figures of great personages of the Civil War and of national politics. Of the Willard memories that persist in outstanding two more shall here suffice. Three years after the first visit I went back to that hotel in tow of my father, the indefatigable collector of autographs, coins, memorabilia, curios of all sorts. Something of that propensity must have been inherited by me, but nothing of his systematic thoroughness in the practice. This sojourn at the inn of Messrs. Sykes, Chadwick & Co., occurred a few weeks after the culminating events of the war and a few weeks before the grand review in Washington of the victorious armies. Sheridan's cavalry had rejoined Meade's army south of the James. Jefferson Davis had been captured by his pursuers under General James H. Wilson. Grant, with the instinctive delicacy of a gentleman, had delegated to General Joshua H. Chamberlain of Maine

the honor of receiving Lee's surrender. The commander-in-chief was at the capital, established in Halleck's old office in the War Department. Willard's was crowded with officers of the high command. I saw Grant there, and Sheridan; the third of the great triad of military success, General William Tecumseh Sherman, of the march to the sea, is not identified in my recollection of the assembled leaders. Immense was my father's satisfaction when he procured a dinner menu for Wednesday, May 10, 1865, setting forth in bronze ink the chef's programme for the day, beginning with cove-plant oysters and promising the guests in a queer blending of good English and indifferent near-French such things as "Fillet de Boeuf, pique" and "Assorted Vegetables" down to "Petit pastry au Gelee" and coffee; the entire prospectus being displayed under the more or less mysterious legend "Still so Gently." But what gave interest and value in my father's eyes to this menu was its joint indorsement, in close juxtaposition on a blank space opposite the "Epi-gramme d'Agneau" and the "Assorted Vegetables," by "U. S. Grant, Lt. Gen., U. S. A." in acutely angular autograph, and "Phil. H. Sheridan, Maj. Gen., U. S. A." in the sprawling scrawl or scrawling sprawl characteristic of that dashing soldier's chirography.

It was either during my next visit to Washington and Willard's at the time of Grant's first inauguration as President or on some later occasion that while descending a public stairway in the hotel I could not help catching a delicious glimpse, through the brightly lighted transom of a room on the floor below, of a plump gentleman clad only in his nightgown and his spectacles, vigorously gesticulating and addressing earnest remarks to a full-length cheval-glass which had been pulled out into the middle of the apartment to assist in the performance. If this moving picture of oratory in the making was of 1869 date, then George Frisbie Hoar of Massachusetts must

have been rehearsing his maiden speech in the House, for he took his seat there on March 4 of that year. Inasmuch, however, as this Demosthenes in privacy shared only by his mirror and by me was of venerable appearance, bearing a wonderful resemblance to Mr. Pickwick in nightshirt and gold specs, I am inclined to believe it was Senator Hoar I thus beheld.

To return to that first visit. When the appointed morning came for the ambulance interview with Mr. Lincoln we walked over to the White House. The negro doorman must have been new to his job or mistaken about the President's intentions, for he led us by a circuitous route through what seemed an endless series of apartments. He then threw a door open and stood aside.

It was a small room. At a small table in the middle of it sat Mr. Lincoln all alone, facing us and eating his breakfast. At the opening of the door he raised his eyes and gazed at the unexpected comers. The large hand holding the fork that carried what both Uncle Henry and I remembered as a considerable cargo of Boston baked beans remained suspended for several seconds midway between the plate and the half-open mouth toward which the fork was in transit. His expression, rather sad at first sight, changed quickly to surprise and then to mild annoyance. Lincoln was at that time in the indigo depths of anxiety concerning the war situation; but both of his involuntary guests at the threshold of the private breakfast-room could have testified that the burden of responsibility had not affected his appetite or diminished the fork's load of baked beans.

Of course there was dismay on the part of the blundering attendant, with half-articulate apologies from my uncle, followed by a hurried withdrawal of the intruders. We were conducted to the proper antechamber and in due time and due form Uncle Henry was summoned by Mr. Hay or Mr. Nicolay for the interview on ambulances, a

conference in which it was not my fortune to participate. Nor can I say if Uncle Henry's errand to Washington had results beneficial to the Union wounded.

Hundreds of representations, graphic and plastic, I have seen since then, depicting Abraham Lincoln in almost every conceivable pose of body and almost every imaginable mood of soul. The print from that instantaneous exposure, however, has never faded. Whenever I think of the greatest American, it is first as an extremely tall man with a sad, surprised countenance, seated at breakfast, with beans half-way between starting-point and destination.

II

Both before and after he became assistant secretary of war under Stanton, Mr. Dana saw much of Lincoln in the White House; he told me at different times many stories of the President. Two of these, as contained in a magazine article in 1894, I venture to introduce here, without apology for the repetition or the digression.

Soon after Lincoln's inauguration in March, 1861, Dana accompanied a party of influential New York Republicans on a political errand to the White House. The President was explaining his views on the patronage question to his deeply interested audience when a tall and lank employee stuck his head through a door and shouted this announcement:

“She wants you!”

“Yes, yes,” said Mr. Lincoln, visibly annoyed; and he went on with his explanation.

Presently the door was opened again and the messenger returned, with more emphatic utterance:

“I say *she* wants you!”

On April 14, 1865, the President developed at a cabinet meeting his policy for the speedy and gracious restoration of old relations between the Northern and Southern States.

John Hay is authority for the statement that Mr. Lincoln found no dissenting opinion among his advisers at the table. That same afternoon Dana, just returned from Richmond in company with Grant, received a telegram informing the War Department that Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, the Confederate commissioner who had been Buchanan's secretary of the interior, was expected to pass through Portland in disguise, on his way from Canada to England. Secretary Stanton was for arresting Mr. Thompson when he arrived in Maine by the Grand Trunk, but he sent Dana over to the White House to consult the President. Lincoln was found in his shirt-sleeves, in the little closet off his office, washing his hands.

"Halloo, Dana," he said, "What is it now?"

Dana told him that the department had an opportunity to arrest Thompson, and that Mr. Stanton thought it ought to be done.

"Well," drawled Lincoln, "I think not. When you have an elephant on hand and he wants to run away, better let him run."

That was but a few hours before Abraham Lincoln lay unconscious in the Petersen house, whither he had been borne from the stage-box in Ford's Theatre. Dana was with Stanton till two o'clock in the room next the death-chamber, preparing despatches for the wires. Then he went home to sleep. He was aroused in the morning by Colonel Pelouze, one of the assistants of the adjutant-general.

"Mr. Dana," said Pelouze, "Mr. Lincoln is dead and Mr. Stanton directs you to arrest Jacob Thompson."

This story has been told with trifling variations and it may be proper to add that the version given here was read and approved by Mr. Dana before it was published in *McClure's Magazine* three years before the death of the original narrator. Jacob Thompson was not arrested. He left the Dominion by way of Halifax.

Nothing said of Lincoln by anybody from Hay to Charnwood is truer than this remark of Blaine's: "Humor was but an incident with him, a partial relief to the melancholy that tinged all his years. . . . His life was altogether a serious one, inspired by the noblest spirit, devoted to the highest aims."

III

There were the dancing-lessons at Dodworth's Academy, up-stairs in the brick building at Twenty-sixth Street, in the future the up-town Delmonico's and afterward the Café Martin. These afternoons were of penance rather than of sunshine to me; and, as I was credibly informed many times, to most of the boys I knew there. I can visualize the large ballroom with its waxed yellow floor, the girls in white muslin and pink ribbons ranged on the bench along one wall, demure, perfectly the little mistresses of their own souls, while we wretches herded in the remotest possible corner, pulling nervously at the fingers of our odious kid gloves, pretending intense interest in the condition of each other's neckties, and dreading like sulphur and molasses the order to advance on the enemy and take partners.

How Mr. Dodworth—we firmly believed that our dancing-master was the same individual admired in happier moments as we beheld him in glory and a bearskin hat, twirling and tossing his long baton and marching at the head of band and regiment—how Mr. Dodworth could ever descend from that splendid function to this nonsense of the legs was beyond our immature comprehensions. Far better were the afternoons of military training, with a real soldier to drill us and real though smallish muskets to handle, on the top floor of the so-called Chinese Museum building of granite at Broadway and Prince. None of us ever reached the front in that war, but we speedily ac-

quired a sense of proprietorship in Grant's successive victories.

After a few weeks in Grammar School Number 35 my parents transferred me to Mr. George Washington Clarke's famous private school at Fourth and Macdougal Streets, the Greenwich Village corner of Washington Square. The red brick building stands there yet, although I believe it is soon to disappear; and on the Macdougal Street side is the lowly basement entrance through which so many New York boys have passed in and upward to mathematics, classics, and the judiciously administered discipline of the rattan. How often, in descending the winding stairway past the door of the little chamber of punishment, have I heard the dread utterance, "Hold out your hand, sir!" and how often, alas! from within did I hear the cautious movements of a schoolmate listening at the key-hole for the swish, and congratulating himself that he was for once on the right side of the door.

There are a good many graduates of that excellent Mount Washington Collegiate Institute who would, if they could, hold out their hands voluntarily to-day to Mr. Clarke in gratitude. He was a firm, just, kind man, a citizen of influence in the community. Among his pupils were Roscoe Conkling, William Walter Phelps, Robert Bonner, the two Havemeyers, Theodore and John, Professor Abram S. Isaacs, Professor William Milligan Sloane, author of the "Life of Napoleon," and my oldest school friend Thomas B. Clarke, the preceptor's son, art connoisseur and collector, than whom perhaps no one person ever did more to promote the prosperity of one generation of American painters. None of these, I am sure, or of the hundreds of others whose wits have benefited by this old-fashioned schoolmaster's teachings, felt that his indebtedness was in any degree lessened by the extreme flexibility and peculiar tang of the rod. When Doctor Clarke died at nearly ninety-two in 1908, he had become

the oldest alumnus of Union College; he had worn his well-remembered Phi Beta Kappa key for seventy years.

Washington Square was enclosed then by a tall iron fence, like Madison Square and Union and the City Hall Park. It had been a potter's field and a gallows ground. It was the scene during the war of many regimental reviews, as well as of frequent encounters, offensive and defensive, between the Mount Washington Collegiate forces and those of the New York University's preparatory school situated diagonally across the square in the gray building where Morse completed his electro-magnetic telegraph instrument and Draper made both the first photographic portrait of a living human face and the first photograph of the face of the benign old moon; the two men of genius working together in each other's fields. Later I was sent to the university by Mr. Dana to inquire of Professor Draper as to the prospect of ever making photographs in color, something he seemed to regard as impossible except by the mechanical application of pigment. Thither I went also to talk with Commander Henry Honeychurch Gorringe about his plans for bringing the obelisk from the Nile to the North River. There are subsequent memories connected with the university, but in my most lasting impression it remains the den whence parties of brigandish youths used to issue for forays upon our end of Washington Square.

In 1866 it fell to me to deliver in Wallack's Theatre at Thirteenth Street the valedictory for the class graduated that year by Mr. Clarke's school. I know I rose to the occasion. I complimented everybody, including ourselves, and indulged in the uncommonly felicitous comparison of our future careers to the course of the meridians of longitude, which, starting out at the North Pole and widely diverging, were sure to come together again at the antipodes. Having thus been promised a happy reunion some day in the South polar ice, with our diplomas we lined

up in front of Admiral Farragut in full uniform, and he, hero always, though looking a trifle bored, shook hands with us on the stage and as the chosen representative of the North Pole dismissed us along our respective meridians.

The pleasantest day of the week, of course, was schoolless Saturday. I was often sent down-town then to buy the family's supply of postage-stamps at the post-office in the old Middle Dutch Church and British military prison, where the Mutual Life Building is; also to get the weekly illustrated papers and monthly magazines at a shop on the Vesey Street side of the Astor House. The ride down-town from Forty-second Street either by omnibus or horse-car consumed about an hour, with the advantage for speed slightly in favor of the rails. Transportation cost me three cents each way, payment usually being made with a postage-stamp of that denomination framed behind isinglass in a little dish of tin, or else with the so-called army and navy cents or some of the proprietary and advertising tokens issued by private enterprise to supplement the war scarcity of government silver and copper. There were hundreds and hundreds of varieties of this pseudo-coin in circulation, passing current for small change. My father, thorough-going collector of these tokens, as well as of the thousands of different propaganda envelopes, both Union and Confederate, patriotic, defiant, colored, embossed, and humorous, sometimes took me along with him even to the remoteness of the letter avenues on the East Side in his pursuit of a new specimen. We would climb flight after flight of dingy staircase in some tenement-house before we reached the stamping-machine where illegal-looking persons were swinging the heavy iron bars, weighted with cannon-ball ends, that unofficially minted the tokens. It was like going into a counterfeiters' den.

The Fifth Avenue omnibuses of the old type running

down the avenue to Thirteenth Street, then by University Place and Eleventh Street to Broadway and to Fulton and Fulton Ferry, started nominally from the Croton Cottage at the corner of Fortieth Street; really from the stable that preceded the Century Club in Forty-third Street. This route by Broadway afforded a continuing view of the turmoil and side-swipings of vehicular traffic in that mighty thoroughfare, particularly when I was able to clamber up and sit alongside the driver. There was also the æsthetic satisfaction of riding in a conveyance adorned with a beautiful oil-painting on each side of its fat body, a feature not displayed by the rival stages. I came to know these pictures by heart and watched eagerly for favorites in the gallery. We used to believe that eminent artists, in the Tenth Street studio building, for example, eked out insufficient incomes by decorating the omnibuses. Who knows?

The Sixth Avenue route had its own attractions. It penetrated the mysterious region around Carmine and Varick Streets wherein was visible a lofty bell-tower for fire-alarms, and also plunged suddenly into the white-washed inwards of a block at the end of College Place. The rail-ends at Vesey Street and Broadway were shared by George Law's Eighth Avenue horse-cars, and there was the excitement of seeing the arrivals and departures of a line foreign to your own. It was an important terminal. Every fifth or sixth car entering or leaving exhibited the sign, "Colored Persons Allowed in This Car."

The first thing to do upon descending at Broadway was to inspect the ballad market. On strings stretched along the iron fence on the Vesey Street side of Saint Paul's churchyard were hung by wooden clips not only the latest issues of ballad literature, but also its antiques. There were noisy venders of ephemeral stuff and silent merchants, experts in the rarities. You could walk along well back toward Church Street and take your pick. Prices, as

nearly as I can remember, ranged from two cents up to five and even ten. I must have paid as much as ten cents for some songs of earlier date which are now before me. One is the "Battle of Lake Erie." It celebrates in stanzas like this the deeds of Commodore Perry:

There was one gallant act of our noble commander,
While writing my song I must notice with pride,
When launched in a smack that carried a standard
A ball whistled thro' her just by her side.
Says Perry these villians intended for to drown us,
Push on my brave boys you never need fear,
And then with his coat he plug'd up the boat,
Thro' sulphur and fire he did steer.

Another is entitled "The Hunters of Kentucky or the Battle of New Orleans." It presents a crude wood-cut of Old Hickory on horseback, wearing a top piece that would have been suitable for the Bey of Tunis, and seemingly driving an unwilling platoon of privates into action by throwing large stones at them. The victory over the boastful Pakenham is explained:

But Jackson he was wide awake,
And wasn't scared at trifles;
For well he knew what aim we take,
With our Kentucky rifles.
So he led us down to Cypress swamp;
The ground was low and mucky;
There stood John Bull in martial pomp,
And *here* was old Kentucky.

A bank was raised to hide our breast,
Not that we thought of dying,
But that we always like to rest,
Unless the game is flying.
Behind it stood our little force,
None wished it to be greater,
For every man was half a horse,
And half an alligator.

The parapets on the left bank of the Seine were no more distinctively the mart for box traffic in old books than was Saint Paul's fence in my boyhood the headquarters of broadside poesy, new and old. The church-yard fence resounded all day long with these efforts of American songsters, many years before the business girls began to come at lunch-time.

Next, after a lingering, longing study of the ovals with beasts and birds plastered all over the two fronts of Barnum's Museum, the business of the day took me down Nassau Street. Here progress was slow, for the shop-windows were crammed with charm more intimate even than that of the statelier establishments in Broadway. There was the latest news from the battle-fields, too, on the bulletin-boards of Bennett's *Herald*, at the northwest corner of Fulton, of *The Sun* just opposite at the southwest corner, with a big pigeon-house on the roof of the building for the homing birds that brought important intelligence from ships far out at sea before the days of the cable, and of Bryant's *Evening Post* further down the street. It was the Newspaper Row of the period.

I did not know then—and should have worried not at all had I known the fact—that *The Sun* was being conducted as an experiment in evangelism. There was an interval of eighteen months in the Beach ownership during which an enthusiast named Archibald Morrison undertook at considerable expense to himself and his partners to show how a daily newspaper could be run on unworldly principles. His departure from generally accepted ideas was radical and was morbidly manifest in the columns of the paper. For about four months the Morrison administration had the benefit of the assistance of an entirely sensible publisher, William Conant Church, afterward of the *Galaxy* and the *Army and Navy Journal*, but Colonel Church soon found it pleasanter to quit and go to Europe. The custom of the evangelical management



THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY, OR THE

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

YE gentlemen and ladies fair,
Who grace this famous city,
Just listen, if ye've time to spare,
While I rehearse a ditty;
And for the opportunity,
Conceive yourselves quite lucky,
For 'tis not often that you see
A hunter from Kentucky,
Oh, Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky.

We are a hardy, free born race,
Each man to fear a stranger;
Whate'er the game, we jori in chase,
Despising toil and danger.
And if a daring foe annoys,
We hate'r his strength and forces,
We'll shew him that Kentucky boys
Are alligator horses.
Oh, Kentucky, &c.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints,
How Packenham attempted
To make old Hickory Jackson wince,
But soon his scheme repented;
For wp, with rifles ready cock'd,
Thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the general flock'd
The hunters of Kentucky.
Oh, Kentucky, &c.

You've heard I s'pose how New Orleans
Is fam'd for wealth and beauty—
There's girls of every hue it seems,
From snowy white to sooty.
So Packenham he made his brags,
If he in fight was lucky,
He'd have their girls and cotton bags,
In spite of old Kentucky.
Oh, Kentucky, &c.

But Jackson he was wide awake,
And wasn't scar'd at trifles;
For well he knew what aim we take,
With our Kentucky rifles.
So he led us down to Cypress swamp;
The ground was low and mucky;
There stood John Bull in martial pomp,
And here was old Kentucky.
Oh, Kentucky, &c.

A bank was rais'd to hide our breast,
Not that we thought of dying,
But that we always like to rest,
Unless the game is flying.
Behind it stood our little force,
None wish'd it to be greater,
For every man was half a horse,
And half an alligator.
Oh, Kentucky, &c.

They did not let our patience tire
Before they shew'd their faces;
We did not choose to waste our fire,
So snugly kept our places.
But when so near we saw them wink,
We thought it time to stop 'em,
And 'twould have done you good, I think,
To see Kentuckians drop 'em.
Oh, Kentucky, &c.

They found, at last, 'twas vain to fight,
Where lead was all their booty;
And so they wisely took to flight,
And left us all the beauty,
And now if danger e'er annoys,
Remember what our trade is;
Just send for us Kentucky boys,
And we'll protect ye, ladies.
Oh Kentucky, &c.

was to hold daily prayer-meetings rather ostentatiously in the anteroom of the editorial office, although the regular Fulton Street prayer-meeting for business men was in

session every noon across the way. A veteran employee of *The Sun* once told me that one day a worldling subscriber registered his sentiments by chalking on the door the text:

BE YE NOT RIGHTEOUS OVERMUCH!

These happy Saturday excursions are dwelt upon because they fastened in memory many of the features of a quarter of Manhattan so greatly changed by sixty years. I was allowed to get my lunch at a restaurant called Rudolph's, then just below Fulton Street. There I sat on a high stool as near as I could get to the window end of the counter and watched with amazement the performance of the dispenser of cold roast beef. He looked as if he had been a professor at Bonn or Göttingen, but what professor that ever lived could slice a cold joint with such celerity, such precision, such dignity? Twenty years later he was still at it, though Rudolph's had moved meanwhile farther down Broadway. I have often wondered what were the private thoughts of that matchless specialist, as he carved away, year after year, always on cold roast beef. Did he count as he cut, with an ambition purely arithmetical, hoping to reach his four-millionth slice before he should lay down his carving-knife forever?

IV

The towered and battlemented brick block of residences in Fifth Avenue, where we lived for five years during war-time, the Rutgers Female College on one side of us, with an extension at the rear covering back-yard space, and the Reverend Doctor Roswell D. Hitchcock two houses away on the other side, was a conceit of architectural imagination unlike anything else in town. It sat back a little from the sidewalk behind a shallow garden

ornamented by an iron fountain and a column of pentagonal rocks from Staffa or the Giant's Causeway.

When land became vastly valuable for business purposes in that locality the castle was demolished piecemeal, though I think it was intact as lately as 1880. For ten years or so afterward a single section still defied assault. In this last surviving house of the block lived the estimable family of Lucien Bonaparte Chase, a Vermonter who had served in Congress from a Tennessee district and had written a history of the Polk Administration and, singularly enough, a novel emphasizing the benefits of the slave system intended to be a counterpoise to Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Chase had also represented the South in a great public debate in the Broadway Tabernacle, with Henry J. Raymond, of the *Times*, speaking for the North. Doctor Hitchcock, on the other hand, was known as an ardent Abolitionist, but his children and the Chase boys and the other youngsters of the block were all as one in a sort of mediæval sense of superiority over our friends and playmates who did not live in a castle. With swords made of pillaged laths we were ready to meet the mere brownstone front boys anywhere and at any hour. The building material for the Reverend Doctor Thomas S. Hastings's Church in Forty-second Street, the local predecessor of Æolian Hall, constituted one of our principal arsenals. Doctor Hastings's son Thomas, the distinguished architect who was to design the Public Library replacing the Croton Reservoir, was born about that time.

Two or three blocks down was Disbrow's Riding Academy. From this brown-painted hippodrome of wood there used to emerge the equestrian figure of Horace Greeley for his morning ride up to the partly finished Central Park. The spectacle was never to be forgotten when once beheld. The great journalist's round baby face with its frame of whitish beard betrayed nothing of

the fires that burned behind it. On the contrary, his countenance wore an expression of anxiety, almost of anguish, as he steered his steed with caution through the stream of omnibuses, drays, and delivery-wagons. Mr. Greeley's horsemanship must be described not only as tentative but also as slouchy. He wore no straps to his trousers and as he rode one leg of them had worked half-way up to the knee while the other, perhaps, was mounting more ambitiously the second third of his respectable thigh.

The elder Bennett, too, lived near by at the corner of Thirty-eighth Street. I don't remember ever seeing the cynical Scot-Frenchman who had made the young *Herald* readable by reporting with fidelity, under the headline "Bennett Thrashed Again," the repeated assaults of James Watson Webb of the *Courier and Enquirer*. The latter used to take a day off now and then for the purpose of inflicting bodily chastisement upon his contemporary. Bennett also made things cheerful for his readers by such monkeyish performances as the announcement of an approaching matrimonial event of particular interest to himself, heading the same: "Declaration of Love—Caught at Last—Going to be Married—New Movement in Civilization," and adding editorially: "The holy estate of wedlock will only increase my desire to be useful."

I find a good specimen of Bennett's early editorial style in an old number of the *Herald* which happens to turn up for the occasion. The date is April 29, 1837, and under the title "A Word or Two of Blackguardism" the editor is replying to a Philadelphia controversialist:

I confess honestly that I have a slight squint in my left eye, but I am comforted with the idea that the ladies—the sweet and beautiful ladies—who have examined it minutely, do say it is a delicious squint, unlike any one they ever looked into. "Dear Bennett," they say, turning up their pretty soft liquid eyes, "it will make your fortune." I also admit that I have been twice assailed by Webb in Wall Street, who attempted,

by that means, to put down the rising popularity and influence of the delightful *Herald*. . . . Why should I be rated "with one or two words of blackguardism" because I possess a beautiful squint which every lady that has examined it says is "delicious! My gracious, Mr. Bennett, it is delicious!" I would not give my squint for all the specie that will be in the Kitchen Cabinet in June next. Again it was not my fault that Col. Webb made himself an assassin and violated the laws to put down the *Herald*. . . . I have often tried but never could save Col. Webb from violating the laws.

And so on for a column. It was with some reason that Henry Watterson a few years ago ranked James Gordon Bennett, Sr., as the first of the yellow journalists. Even as late as the year now in focus for reminiscence, he was evading a challenge to a circulation wager in this language of consummate impudence, reprinted in James Melvin Lee's "History of American Journalism" from the *Herald* of December 7, 1861:

Mr. Mephistopheles Greeley and that little villain Raymond are greatly moved upon the subject of the relative circulation of the *Herald* and their own petty papers, and are affected to tears about the matter. We are sorry for them—but *their attempts to inveigle us into a silly bet are absolutely in vain. The practice of betting is immoral. We cannot approve of it.* It may suit *Greeley* and *Raymond*, who have exhibited very little morality in the conduct of their journals, *but it will not do for us.*

I wish I might have identified the editor of the *Herald* some day descending the high stoop of his Fifth Avenue mansion so as to have retained an impression of his physical appearance. He has been described as straight in frame, keen and straightforward, and as of the representative type of the New York City business man. The younger Bennett, however, a tall youth of nineteen or twenty, we saw often and admired reverently as the beau-ideal of the man of the world and all around dare-devil. In the neighborhood he was generally credited with the invention of the new forms of sport then popular thereabouts; such, for instance, as the game of breaking up the long proces-

sions of boarding-school young ladies promenading the avenue two by two at about four o'clock on sunny afternoons. The demoralization and stampede were effected with *schrecklichkeit* by plunging between the foremost couple, enfilading the entire line and throwing it into confusion, and then dodging to escape the duenna at the rear. The most reckless and at the same time expert practitioner of the art which we called "Bennetting" was a schoolmate of mine who afterward married Bonfanti.

How many things half-forgotten respond to the long-distance call! The two-miles walk to school before nine o'clock and the two miles home after three, down and again up the stately brown avenue, shaded below Madison Square with ailanthus-trees from which, at the proper season, hung caterpillars swinging against the faces of the unwary. Trees even in lower Broadway! I came to know every house in Fifth Avenue so thoroughly that when I think now of this or that block I am apt to picture it as it was then. Sleighs in the winter, with sleigh-bells jingling for a fortnight at a time; bankers in buffalo coats sleighing to Wall Street. Barrack hospitals in City Hall Park, paralleling the Broadway sidewalk from Chambers or Warren quite down to Barclay. Diminutive but thronged ferry-boats on each river, with only a chain across bow and stern to keep passengers from falling off; gaiety aboard when now and then an excited arrival sprints like fury down the bridge to catch a boat a yard or more away in the slip, and risks the perilous leap across the chasm only to land on the deck and find the boat is coming in. New Year's Day calling and receiving everywhere, the hospitable tables in the back parlors loaded with cold turkey, cold goose, hot mince pie, and everything else including punch-bowls and decanters; gentlemen unsteadily descending front stoops, hurrying on to the next station, counting their visiting-cards and becoming happier and unsteadier as the pack decreases and the tally

mounts. The Academy of Music burning, to leave ruins like the theatre at Pompeii. Coney Island with the lonely beach and the long walk, cross-planked, to the solitary refectory at Norton's Point. Peter Goelet's cow, surrounded by peacocks, on the front lawn of the mansion at Broadway and Nineteenth. Suburban omnibuses for a country ride, starting once every hour or two from in front of the apothecary-shop at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth, running up the Bloomingdale Road that has become the Great White Way, between hedgerows and vegetable farms and occasional madhouses, quite to High Bridge, where there are foxes and raccoons in cages. Until after the Civil War a wooden farmhouse still stood on the route to Albany, as far down-town as Twenty-ninth Street.

It is a medley, but perhaps it helps to reconstruct that other New York.

I was taken in 1861 to Haughwort's great china and glass store at Broome Street, with the big clock on its iron front, to witness, in the workshops on the top floor, processes sure to interest a boy. Several of the artists, skilfully handling their fine camel's-hair brushes, were decorating plates with black eagles and flags. Others were pressing goblets and wine-glasses against whirring little emery-wheels, cutting other eagles, all to go into President Lincoln's new banquet service for the White House.

"Dey say he iss a goot man," a friendly old German decorator remarked, looking up for a moment from his black eagle, by and by to be fired to gold.

I should not have remembered it, but my father did and spoke of it to me when we went to see the President's black-draped car in the Hudson River Railroad's yard near West Thirty-third Street, where the funeral train halted on its way to Illinois.

For learning the Shorter Catechism by heart, so that I could recite without a mistake the answers to the ques-

tions from "What is the chief end of man?" to the far-distant conclusion, I received a prize Bible inscribed by Mr. Marcus, the superintendent of the Reverend Doctor Gardiner Spring's Sunday-school at the Brick Church at Thirty-seventh Street. The venerable Doctor Spring, who has been followed in that pulpit by so many notable preachers, had occupied it for more than half a century when I began to listen to his sermons. He was a lovable pastor, overflowing with sympathetic grace and kindness; I never fidgeted in the pew when he was expounding the divine word. His associate pastor for a time, the Reverend Doctor William J. Hoge, was an able theologian of a more ascetic type. When Doctor Hoge resigned, it was noised about in the congregation that his departure from the Brick Church was due to his strong inclination toward the Confederate point of view. That was natural, for he was a Virginian born. My father possessed a book written by Doctor Hoge called "Blind Bartimeus, or the Sightless Sinner," but I never read it.

During the latter part of the war we sat in the Broadway Tabernacle, at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and heard the patriotic discourses of the Reverend Doctor Joseph P. Thompson, one of the most eloquent pulpit orators of the time. I have the impression that our transfer from the Brick Church to the Tabernacle was decided upon in order that I might attend the Bible class of young Doctor Thomson, a physician born in Palestine, the son of the missionary author of "The Land and the Book." The exceeding interest and value of this gentleman's teachings are held in grateful remembrance.

V

Barnum's Museum, of imperishable fame, is too firmly established in the affections of my coevals of that generation and is too well documented historically to require

either eulogy or description. For one, I thank and bless across the years the proprietor of the Fount of Eternal Youth at the corner of Ann Street and Broadway. To have read his book when almost a baby 'way down in Maine and now to be in his living presence, to have him come out of the little room behind the ticket-office and in

In remembrance
of Jenny Lind.

Havana
Jan. 1855

person actually shake hands and advise me not to miss the wax figure of fat Daniel Lambert in the left-hand case on the second floor, was an experience beyond the dreams of ambition.

Miss it? Miss anything from the Happy Family down to the white whale in the basement tank? It was Mr. Barnum's humorous way of suggesting the impossible. I knew the Museum by heart and could have recited it to him backward. I knew the differing talents of the

Bohemian Glass Blowers, sitting in a row behind a counter and producing fragile miracles which Murano never surpassed. I had studied mathematics under the professorship of Hutchins, the Lightning Calculator. Grizzly Adams, with the silver plate in his skull, was scarcely more familiar than I was with the idiosyncrasies of his several bruins. And the strictly moral Lecture Room—but of that presently.

On the occasion of that memorable meeting at the paradiacal threshold, Mr. Barnum wrote for me his autograph and unnecessarily urged me to come again. His handwriting had somewhat of the distinguished slouchiness of Horace Greeley's, which was by no means so illegible as tradition makes it, except in his moments of passionate haste. Greeley and Dana, also, wrote much alike, and with a not ungraceful swing, particularly when using gold pens. On another occasion Barnum endeared himself to my father by giving him the fine bold signature of Jenny Lind, made at Havana in January, 1851 (see page 51).

To return to the Museum. Among the old papers there is one neatly docketed by my father, "Eddy's estimate of expense of a visit to Barnum's Museum, Feb'y 15, 1861." The project evidently proposed a friendly companionship with the embezzler of my bowie-knife:

JIM	EDDY
GOING..... 5 cts. 3
ENTRANCE..... 25 cts. 15
COMING..... 5 " 3
LUNCH..... 25 cts. 25
60	46
LEAVING out	
LUNCH	
AVERAGE 56	1.06

Considering the value and variety of the entertainment provided by the great showman, it was not so expensive an excursion, especially if refreshments were foregone.

The Lecture Room was the small theatre thus designated by Barnum to accommodate the prejudices of patrons to whom the naked term might be repulsive. On this stage were produced plays ingeniously alternating the scriptural with the mildly sensational. "Joseph and His Brethren," "The Drunkard," "Moses," Tony Pastor, Barney Williams, and pantomime with George L. Fox, appeared before the thousands and thousands who could never have been seduced into a sure-enough theatre; between acts Barnum himself stalked majestically before the advertising drop-curtain, leading his procession of dwarfs, giants, and living skeletons, and imparted to the audience ideas of an ethical propriety to which no bigot could object.

Barney Williams, whose real name was Flaherty, had been in a certain way a journalist. Ben Day, the printer who started *The Sun* in 1833, told me fifty years after that date that Barney was the first newsboy that ever sold papers in the streets of any American city. He was the pioneer of the Grand Army of the Afternoon Extra. As a comedian he became famous and rich.

George Fox was greatest in "Humpty Dumpty," in which he mimed afterward in the ring of the nigh-forgotten Hippotheatron in East Fourteenth Street; and in "Humpty Dumpty" the clown from Boston was perhaps greatest when the inimitable expression of his whitened countenance reached the extreme of vacuity as he sat on the chimney he was supposed to be constructing and with stuffed bricks from his hod pelted the passers-by. There are few incidents concerning celebrities of the stage more truly pathetic than Fox's last performance of the familiar act. While playing his best-known part in Booth's Theatre in Sixth Avenue in 1876 he was stricken with paralysis which became progressive paresis. He was removed to his rooms in the little hotel just north of the old Masonic Temple at Twenty-third Street. There is

a balcony to this apartment overlooking Sixth Avenue. The place may be identified by the present sign of the hotel, "Estiatorion Aineai Athenai"; I have often looked for it when passing on the elevated. One day during Fox's last illness he appeared suddenly in his dressing-gown astride the balcony-rail and began to make faces. A jeering crowd collected. The poor clown darted back into the sick-room and returned with an armful of missiles from his dressing-table. He straddled the balcony-rail again, his face assumed the tranquil immobility of a Greek mummer-mask, as he aimed hair-brush after whisk-broom at the people on the sidewalk. He died the next year in an asylum.

I approved of every feature of Mr. Barnum's museum except his baby-shows. In the judgment of a critic then aging from ten to fourteen the organization of these displays of negligible infancy seemed a ridiculous waste of space and effort on the part of a genius capable of running anything up to a world peace conference. But there was no question about the desirability of the Moral Lecture Room. The small additional charge for entrance there did not apply to the top balcony. By obtaining early a place close to the door leading from the Happy Family Hall into the upper gallery and waiting there from thirty to forty-five minutes till the gong sounded and the portal opened, one could be ahead of the throng of free-seaters, sure of the front row in the middle; and there was no better location up-stairs or down. So I spent in the aggregate an incredible number of hours with nose against the door, forming thus an intimate acquaintance with the curiosities visible from that station. In the glass case immediately at my left at the door there was a bronze poniard of the Roman period with the imperial eagle perched on the hilt. I came to know the weapon as well as if I had possessed it, and loved it the more because there was no chance of its confiscation by Jim.

The classic description of the great fire which consumed Barnum's Museum in July of 1865 was written by a reporter named Nathan D. Urner. He managed to obtain a point of vantage in a building in Ann Street, very likely in one of the gambling-houses for "day games" which were not uncommon then in that locality. Urner remained at his window notwithstanding the intense heat, noting the unique occurrences opposite. His vivid and humorous account of the conflagration is marred only by the lack of good taste shown in unsympathetic references to the actions of the flame-tortured animals. Urner was a Bohemian of the most flagrant type. His poetical specialty was devotional verse for the religious weeklies. Reginald Heber could not touch more sweetly the sentiments that respond to such appeal. Amos Cummings used to tell of meeting Urner in Printing House Square and lending him five dollars on his urgent profession of utter destitution. An hour or two later, in the saloon under the *Times* office, Cummings encountered his debtor in the act of tendering a five-dollar bill across the bar.

"See here, Nathan," said Cummings, "do you think this is quite square?"

"Hold on; Amos, hold on!" replied the aggrieved poet. "Since I met you I've jerked out a superfine 'Little Mildred with the Folded Hands' for *The Independent*. This five is she, not you."

From the ashes of Barnum's first museum few objects fit for subsequent exhibition could have been removed. But when I visited the second establishment, near Prince Street, I found there in a case with other curiosities new to me my old friend the bronze dagger, contorted and scarred and pitiable to behold, but still recognizable by one that had known it so well; and I have had meetings with former acquaintances that gave less genuine satisfaction. What was the bronze blade's experience in the second fire, when the former Chinese Museum building

then occupied by Barnum was destroyed in the winter of 1868 and the ruins were ice-coated to a beauty so marvellous in the sunshine that the proprietor must have mourned his inability to close Broadway and charge admission to the spectacle? If the old Roman dagger disappeared forever that day, there went out of existence something which stood for years with me as the symbol of expectation at the gateway of enjoyment.

VI

At the time of the outbreak of the draft riots of 1863 the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street had not changed much since we moved thither in 1860. It was substantially suburban. Let us try to reconstruct it for the sake of the contrast with to-day.

Blocks of brownstone and Albert-stone dwellings had sprung up here and there, with their monotony of architecture, pushing the squatter-shanty and goat zone a little farther toward the uncompleted park. Of a row of dwellings in Forty-second, facing the north side of the reservoir, some yet remain, diverted to business; in one of them lived Oakey Hall, six years later to become the Tweed Ring mayor and acquire the distinction of having gaslights on the posts of his front steps. What is now one of the busiest streets in the world was a quiet thoroughfare, frequently so deserted that one standing at the point occupied by the traffic-regulators of 1924 could look both east and west without sighting a single vehicle or pedestrian.

Madison Avenue was here cut off by the fence of a vacant lot, a sort of terminal moraine of boulders, big and small, splendid material for our stone forts. That avenue was not opened through to Harlem, nor was Doctor Tyng's church, dubbed "The Church of the Holy Oilcloth" on account of its linoleum-looking wall tiling, begun till after the riots. Northward, in line with the

end of Madison Avenue and short of Columbia College at Forty-seventh, was the wooden Bull's Head Tavern and the surrounding region of cattle-yards, a favorite lonely locality for the commission of suicide. Long droves of beef-animals, sheep, and swine being urged up to the pens were the commonest of processions in Fifth Avenue; the bovine and porcine predecessors of the guests at the Biltmore, the Commodore, and the Ritz. At Fourth Avenue were the roundhouses of the Harlem and New Haven railroads; horses and mules towed the passenger-trains in sections down through the tunnel to the stations at Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets respectively on the corners since covered by the Madison Square Garden. At Park Avenue and Forty-second, instead of the Hotel Belmont, was a group of miserable shacks where oysters were opened for you as you stood on the muddy sidewalk. Above the engine-houses and up to the mouth of the stone tunnel in the Yorkville region nothing was more conspicuous than the Steinway factory and a big, too fragrant brewery. The present Park Avenue of hotels and apartment-houses was a dreary freightyard, perilous to cross on account of the shifting trains. Once my insignificant anatomy narrowly escaped extinction as I attempted to squeeze between two buffers at a moment of coupling. It was a great thing to achieve friendship with a good-natured engineer of a switching-engine. It meant free rides in the cab sometimes as far as Harlem and occasional permission even to handle the controlling levers, like a Presidential candidate.

Beyond us, on Fifth Avenue's east side, the noteworthy structures as I remember them were an aged stone farmhouse, standing a little back about at Forty-fifth Street, a large brick hospital, the palatial dwelling of the notorious Madam Restelle, and the foundations of the marble cathedral. Work on Saint Patrick's was suspended during the war. The walls had gone up only twelve or fifteen

feet when they were roofed over to the extent of their thickness, for protection against the elements and to afford the youth of the vicinage an incomparable series of robber dens and secret-society lodge-rooms.

On the west side above the reservoir there was vacancy where the Bristol Building stands; then between Forty-third and Forty-fourth the Colored Orphan Asylum; then a small brick corner grocery or saloon; then Doctor Ward's broad mansion on Forty-seventh Street just off the Avenue; then the fine level land on the site of the twin Vanderbilt houses, running back almost to Sixth Avenue and used as a baseball field by the near-professional nines in the primitive stage of the game when it was permitted to put out a player running bases by nailing him with a hot ball from a hostile arm; then Saint Luke's Hospital, and the series of depressions from the street level that made the region resemble a huge waffle-iron, with rectangular craters for the deposit of old tomato-cans in summer and in winter free ice-skating, or proprietary ponds with charge for admission.

Not to become too topographical, the up-town New York of my boyhood, centring as stated, was not unlike up-town New York of to-day in some remote, thinly settled part of the Bronx. The right wing and the left wing of the advancing city had gone farther up the island with modester improvements. The central column had just got over the top of Murray Hill and was entering the illimitable field of civic opportunity.

VII

A July morning about ten o'clock—it was on Monday the thirteenth, school being in vacation—the friendly policeman on the reservoir beat rang the door-bell and warned the household neither to go out upon the streets nor to attract attention by showing a face at any window. The bluecoat seemed excited. No wonder, for the mob

was already raging in the neighborhood of Third Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, where the provost marshal's deputies were attempting to execute the provisions of the Conscription Act in the Ninth Congress district of New York. The building had been attacked, was doomed already to destruction, and there and elsewhere in the town the members of his force were fighting the infuriated rabble, mostly of foreign birth at the beginning, with the loyalty and pluck that distinguished the behavior of the police (and, indeed, of the volunteer firemen) throughout the week.

The special caution about the windows was supposed to have been suggested by two circumstances: first, that a well-known Abolitionist was a neighbor; secondly, that we employed a colored maid. Horace Greeley and his *Tribune* were attacked on the same afternoon in Printing House Square. The building was partly gutted and set on fire. The police, charging up Nassau Street to Spruce, dispersed a crowd of 5,000 or so there assembled and stamped out the blaze the rioters had kindled. Both Greeley and Raymond of the *Times* fortified their establishments the next day and were prepared with small cannon and hand-grenades to repel further invasion that did not occur. As to our colored maid, she was a real source of danger. The race prejudice was so strong that when the mob passions got beyond fear of law negroes were hunted everywhere, beaten to death, hanged to lamp-posts, trees, and telegraph-poles, and, it was said, in some cases burned when dying.

It is not the intention here to recite the story of that memorable week, except as a few of its incidents came under observation through the drawn shutters of our windows or from the roof of the castle-like block. From the specific purpose of draft obstruction the riot widened into an outbreak of secession sympathy and a general attack upon the administration's prosecution of the war and policy of emancipation. Having got that far, it was speed-

ily reinforced by all the latent elements of turbulence, anarchism, and crime. The city had been stripped of its militia by Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania. It was at the mob's mercy, and the mob believed it had a certain political license. How far this belief was due to Horatio Seymour's attitude and utterances when hell was breaking loose—he was reported as addressing the mob as "my friends" from the City Hall steps—is a question for controversy. A fair estimate of his responsibility for consequences may be found in De Alva Stanwood Alexander's "Political History of the State of New York," in which a great deal that can be said in extenuation is urged in the governor's behalf by that political adversary but accurate and impartial historian. In my own recollecting, of course, the underlying causes enter not at all; the chronology of the riot, the sequence of events, is forgotten, though the pictures come back distinctly when I shut my eyes.

For a boy of eleven it was a mixture of terror and pleasurable excitement. None of us knew to what the rioting might lead; yet personally, like most of the other boys who sought the roof morning after morning that week, I did not quite want to reach the end of the last chapter. We were at the very centre of incendiaryism the first day. We counted not less than nine conflagrations within the radius of perhaps half a mile. Among them was the Bull's Head Tavern up in the cattle-pens. Finally, toward night-time came the greatest, the Colored Orphan Asylum across the avenue only a couple of blocks away. There the action intensified; the scene was unforgettable.

Peering down through the embrasures of our absurd battlements, we beheld Fifth Avenue, as far south as Fortieth Street and as far up as Forty-fifth or Forty-sixth, packed with a miscreant congregation such as never before had massed in New York. It was as if the ruffianly part of the population of the Five Points and Bowery

and of every sinister quarter had moved in a body upon Murray Hill. The overflow ran each way into Forty-second Street, thronging the vacant corner lot where the Bristol apartments afterward stood. I have since seen many dense crowds at big fires, but none like this. It was a crowd not merely of spectators but of participants, or candidates for participation in whatever evil might be done. They were there to burn, to plunder and rob, to catch fugitive negro orphans, if possible, and kill them on the spot.

The burning asylum lighted the entire neighborhood. We could see from above not only the movements and acts of the rioters, but at times the individual faces and the expressions thereon. Some of the mob were struggling to get nearer the front of the asylum where the firemen were fighting like demons to do their duty, whatever their sympathies; particularly to preserve the lines of hose connection from the constant attempts to cut them. Now and then a geyser spurted at one of the unguarded hydrants. There would be a stampede to avoid a ducking, then cheers from the mob and jeers at the Harry Howard men. A rioter in a tattered straw hat, perched on the coping of the reservoir terrace just opposite, chanced to look up and espy some incautiously exposed head on our battlements. He yelled and pointed. A hundred faces were upturned, plain in the firelight. There were angry shouts and shaking of fists in the air. We on the roof incontinently drew back farther behind the merlons.

At midnight the throng had thinned. The roughs remaining tore boards from fences and built bonfires along the sidewalk. Then came a new phase of our experience as riot observers. We saw carriages driven rapidly up the Avenue, to be stopped and surrounded at Forty-second Street. There would be a brief altercation with the hackman; he would be made to descend from his box and open the carriage-door; then a longer and evidently predatory

interview with the inmate or inmates, and finally the circling of the hack and its slow return in the direction from which it had come.

The highway robbery of citizens attempting to escape from town by the only means available was systematic for several days. It became commonplace, less thrilling than such domestic events as the hysterics of our colored maid, poor thing, when Jim returned from a bold exit on Tuesday and reported a negro hanging to a lamp-post around the corner of Fortieth Street near Madison Avenue. Hack-drivers, when they could be found and induced to take a passenger, charged a hundred dollars, or as much more as they could extort, for risking the sally to Westchester. A visitor at the house who had pressing business in New England went forth to a livery-stable and offered twenty-five dollars to be taken beyond the Harlem. He was laughed at. He increased to fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred. The last bid was accepted, but the money must be paid in advance, and without recourse. He was absent from us not more than an hour, making his way back in a state of violent indignation, but rather uncommunicative as to the whereabouts of his watch and chain and pocketbook.

On the third day of the riot the Seventh Regiment returned; on the fourth, companies of the Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers and the One hundred and Fifty-second. It was on Thursday morning, I think, that the first rumor reached us of the arrival of these troops from Pennsylvania. That must have been the day when there passed down by the reservoir the most extraordinary of the numberless processions which have trod those pavements. Several hundred men, boys, and women, the very dregs of ragged terrorism, armed with guns, clubs, brickbats, and all sorts of improvised weapons, were led by a hag with straggling gray hair, howling and brandishing a pitchfork. She might have come directly into Fifth Avenue from among

the poissonnières of the French Revolution. Presently we heard shots from as far down as Thirty-fourth Street, and then the regular tramp of soldiers' feet as a company of militia advanced, halted, fired, and advanced again, driving back up by us such of the rascalion array as had not already scurried out of range into the side streets.

The hideous old woman led the flight. Her picture with the pitchfork is my latest definite recollection of that riot week.

CHAPTER III

THE DOOR TO THE COMPOSING-ROOM

I

IN the years immediately following the Civil War the great plantations of the South, thereafter so generally subdivided into small holdings, were in many cases leased at heavy rentals to Northerners afflicted with the delusion that they could grow cotton to profit. So it came about that in 1866 and 1867 the Bryan Grimes plantation on the Tar River in North Carolina, half a dozen miles above Pamlico water, was the scene of novel and intensely interesting experiences for a Yankee boy, and of equally novel but not so entertaining financial disaster for his parent. General Grimes, whom I remember seeing but once, had come out of the Confederate service as the senior major-general in "Stonewall" Jackson's corps; he led the division, I believe, that made the last charge at Appomattox. Fifteen years or so later General Grimes was shot by an unknown assassin while riding through the woods near this plantation; Grovedale it was called.

The peculiarity of the experience in question was that it made me familiar with the aspects of plantation life under conditions almost precisely the same as had obtained in the days of slavery. There were about twenty-five hundred acres bordering on the cypress jungle through which the Tar River flowed. Stern-wheel steamboats made their sluggish way up and down this stream. There were eleven or twelve hundred acres under cultivation for cotton; pitch-pine woods all around, scarred for turpentine as sugar-maples are for syrup; three to four hundred negroes, all formerly the slaves of the Grimeses,

field-hands, stable-men, house-servants, mammies and pickaninnies, living in the same quarters in the same way, singing the same songs by firelight in their cabins, performing their several functions just as before emancipation; the only difference being that they were free (although many of them did not seem to appreciate the immensity of the fact) and were paid wages and had to pay for the provisions they drew from the store.

I used to love to go to the cabins at night and listen to the singing. The hymns were essentially African in cadence and wording, grotesquely devotional. They lacked, of course, the artificiality of the minstrel stage renderings, and were cruder and more spontaneous even than many of the melodies the jubilee singers afterward introduced to popularity. There was more recitative, more repetition, less of evident attempt at characteristic artistry. I wrote down the words of some of these songs that struck my fancy, and wish they were now to be found. What I do find is a couple of letters written from the plantation when I was fourteen and printed in the *Bath Times*. It was my earliest appearance in newspaper type and a paragraph from one of the letters is reproduced here, partly to indulge a purely personal interest in the epoch and partly for the sake of the statistical information it carries:

A large field when cotton is at its thickest resembles, to the eye, a vast expanse covered with a mantle of dazzling snow. Each plant bears three "pickings"; of these the second produces the best quality, the third picking and gleanings being of a much lower grade. The growth of the cotton is different in plants from different seeds. It varies all the way from two feet to the height of a tall man. For the negroes "picking time" is a season of rejoicing. As they are paid by the amount picked, their wages depend upon their industry and skill. The best hands when cotton is thickest pick about one hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds per day; and I have known of as much as four hundred pounds being picked in a single day; but this is very unusual. I do not think that taking the season

through from the first of September to Christmas they average more than sixty pounds.

This was written from knowledge, for it was my special duty as a cotton-planter to preside at the scales when the hands returned at night from the fields, and to weigh their respective offerings and enter the amount due them in the little memorandum-books with which each man, woman, and child was provided by the management. We paid a cent a pound, so the process of reckoning was simple. It is human nature, I suppose, without regard to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude, to take advantage of extreme youth in a temporary post of responsibility. But so childlike were even the grizzled veterans of the field that when they approached the scales with dishonest intent the self-consciousness of their demeanor and the chuckles of their companions almost invariably notified me beforehand that bricks or stones had been enwrapped artfully in the fluffy boll-flakes inside the basket or bag brought to me for weighing.

In Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," is described an ancient game called "tilting at the ring." This was the fashionable sport and pastime of the North Carolinian gentry in our neighborhood. "Tournaments" were held from time to time at some level stretch of sandy road, usually at crossroads, among the light-wood pines. Over the highway and opposite the grand stand a slight framework of poles was erected. From the horizontal piece there hung a right-angle hook, whereon was placed an iron ring about an inch and a half in diameter.

The local and visiting chivalry, bedecked with their chosen colors, spurred, and equipped with long wooden lances, in turn charged at full gallop, endeavoring to pierce the ring and carry it off on the point of the lance. They were obliged to start from a standstill, make the

distance of perhaps eighty yards in a given number of seconds, and, having passed under the pole, halt their steeds within perhaps twenty yards more. Success depended upon the sureness of eye, the steadiness of hand, and the running qualities of the horse. The feat was by no means easy, but glorious was the guerdon. The knight scoring highest had the privilege of crowning a Queen of Love and Beauty, and he and she became the lion and lioness of the ensuing festivities.

Need it be told whose ambition was fired to enter the lists either as the Unknown Knight or as the Knight of the Frozen North? I practised assiduously in private for several months to be ready to astonish Carolina with the prowess of Maine; but before there was a chance to ascertain whether sectional prejudice or secret apprehensions would debar me from the honor of crowning a Queen of Love and Beauty, I was sent back North to get ready to enter Bowdoin.

In that loveliest—to me—of college campuses, on the hill in Brunswick, there is a tree known as the Thorndike oak. It was planted the day the very first class entered. It has lived to be the spacious green tent, year after year, for class-day exercises and the smoking of the pipe of peace. When I had half-satisfied the authorities at the gateway that I half-knew perhaps one-half of the three bitter parts of Cæsar's Gaul, and possessed other fractional items of acquirement, I wandered into the verdure one summer day of Commencement week, a contented, though conditioned, sub-freshman.

The first thing that caught the eyes of the newcomer on this academic ground was an excited group of patriarchs, dancing frantically with clasped hands around the Thorndike oak and shouting some frolicsome song unknown to modern hymnology. When they had so far recovered breath as to be able to wipe the moisture from

their perspiring foreheads and dripping long beards, I ventured to approach and ask the reason of the astonishing ceremony. They told me they were the class of 1817, back for their fiftieth. They inquired my status and wished me good luck at Bowdoin. To think of it now! Those frisky Methusalims who talked with me in 1867 had been sophomores when Napoleon and Wellington were fighting it out. And when I went back to the oak for my own fiftieth two or three years ago I knew how young they felt that day!

The friendly wishes of these fine old boys stood me in good stead, in gross if not always in detail, through the course at Bowdoin.

During the long Christmas vacation of freshman year I taught district school—it was under economic impulse rather than from educational ardor—in a small red schoolhouse at Harding's Station on the New Meadows River. The preceptorial function was to get up at daybreak, wade through the snow-drifts to the schoolhouse, shovel the path to the door and build a fire in the iron stove; then to wade back to breakfast. The system of subsistence was what was known as "boarding 'round." The six weeks of session were divided into days or fractions of days according to the total attendance; each family had its quota of meals to provide according to the number of scholars from that house. With a term so short, the "boarding 'round" required frequent removals and considerable leg-weariness on the part of the boarded one; sometimes he was the inmate of a farmhouse for not more than a day and a third. There were no such quick transitions in the matter of diet, however; the immemorial practice was to wait till the teacher came before killing the pig.

Most of the disciples were maidens of what seemed from the view-point of the age of fifteen to be an accomplished maturity. They resorted to the institution winter after

winter for intellectual refreshment and social diversion, precisely as they might join a woman's club nowadays. At least two of them could have given a senior wrangler a tough wrangle in the higher mathematics. One day we were visited in due turn by the superintending committee-man for that township, who happened to be none other than a venerated acquaintance, Professor Alpheus Spring Packard of Bowdoin, the father of several distinguished scholars and men of science of that name. He had signed my certificate of competency and I was anxious to make a good showing. I sent to the blackboard my ace in algebra and gave her a problem to work out, with all confidence in her exhibit, for she was of the type of diminutive but efficient femininity commonly described in the coast vernacular as "little, but O Lord!"

For the first time in her life, perhaps, the lump of chalk failed my prodigy. She was stumped and appealed to me for expert aid. Generalities were stammered from the desk. Giggles were audible among the older pupils. I don't know what might have been the sequel if that sweetest and kindest of professors of Natural and Revealed Religion and the Evidences of Christianity had not grasped the situation and saved the day for me by pretending that his purpose was to conduct the examination himself. That was an unmistakable evidence of Christianity, indeed!

Both of the great soldiers who had joined in lending the celebrity of their names to the hotel menu already mentioned visited Brunswick while I was there. General Grant was the guest of General Chamberlain, his proxy at the time of Lee's surrender. There was a reception in the cottage opposite the college grounds; after that I was not to meet Grant until the Northern Pacific's opening ceremony in Montana in 1883. Two or three years after Grant's coming to Brunswick, Phil Sheridan visited the college. The exact occasion is not recalled, but a picture

of him remains in mind as he stood on the chapel-steps craning his neck to see over the heads of the crowd of students witnessing the semi-annual rope-pull, or tug-of-war, between the sophomores and freshmen. He was a little man—in physical altitude. I thought of this trifling incident when Mr. Dana told me a story current in Sheridan's army and picked up during a visit to his headquarters.

"When the Lieutenant-General was a mere lieutenant he was drilling a squad one day and had a good deal of trouble with a certain recruit, a tall slab-sided, awkward chap, about six feet six. 'Stand up straight,' said Sheridan, irritably. 'Put your shoulders back and your chest out. Look straight in front of you, on a level.'

"'Am I always to look straight in front on a level line?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, good-by, leftenant, for I'll never see ye agin.'"

An equally dignified if not equally important visitor to the campus was the renowned Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveller, sole proprietor of the Vocabulary Laboratory, philosopher, moralist, perpetual candidate for President of the United States, and, as his campaign literature always announced, "publisher of the lineage of Peter C. Brooks, of Boston, Mass." Pratt was an excellent pedestrian and was for years a familiar figure at the Eastern and Middle Western institutions of learning. On his periodic reappearance in Brunswick in battered tall hat, seedy attire, and imperturbable solemnity of countenance, he was always welcomed with grave respect and invited to address the students on some political or ethical subject. His remarks were written in two-inch-caliber chirography on the reverse of a roll of wall-paper, which the orator unwrapped as he proceeded until he was almost lost to view in the billows of white. Once an unprincipled sophomore crept up behind him and touched a lighted

match to the manuscript. For a moment the perpetual candidate resembled a plate in Fox's "Book of Martyrs"; but without the slightest change of expression he trampled out the flaming Vocabulary Laboratory and went on calmly in some such fashion as this:

"Gentlemen, I have come up through great tribulation. I am in possession of a vast profundity of knowledge on the sciences of the universe, that when written out and published will be worth thousands of millions of dollars to our nation. God has favored me physically and mentally from my birth. The time has come for the industrial and educational sciences to be represented at the head of the American Government. And I have been speaking over twenty-five years on different subjects, almost without pay. I have spoken thousands of times without one cent or a crumb of bread or a place to lay my head. I have also spoken over a hundred times since last June from New York City to Toledo, Ohio, and all the presidents of the railroads have paid me was one dollar and a half. Man is the architect of his own weal. My circular entitled 'The Pratt Intellectual Zenith' is progressing."

Poor old Daniel Pratt! It was no fault of his that he never reached the White House. How many perpetual candidates have been more sincere? And I am able to contribute to political history and to the credit of his disinterested patriotism what I believe to be the unpublished fact that in 1868 he voluntarily stepped aside in favor of Grant and Colfax.

Every professor and instructor in the Bowdoin I then knew has departed this world, the last to go being that noble character and eminent botanist George Lincoln Goodale. With Cyrus Fogg Brackett, afterward distinguished at Princeton, he taught me the little I ever learned of the natural and physical sciences. The letter is still cherished which Doctor Goodale wrote me awhile before he went to Harvard to become later the successor

of Asa Gray. "If I can aid you in any way, you must let me know. I think that your taste for the natural and physical sciences and your excellent memory will enable you to accomplish much in allied professional studies. It will give me great pleasure to assist you in any and every way." It was the dream of a future not to be realized. Self-determination wabbles when Predestination claims control.

Of my class of 1871 only three others are alive. They were all dear boys, amiable alike in their strong qualities and in their weaknesses. There was he who, honest and artless as a yearling lamb, was nevertheless endowed with a defective sense of responsibility. He was chairman of the committee on music and was sent to Boston with \$400 of class money to engage and pay the Germania Band for commencement week. On the way up he stopped at a well-known seminary for young ladies to call upon a girl he knew. The merits of the school impressed him. Then he went on to the city to complete the business in his charge, but chanced to drop in at the Boston Theatre, where the great fair for the benefit of the sufferers by the Franco-Prussian War was in progress. Among other things for sale at the fair was a collection of minerals—quartz crystals, moss agates, and such specimens. The price asked was providentially the exact amount of the music money. The collection was therefore purchased at sight and presented to the young ladies' seminary with the compliments of the donor. Of course, it was the parents who paid the band.

There was that other who when on examination for his degree at graduation was asked to describe the difference between the inductive and the deductive processes of reasoning. It was too much. "Tell me, then," said the patient examiner, "the process by which Sir Isaac Newton discovered the principle of universal gravitation." The answer was prompt: "By flying a kite in a thunder-cloud,

sir." And yet that respondent afterward flew his own kite high in the upper air of finance.

I was a poor enough student in many essential particulars. While fairly successful in the English branches and modern languages and sciences, physical and metaphysical, in some things I was away behind my classmates; and some of them would rather lunch on conic sections or calculus than on strawberries and cream. I got more from the wide-open shelves of the college library than from the required pages of the more difficult classics, even with Mr. Bohn's aid. I was suspended for the greater part of one year for participation in a desperate hazing scrape—a perfectly ethical performance in the eyes of the students of that generation, but strongly disapproved by the faculty. Shall I go so far in the candor of reminiscence as to confess that the disgrace of this discipline to myself, my family, and friends appeared so ineradicable, so terribly blighting, that I thought for a while there was no way out of it but laudanum. Nevertheless, I faced the music at home—gentle and soothing music it was—and returned at the end of the penal term to find plenty of sunshine left to existence. The general conclusion in retrospect is that in the scholastic aspects of my college life I should have profited more if, instead of entering at fifteen and graduating at nineteen, entrance had been at nineteen and graduation at twenty-three.

But this is not the place for a résumé of the events and experiences of a four-year period that for variety and vicissitudes, for occasional dejection and prevalent joy, can be matched by almost every college man when he looks back to his own little Age of Gold.

II

Newspaper apprenticeship began in Boston. The door was opened by a letter which I carried from General Chamberlain to the late Edward Stanwood, then assistant

editor of the *Daily Advertiser* and afterward the historian of presidential elections and for a quarter of a century the managing editor of the *Youth's Companion*. Stanwood was my senior by ten years as an alumnus of Bowdoin College. It was only last year that his long life of professional usefulness and innumerable kind offices to many came to its lamented end.

I had wanted to be a physician. The immediate purpose of the present occupation was to earn money for a medical course. This purpose atrophied as the charm of the yellow copy paper, the smudgy proof-sheets, the columns of type in the curved turtles and the early-morning clank of the double-decked cylinder press fully possessed the soul of ambition. It has always been regarded by myself as a felicitous thing for my visionary patients that I was thus switched away from their visionary bedsides. I cannot imagine anybody less suited to the practice of that respected profession.

The *Daily Advertiser* of that day was a vast blanket sheet with a page more than double the size now standard. Its columns seemed interminable when there was one to fill. They were crammed, however, with good writing in every department. We used to believe that the regulations governing the use of English in the *Daily Advertiser* had been drawn up originally by the faculty of Harvard University in solemn conclave and that the professors met from time to time to devise new refinements of speech and to investigate the fidelity of our observance. I remember, for example, that the word "reliable" was absolutely forbidden; the theory of the Harvard conference being, as we understood, that you cannot "rely" anybody or anything but must rely on him or it; so that the only permissible locution would be "relionable." The prescribed synonym was "trustworthy." So strong is the influence of codified *verbotens* that I have written "trustworthy" instead of "reliable" all my life; even on *The Sun*, where



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the offensiveness of "reliable" was overlooked or ignored and the odium of phraseology concentrated upon such expressions as "in this connection" and "in our midst."

This fastidious sense of responsibility toward the language permeated every part of the *Advertiser* establishment, extending to the mechanical departments. Even John Mason, the lanky and cynical foreman of the press-room, used to snatch the first copy of the first edition as it issued from the machinery and scan it with critical eye for faults in English. One midnight he came tearing upstairs with the paper in hand and pointed indignantly at a head-line announcing that the veterans of this or that organization would "Reune Next Tuesday." "When in holy Halifax," he shouted, "did they first 'une'?"

Not only of the culture of Harvard, but also of Boston's commercial greatness, Boston's political conservatism, and Boston's social propriety was the old *Advertiser* considered to be the leading newspaper exponent. The magnates of State and Devonshire Streets and the chosen of Beacon Hill and the Back Bay were visitors to the room of the chief editor, Mr. D. A. Goddard. He was a scholarly gentleman, tall and stooping, with a very gentle look in his eyes; but so remote was he from the sphere of the youngsters that we seldom saw him except as he passed in and out. I used to imagine that as a powerful journalist with marked habits of seclusion but far-reaching connections with the outside great he was very much like Delane; possibly the idea resulted merely from an unconscious association of his given name Delano with the name of the illustrious editor of the London *Times*. I was not in a position to know which editorial articles were his and which were written by his assistants, Edward Stanwood and Walter Allen and Henry A. Clapp, a lawyer who was also the dramatic editor and one of the best critics of the stage I have ever known anywhere. There is before me a pamphlet of Mr. Goddard's on the news-

papers and newspaper writers in New England before 1815, and from this I am sure that he was a learned historian of journalism as well as the master of a literary style both sedate and pleasing.

Edward Everett Hale was to me by far the most interesting of the friends of the *Advertiser* frequently seen in its office. There was good reason why he should be as much at home there as in his study or pulpit. His father, Nathan Hale, nephew and namesake of the hero who regretted that he had but one life to give to his country, had owned this earliest of New England dailies and edited it for almost half a century until 1863. Two of Edward Everett Hale's brothers, Nathan and Charles, had also been *Advertiser* editors. He himself had been everything on the paper from type-setter and reporter to editor-in-chief. Then he was supposed to contribute often to Mr. Goddard's editorial columns. How he found time to do that, even with the dynamo that worked in his brain, passes comprehension. At that time he was preaching regularly in the South Congregational Church, delivering unnumbered addresses on all sorts of subjects and for all sorts of occasions; attending to the organization of [his "Ten Times One is Ten" clubs, which went nearly all over the earth; editing his *Old and New* magazine, to be incorporated a few years later with *Scribner's*; filling social and charitable engagements that kept him on the run; and adding constantly to that astonishing series of stories, essays, and histories which began with "My Double and How He Undid Me," included "The Man Without a Country" and "The Brick Moon," and ended only with his own busy life.

My acquaintance with Hale was made at a house in Beacon Street. The city desk had sent me to report a reception where Lucretia Mott was the guest of honor. Serene in the dignity of great achievement, the placid little lady of eighty, in the drab garb of the Hicksite

Friends with starched white cap and kerchief, stood quietly in the centre of a multicolored and very vocal group. I am glad to have seen her, though nothing in the chronicles of abolition or woman's rights could then compete with the invention of the heavenly contrivance for ascertaining longitude. The creator of the brick moon and of Philip Nolan came in, unkempt as usual as to hair and beard, untidy in attire, and not overgraceful in his movements, but engaging in the personal approach. Many things were possible to him, but you felt it was impossible for him to be "well dressed." When he had distributed pleasant words here and there he asked a question of somebody and looked around and then steered for my corner, introducing himself as a brother *Advertiser* reporter. This made me prouder than ever of my new title. He talked a few minutes and we went out together. On the steps he told me he was due shortly at the Mount Auburn Cemetery to make an address—I have forgotten what was the occasion. He also confided the fact that he hated the job extremely. I ventured to hope he might come back feeling better about it. "Well," said he, as we shook hands, "I probably shall come back anyway, with my shield or perhaps upon it."

I saw Edward Everett Hale several times after that and he was always friendly; always genuine in his interest in the progress of a beginner. Him and Robert Collyer, whose unsought sympathy at a time when I was profoundly depressed with fear for my eyesight drew a heavy draft upon my gratitude, I class together as examples of the good a right-hearted man of intelligence can do to one who is scarcely more than a passer-by.

An incident curiously illustrating the limitations of fame occurred fifteen or twenty years later. Mr. Dana gave me some manuscripts intended for the Sunday *Sun*. I opened one of these and read the caption, "The Man Without a Country." Word for word it was all there,

written in a clerkly hand on both sides of sheets of foolscap. The price asked was exceedingly moderate for a masterpiece, twenty or twenty-five dollars, I believe. The vender's name was there too; address, General Delivery, New York Post Office. Such attempted frauds are common enough in the experience of newspapers and magazines, but here was perhaps the best-known of American short stories boldly offered for sale by a person who had wit enough to perceive its marketable quality when he found it, doubtless in the sidewalk tray of a down-town bookshop in the old number of the *Atlantic Monthly* where it was originally published without the author's name. "Safe enough," he must have reasoned. "It's anonymous, it's forgotten, and it's good."

I was for exposing the scoundrel with Rhadamanthine severity. "O no!" said Dana. "Mark it 'respectfully declined' and mail it back. He was genteel enough to enclose postage-stamps."

Two of my earliest local assignments impressed me with the disadvantage, first, of excessive professional zeal, and secondly, of knowing too much. The other cub reporter was Sylvester Baxter, now one of the few remaining veterans of Boston journalism of that date, and well-known subsequently not only as a poet of delicate fancy but also as a pioneer in the movement for a Greater Boston and in the practical development of the splendid park system which grew out of the metropolitan expansion. To us fell a good share of the work of reporting the fires occurring late at night. The bells clanged the alarm and indicated for all who cared to listen the locality of the conflagration. A second alarm signified a disaster requiring the personal attendance of one or other of us, and sent him plunging down the stairs into the alleyway between Court Street and Cornhill, in the footsteps of Benjamin Franklin—for it was exactly here that Franklin learned the printer's trade—and scurrying thence by the best

available means of transportation to the scene of combustion, whether it was right around the corner or in East Boston or South.

My first big fire was at the North End, somewhere near the Paul Revere church steeple. It was a tenement-house, populous as an ant-hill, and already well ablaze in the upper stories. The policeman at the door warned me not to enter. I exhibited my badge and pushed on; duty led me onward and upward, even should it be into the flames themselves. The stairways and hallways were narrow, dense with smoke, and encumbered by the lines of hose the firemen had dragged up with them. I stumbled on. At the head of the second staircase progress was blocked by a descending procession. Flattened against the wall I counted one, two, three—seven mattresses on which lay human forms silent and motionless. It was with difficulty that the bearers managed to squeeze their burdens between me and the rail. I leaned forward as each mattress passed to witness if possible through the smoke the agonized features of the victims and to catch their dying words. No other reporter had ventured inside. It was to be a great story the next morning—an “exclusive” which would bring me congratulations from the management, and perhaps the doubling of my salary of \$15 a week. An “exclusive” was the dignified Boston term describing what was called in New York journalism a “beat” or a “scoop.” But after I had gathered further information from kind confrères in the street below, and after my manuscript had undergone treatment by Royal Merrill, the assistant city editor, the story appeared as a five-line item in small type in the “About Town” column in much this form:

A second alarm and some little excitement was caused shortly after midnight by a tenement house fire at —— North street in the heart of the region now affected by the epidemic. The fire

was promptly extinguished and half a dozen or more smallpox patients were removed without accident.

Yet it was at least a fortnight before I, personally, felt sure that the removal of the patients on the mattresses with which I had been so intimate was actually accomplished without accident.

How speedily in Boston at that time the callow reporter got rid of the idea that the local representatives of esteemed contemporaries were competitors to be avoided or distrusted. News which there was a common opportunity to obtain was common property not to be withheld from a fellow craftsman who had failed to obtain it. Help was as freely given to the inexperienced as a lucifer match to the matchless; room enough for rivalry in the details of presentation. This comradeship, I am glad to believe, is active yet in every American city, but it is not the less pleasant to recur to the day at Mystic Park when I was disguised as sporting reporter for the *Advertiser* and sent with an equipment of professional ignorance to report an important contest between Maud S. and some other four-legged locomotive. The unsurpassed technical knowledge of the Boston *Post* was put at my disposal by the kindness of George Franklin Babbitt with a magnanimity that makes me forever his friend and debtor.

The second educational incident referred to in the foregoing was when the assignment was to a lecture by John Fiske on the causes of that prolongation of infancy distinguishing the human race from other specimens of animal creation, kittens and chickens, for example. Fresh from the metaphysical classroom and the perusal of George Henry Lewes's "History of Philosophy," I undertook to describe the Harvard lecturer sapiently and spoke of him in the preamble as a Positivist and disciple of Auguste Comte. It was a most unfortunate affectation of knowl-

edge. Mr. Fiske, whose original name was Green, was only ten years my senior; but when he came up to the office the next morning in a rage as towering as is ever attained by a philosopher of any description, and I was summoned to Mr. Stanwood's room to hear pronounced my indictment for too prolonged infancy, I felt that I was at least a million years younger than the accuser. Smaller and smaller, more and more infantile, I seemed to become as the burly, florid gentleman of Teuton aspect explained with clarity of expression and precision of phrase why it could not have been more libellous had I called him a contortionist instead of a Positivist and a follower of Kant or Cain instead of a disciple of Comte. He was quite right; his passionate objurgations were deserved. Somehow Stanwood contrived to mollify the indignant victim of brash classification. By degrees he recovered his normal crasis, that of the good-natured, heavy-weight pundit you connect with the naked tables and gray steins of the Munich Hofbrähaus.

That was my only sight of John Fiske. I came later to admire him greatly when he began to write history. As a trustworthy prophet of evolutionary progress in human society I always had my doubts of him; as when he wrote in 1884 of "the unprecedented diminution in the spirit of militancy" in the nineteenth century, saying: "This gradual elimination of strife is a fact of utterly unparalleled grandeur. Words cannot do justice to such a fact. It means that the wholesale destruction of life, which has heretofore characterized evolution ever since life began, and through which the higher forms of organic existence have been preserved, must presently come to an end in the case of the chief of God's creatures." Evolution is already ending war, said he thus in the "Destiny of Man," exactly thirty years before the outbreak of the greatest war the world ever knew!

Oliver Wendell Holmes I saw only twice: once when

his house in Charles Street was sought for some now forgotten piece of information and he asked me into his library and talked for a quarter of an hour like the generous Autocrat he was; again when I accompanied a student to the amphitheatre of the Harvard Medical School at the bridge end of Cambridge Street and learned how anatomy was taught with the Professor at the dissecting table. He would lift his eyes and scalpel now and then from the cadaver and interrupt the demonstration to flash wit or emit mellow wisdom that made the gloomy circus a place of rare entertainment. What wouldn't I give to be able to report some of Doctor Holmes's words on these two occasions? He represented for me the sunlit side of the city of which he had said: "Boston is the place to be born in, but if you can't fix it so as to be born here you can come and live here."

Frank Sanborn of Concord, the biographer of John Brown, the foremost authority on the events at Harper's Ferry, and the close friend of Doctor Howe and of Julia Ward Howe, who sent John Brown's soul marching on, used to sit at the extreme left of the reporters' gallery at the State House writing his daily letter to the *Springfield Republican*. I was his neighbor there for a while; for in addition to reporting the senate proceedings for the *Advertiser* I used to send a legislative letter every evening during the session to the *Spy* of Worcester, going afoot to the old Albany station in Beach Street and intrusting the manuscript to the baggage-master of the late train westward. For this service of combined journalism and pedestrianism I received \$10 a week.

Sanborn was primarily a radical and reformer and only secondarily a journalist. His opinion of the profession was not of the most exalted character, although he had hopes for it in the future. "The American newspaper," he said in an essay written about that time, "must regulate the minutest details of our daily lives, and be school-

master, preacher, lawgiver, judge, jury, executioner, and policeman. We find it intruding and interfering everywhere. It reports everything, has an espionage as universal and active as any despot ever established, and makes its comments with that species of boldness which the undiscriminating call impudence."

At all events, though he was joint founder with A. Bronson Alcott and W. T. Harris of the once celebrated Concord Summer School of Philosophy, he was not given to boring you in private conversation with negligible subtleties of thought, as the excellent Mr. Alcott too frequently did. I recall Sanborn as a tall, spare, prematurely gray man of forty, kind and gentle in manner, though I believe he would have gone cheerfully to the stake for any reform that he happened to be interested in. Almost at the end of his long life he was fighting the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in resistance of an ordinance requiring him to make a sewer connection against his conscientious scruples. There was, moreover, in his countenance the least trace of that tip-tilt alertness which denotes a personally inquisitive disposition with a tendency to some of the qualities reprobated by him in his essay on American journalism in general.

One day some years ago Mr. Sanborn was scanning the shelves in Goodspeed's bookshop in Boston, with back turned to the spot where the proprietor was talking with a customer. A lady came in and inquired of Mr. Goodspeed about the value of a single folio volume she owned of Piranesi's plates of Roman antiquities. The customer casually remarked to the bookseller that he had all the twenty-eight or twenty-nine volumes of Piranesi. Mr. Sanborn, who had been listening and could no longer contain himself, wheeled around and said:

"I congratulate you, sir; I congratulate you! Do you happen to be aware that you have a very rare possession, sir; a most valuable possession?"

The felicitated and instructed stranger happened to be J. P. Morgan, Jr.

I went once to see Doctor Samuel G. Howe in South Boston. He took me all over the Perkins Institution; he had recently reorganized that lighthouse of hope for the blind. Doctor Howe introduced me to Laura Bridgman, the most famous illustration before Helen Keller, who was not to be born till nine years later, of what can be done by infinite patience and devoted intelligence for the education of one deprived of nearly every gateway of approach. Laura was then a little over forty, a neatly clad, ladylike person who clasped my wrist with one hand and put the forefinger of her other against my lips as the strange conversation proceeded. This interview left no feeling of sadness or pity; but not so the sight of Doctor Howe's most hopeless patient, an idiot boy of seven or eight with soul completely walled in; not one of the senses remaining; no response even to touch. He sat in the yard behind the institution, rocking to and fro, weaving his fingers incessantly. "We believe," said Doctor Howe, "that he gets the faintest trace of pleasurable emotion from the warmth of the sunshine, but even that is not certain." And yet the good and great man regarded this pathetic creature with real affection and cared for him as tenderly as if the fragment of existence was a treasure to be safeguarded at any cost of time or trouble.

Further memories of Boston reporting that come treading on each other's heels:

Pat Gilmore's second World's Peace Jubilee in the enormous wooden auditorium on the new-made land of the Back Bay, with Herr Johann Strauss leading the "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz music, and Dan Godfrey's splendid band of the Grenadier Guards over from London, and a hundred—or was it a thousand?—red-coated firemen smiting real anvils for the chorus from "Trovatore," and all vocal New England, soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, with a considerable reinforcement from the

outlying provinces, present to swell the mighty volume of sound that shook the firmament and thrilled the eighty or a hundred thousand auditors. It must have disturbed even Tut-anhk-amen's slumbers. My part in the chronicling of this prodigious noise-feast was naturally not that of musical criticism, but of the spectacular features and the personal puffs. That the latter function was performed in a manner satisfactory to the eulogized is to be inferred from the circumstance that here in my hands is a pen-and-ink portrait of Dan Godfrey, drawn for me by the composer himself on a sheet of my orange-colored copy paper. Godfrey, like Caruso, had graphic art as well as music in his soul; unlike Caruso, he seems to have been disposed to flatter rather than caricature his subject.

There was the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, and the great ball in the Boston Theatre, with the banquet-supper in charge of a famous Newport caterer. I remember this colored caterer more distinctly even than the tall Alexis; for the former potentate fished out of a barrel a superb specimen of the golden pheasant and pressed it upon me in a truly princely fashion. The disposition of the gift was a problem until my city editor, Royal Merrill, solved the matter by taking my pheasant and myself into his domestic circle, where we ate the bird assisted by his lovely sister, afterward the wife of Frank Millet, the artist, who was lost on the *Titanic*, and by Bradford Merrill, who aided with the appetite of a boy of ten.

There was the luncheon reception given by the Boston press to Henry M. Stanley, just over from Ujiji after saying, "Doctor Livingstone, I presume," to the lost explorer whom Bennett sent him to find. Stanley was attended at the Parker House reception by his little African Kalulu (if that was the name) and I was convinced that Kalulu could have made a better speech than his intrepid but laconic master.

Then there were two never-to-be-forgotten visits to a

certain country place at Wellesley, adorned by the whimsical imagination of a sewing-machine magnate and millionaire. The big cattle-barn was decorated on its exterior with huge frescoes representing the ride of the Valkyrie. There was an artificial grotto with glittering stalactites and stalagmites of crystal. You wandered into the ramble and stepped on a trick bridge which suddenly descended with you almost into the water. Then you came to a large cactus in a wayside pot, labelled "American Aloe—About to Bloom!" Across the pathway was a convenient stool, on which you seated yourself to await the blooming; but the seat let you down to the ground level while there popped up out of the agave a red devil, grinning maliciously at your discomfiture. A little farther on was a monumental champagne-bottle, thirty feet high, composed of innumerable empty champagne-bottles stuck on prongs of the iron framework. Still farther, a freak pyramid, built wholly of discarded and rusty locomotive-stacks, of the flaring pattern of the wood-burning engines. What originality of conception; what industry of execution! Was there ever in any of the six continents aught in the way of landscape-gardening comparable to the Baker estate at Wellesley?

The Boston stage in the early Seventies: Charles Mathews at the Globe as *Mr. Puff* in "The Critic," coming down to the footlights to shake hands with the orchestra leader and affably inquiring after Mr. Koppitz and the little Koppitzes; Fechter and Carlotta Le Clerc at the same lamented establishment; William Warren with Annie Clarke and that wonderful stock company at the Boston Museum rendering old English comedies remoter than Sheridan and now so seldom seen—Congreve, perhaps, or Farquhar, or even Vanbrugh, the architect-playwright for whom his enemy wrote the epitaph:

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee!)

Christine Nilsson, Parepa-Rosa, Adelaide Phillips, Annie Louise Cary, either at the Globe or the Boston Theatre. Emma Eames, one of the best of all, I remember first as a fine big schoolgirl years after in Bath, her light brown hair in twin pigtails neatly ribboned. In 1872 she was a baby in Boston. I have pleasant memories of her mother's apartments in Boylston Street close to the old Public Library.

In the variegated reporting that came to me on the *Daily Advertiser* I gained a fair idea of the technics of the business. The spheres of duty ranged from the dismal tours of the urban and suburban police stations, with an occasional murder clew breaking the monotony, and the perfunctory recording of the dreary municipal proceedings in all five of the Cambridges and in Lynn and Dedham and everywhere else, and the reporting of great railway disasters like that at Seabrook, up to those more rewarding contacts with people and events really interesting to hear or witness.

I learned, also, that there is such a thing as being too conventional in phraseology. About that time, either in Boston or Worcester, there was a reporter who was inspired to write a novel of the emotional class. He was quite successful till he came to the culminating passage of love's declaration. It cannot be quoted exactly from memory but it was something like this:

“Percy opened his arms and drew the lovely girl toward him. Her head upon his breast, he gazed down into the infinite depths of her cerulean eyes, pressed a passionate kiss upon her fair cheek and proceeded to address her substantially as follows.”

I exercised my imagination, such as it was, in the *Advertiser's* columns when opportunity occurred, and when not in the *Boston Courier*, a Sunday newspaper of the old type of marked literary quality maintained for years by such contributors as Aldrich, Trowbridge, Shillaber,

Lilian Whiting, Nathan Appleton, Theodore Child, Lucretia P. Hale, Louise Chandler Moulton, William L. Brigham, and dozens of others. The paper was edited very ably by John W. Ryan as the successor of George Lunt and George S. Hillard. I suspect that one thing that made me a welcome personage in this establishment was the invention of a pet name for the *Courier's* hated rival *The Saturday Evening Gazette*, a literary weekly supposed by us to pay undue attention to the minutiae of tailor and milliner made fashions. My new name for the *Gazette* was *The Saturday Evening Chemisette*. "Homeric!" exclaimed the *Courier* people; certainly an inexpensive ticket for me to the company of the epic great. I was thereupon promoted to be a "Woman in the Gallery," and under that signature to criticise preachers and lecturers and political orators.

One lesson of value in the practice of reporting was received, if I am not wrong, from Alphonso Ross, the sweetly cynical managing editor of the *Advertiser*. Some too sweeping condemnation in my written comments had attracted his notice. "That won't do," said the experienced editor. "You may believe, and it may be true, that every member of the Umteenth Ward Young Men's Political Reform Awsociation is an incurable ass, but don't write it. Say, 'Every member, with one solitary and conspicuous exception, is an incurable ass.' Then when it's printed not a single member of the Umteenth Ward Political Reform Awsociation will be offended."

When the news came of the killing of James Fisk, Jr., by Stokes in January, 1872, there was some discussion in the office about the propriety of indicating in the headline the cyprian origin of the scandal and tragedy. The most respectable of all dailies was fastidious in matters of that sort. Was it the resourceful Mr. Ross who suggested "From Man's Field to God's Acre," as a delicate way of getting around the difficulty? If so, I am sure he

was overruled by Mr. Goddard. Ross was a little man, dark, always amiable, always with a twinkle in his eye. He was the author of the nonsense quatrain that went all over the country at the time of the Beecher trial:

Said a great Congregational preacher
To a hen, "You're a beautiful creature."
The hen, upon that, laid two eggs in his hat,
And thus did the Henry Ward Beecher.

Proud was the day of the first assignment that surpassed the imaginary line dividing the work of the local reporter from that of the special correspondent sent away with a free railroad pass and expense money to chronicle an event of national news importance. True, the event was a funeral, but it was the funeral of the most-talked-of man in America.

I had seen Jim Fisk once, standing in the splendor of his admiral's uniform at the head of the stairway of one of his Bristol line steamboats, bought for millions from Uncle Daniel Drew. These self-exhibitions were among the greatest joys of his singular life. The pose of his fat figure was magnificent, the sharpness of the waxed points of his mustache wondrous, and the nautical dignity of his carriage inimitable as he saluted with chubby hand the arriving passengers. When a person of distinction came aboard, like Horace Greeley on one occasion, Admiral and Colonel Fisk insisted on conducting him in person to the bridal stateroom and making him the guest of the boat.

Fisk's relations with the Massachusetts press had not been invariably harmonious. Some years earlier Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, had described him as "almost as broad as he is high, and so round that he rolls rather than walks." This and other utterances of Bowles's on the subject of financial methods had so exasperated Fisk that he started a \$50,000 libel suit and

contrived with aid of Tammany influence to arrest the Springfield editor in New York and to lock him up outrageously in Ludlow Street jail overnight at an hour when bail was unprocurable. The incarceration became a social and professional triumph for the prisoner, who afterward remarked of it: "Doctor Holland writes that if you want to get acquainted with Americans the simplest way is to go to Europe. I say, if you want to know your friends, get imprisoned in a New York jail!" Dana, who did not love Bowles, at least when I knew him, was one of those who went to the rescue.

In the spring of 1871, when Fisk invited Mayor Gaston of Boston to make him that city's distinguished guest along with his regiment, he paying the cost of entertainment, Mr. Goddard had written in the *Daily Advertiser*:

The action of the Colonel of the Ninth New York regiment in asking for an official reception of his corps by the City of Boston marks a new era in the history of effrontery. Such compliments are generally supposed to be tendered by the host, rather than asked for by the guest; and when the would-be guest lets it be understood that "it shall not cost the city one dollar," the transition from the sublime to the ridiculous is at once reached.

No snub from city government or press could suppress the irrepressible. Colonel Fisk took his regiment to Boston, official welcome or no welcome, participated in the Bunker Hill parade, organized a Sunday evening service in the Boston Theatre, with music by his fine regimental band including Levy, the incomparable cornet-player, made a behemoth of a speech himself from the centre of the stage and steamed back to New York on his own steamboat, satisfied that Boston admired him above all men.

In recalling the strange funeral of James Fisk, Jr., up in the Vermont hills, the formal dismissal of one of the strangest egotists and strangest careers since Casanova,

it had been in mind that the chaplain of the Ninth regiment went so far in laudation of his colonel as to pronounce him a true Christian and a soldier of exceptional valor. Much of euphemy is tolerable on such occasions, but I could not put this vague recollection into positive statement until I had hunted up what appears to be a verbatim report of the address at Brattleboro, presumably furnished or revised by the Reverend Doctor Flagg himself. It would be too unpleasant to reprint the words that verify the first detail of the remembered fulsomeness; but this was the chaplain's language concerning a military commander who, by his own admission, had fled from his regiment just six months less one day before, during the fight in Eighth Avenue with rioters infuriated by the Orangemen's parade, and had escaped bodily injury by climbing back-yard fence after fence to the number of seven or eight; who had disguised himself in old hat and coat and trousers as he ran, emerging neither from mufti nor from fright until Long Branch was reached:

It is fitting that the last resting place of citizen soldiers should be among those scenes where every footstep brings a reminder of the glorious deeds of our revolutionary forefathers. It is fitting that a man of such indomitable courage should lie in a spot which has been prolific of so much heroism and has furnished the world with so many courageous men.

The cemetery was a mile or so south of the church in Brattleboro. The Boston reporters fraternized with those from New York and proceeded in a decorous group down the long, slushy road. At the very front of the cortège was a tall, slim reporter, with the shiniest of silk hats tipped well back on his head, scribbling furiously on a pad of bright yellow paper as he dodged from one side of the hearse to the other.

Slightly surprised at the frank display of professional

enterprise, I asked the *Times* correspondent who the lofty gentleman ahead might be.

"Oh! That's Tom Cook," was the answer. "Amos Cummings's best man on *The Sun*. He's from Frisco. If Tom wasn't out to interview every pall-bearer, he'd be sitting with the driver."

I think that in my provincial ignorance I had not heard till then of *The Sun* newspaper. At any rate, I had not beheld it functioning. It was my first impression; and from the point of view of the organ of Harvard University and Beacon Hill the sight was not delectable.

III

John Boyle O'Reilly has a statue among the elect in Boston's outdoor hall of fame, like Charles Sumner and Edward Everett Hale and the dozens of others that the city has deemed worthy of such commemoration. It is a portrait bust on a shaft, with allegorical figures at the base, the beautiful work of Dan Chester French. It was paid for by popular subscription and dedicated with imposing ceremony.

When I first knew O'Reilly he scarcely could have dreamed that bronze in public was to be his destiny. There have been few careers more romantic than his; that is, careers of men devoted to literature. The story is well known. In Ireland he was condemned to be shot for revolutionary activities of a desperate character. The death sentence commuted, he spent months in Dartmoor and other English prisons and was then transported to Australia, and consigned to a region so unhealthy that it promised the indirect execution of the original doom. When he was excepted in 1869 from the general amnesty to the Fenian prisoner-exiles, O'Reilly escaped and with almost incredible exertions and privations made his way through bush and desert to the west coast of Australia, where he took possession of a rowboat and boldly put to

sea. The captain of an American barque or brig picked him up out in the open and brought him to Philadelphia. He had been in this country but two years, and in Boston for not many months, assisting on Patrick Donahue's *Pilot* in Boylston Street, when I came to know him intimately.

Boyle O'Reilly then had rooms in a small lodging-house at the corner of Green Street and Staniford Street directly underneath the apartment of Will Dennett, a medical student who had been my classmate at Bowdoin. My own boarding-place was in Staniford Street, a door or two away. Evenings we spent together, either in Dennett's rooms or in O'Reilly's. It was the first experience of a sort of Bohemian association, a circle which gradually included others such as Edward King, of the *Journal*, and, less closely, O'Reilly's Hibernian friends Martin Milmore, the sculptor, and Robert Dwyer Joyce, the very type of the traditional bard of Erin. Doctor Joyce lived back of the old Revere House. He was at work on an epic of Gaelic mythology entitled "Deirdré," in hexameter verses which he would roll out to us by the half-hour in his incomparably sonorous but not readily intelligible brogue. I thought of these readings the other day when I saw the announcement of a book by James Stephens, "Deirdré" also, the story of the Helen of Gaelic legendry.

Dennett possessed an uncommonly able narghile, or bubbler-bubble. The only indication Boyle ever gave us of an unduly adventurous or revolutionary disposition, or of capacity to do desperate deeds, was in relation to that unoffending servant of Nicotia. He had a theory that the only way to enjoy the pipe was to inhale the smoke through Irish whiskey instead of mere water, maintaining that the combined flavor of tobacco and usquebaugh redolent of the burning peat of his native island left nothing to be desired; and he insisted always on putting his theory into practice.

If I am dwelling on the memories of companionship with O'Reilly it is because no man had ever impressed me more strongly with the vividness of an amiable personality. He talked much of himself, of what he had done and was doing and intended to do, but we adored his communications. His heart pumped friendliness and quick sympathies. He was the best of fireside comrades—it was a radiator in this instance—but he could make even steam-heat seem like the hearthstone glow. One night when he had just finished a little Malay ballad called "Golu" he brought it up to the radiator for approval. With what unction he read it!

"Such a little copper sweetheart
Was my Golu plump and round,
With her hair all blue-black streaming
O'er her to the very ground,
And her eyes! her eyes were heaven!
Changing swift from joy to grief,
And her dress—ah! 'twas no larger
Than a lady's handkerchief."

When he came to the lines,

"How I poised my little sweetheart
Like a copper statuette,"

he read the last words twice and glanced at us, seeking an opinion. I think that was the favorite verse of his favorite poem. At any rate, once when Boyle O'Reilly came to see me in New York and we went out to lunch at Mouquin's and I inquired after Golu, he looked up from his frogs' legs with a quick smile and said, "Like a copper statuette!"

The novel conception of a Christmas number of the *Boston Journal*, to contain naught but masterpieces of imaginative literature gratuitously contributed by those honored with an invitation, belonged to Edward King,

then star correspondent and editorial writer on that paper. Boyle O'Reilly took up the idea with characteristic enthusiasm and wrote for the Christmas number a poem called "The Dukite Snake." It has a place, I think, in his collected writings. It tells of terrible ophidians in the Australian bush, long red snakes always travelling in pairs; and when one of the pair is destroyed the other

Will follow your trail like Death or Fate
And kill you as sure as you killed its mate.

This Kiplingesque fancy—but Kipling was then hardly six years old—was wrought into a very tragic story. King found it admirable, although perhaps deficient in the plum-pudding and mistletoe spirit of Yuletide. The author assured us that he had seen dukites and observed their habits; that a dukite would pursue Santa Claus himself to the death if its mate's flat head should be smashed by one of the reindeer's hoofs. The moral, he declared, was that we must all be kind to animals; and that was good for Christmas.

"The Dukite Snake" therefore got into the famous Christmas number, together with a thrilling story of the siege of Paris by Ed King, a most humorous theatrical narrative by Hurd of the *Transcript*, a novelette of aristocratic society entitled "A Rival to the Rescue," by Hilary Skinner, who is faintly recalled as a visiting British journalist and a friend of King's, and a jejune tale called "Tarbucket," which the author has not now the courage to investigate. "Afloat in Bohemia" was the title under which we jointly surprised Boston on Christmas morning of 1871, filling thirty-two broad columns, each twenty-four inches long, costing the proprietors not one cent except for paper and ink. I wonder how many there are who remember this innocent effort to oblige.

Edward King was an accomplished journalist of wide experience for so young a man. He had made good prog-

ress in his profession while yet in his teens. When I first met him he had gone through the two sieges of Paris and the Commune. He was one of the notable group of war correspondents that has included Stanley and MacGahan and Major W. H. Gilder and Archibald Forbes. In clearness of expression and accuracy of statement he ranked with any of them. His frank, engaging manner made many of the French statesmen his personal friends. We lesser fellows in Boston looked up to him on account of this foreign prestige and also because we knew him to be composing a full-grown novel to be called "Kentucky's Love."

A year or two later King was selected by *Scribner's Monthly*—probably at the instance of Doctor Josiah G. Holland, who had known him as a boy in Springfield—to write the series of articles on "The Great South" that did so much to enlighten Northern readers as to existing conditions and industrial prospects in the section to which he gave attention. An important by-product of that journey south was the début of George Washington Cable, a clerk in a cotton-warehouse who had written rather obscurely for the New Orleans *Picayune*. King was as truly the discoverer of this rare genius as Stanley was of the whereabouts of Livingstone.

All this and much besides had Edward King accomplished before his twenty-fifth birthday. I cannot recall an equivalent case of early achievement in our profession. His book on "French Political Leaders," covering the field from Victor Hugo and Thiers and Gambetta to Henri Rochefort and Jules Ferry, and mature in its estimates and pungent in literary style, was written when he was twenty-seven; but the personal impressions were mostly gained and the judgments formed when he was a boy scarcely escaped from minority. I saw much of King afterward; we crossed the continent together in 1883; I was at a dinner given him in the old Lotus club-house on the

occasion of one of his returns to America, when Noah Brooks was the host; I was with him in Paris, from time to time, at his house near the Porte Maillot and elsewhere; we had a common friend in Theodore Child. He died at forty-seven in Brooklyn; it will grieve some who are aware of the brilliant promise of youth to learn that the last seven or eight years of his industrious life were given to routine work on an inconspicuous New York newspaper. Poor King! Yet even Herman Melville faded to a custom-house clerkship for his last thirty years.

Then came to Boston a great fire of which the bandaged eyes saw not the reflected glare; and to me came a period of several months of alternate hope and profound dejection, leaving somewhat confused recollections of all things except the apprehension of blindness which might make the end of that pleasant chapter of experience in fact the end of the whole book.

CHAPTER IV

HOW I WENT TO "THE SUN"

I

THE two Dingleys of the Lewiston *Journal* begat a sort of binary editorship, unlike any that I have observed elsewhere, and productive of one of the best of the many good newspapers in the smaller cities of the United States. Nelson, the elder, whose name is perpetuated nationally in the annals of tariff legislation and whose political career has been recorded adequately by his son, Edward N. Dingley, was an able politician, a man of serious and acute, though by no means arid, intellect, a true-love student of economic questions, and an uncompromising partisan of the Republican organization. Barring Horace Greeley, it is doubtful if there ever existed an editor mentally happier in a tangle of election returns, even when the pluralities went the wrong way. Happier yet was he when with pencil and pad and figures afforded without effort by an astonishing statistical memory he was ciphering out the probable yield and practical effect of some proposed change in customs duties or internal-revenue tax.

At such times something like the joy of paternity lit his rather saturnine features. I used to suspect him of cherishing secretly a romantic ambition to construct some day for his country a complete set of schedules. That fortune did in fact come to this just, kind, arithmetical, and ineffusive gentleman nearly a score of years later when he had so much to do with the tariff of 1890 that McKinley afterward said, "It was a Dingley bill, rather

than a McKinley bill"; and in 1896 he declined an invitation to become secretary of the Treasury and as chairman of Ways and Means gave his whole heart and energy to the making of the celebrated Dingley tariff.

The younger brother, Frank, had all the journalistic qualities that Nelson lacked. His son-in-law and successor in the direction of the *Evening Journal*, Arthur G. Staples, able editor and most delightful humorist and essayist, has spoken of him as one of the best reporters that ever lived. That is quite true. In my days in Lewiston Frank L. Dingley's attention was mainly given to the local news of the thriving mill city and the adjacent city of Auburn. His vehemence in the pursuit of intelligence, big or little, was boundless, his fertility of expression beyond exhaustion. He would cheerfully walk miles in mud, if necessary, to capture an item insignificant in any perspective less microscopic than his own. He would brave storm, flood, snowbanks, or fire to get an interview on any subject of contemporaneous importance. He was a loyal and most persuasive boomer of home things and interests, as every city editor ought to be. His mind was so well cultivated and his interest in all human beings so genuine and well seasoned with humor that this irrepressible enthusiasm of temperament gave vitality to almost everything it touched. Barring a single twelvemonth during which he served the *Boston Journal*, under Frank Munsey's ownership—at about the time of which we have been speaking Mr. Munsey had graduated from a country store up State and moved onward to mill work at Lisbon Falls on the Androscoggin a few miles away—except for this single break, Frank Dingley carried on the Lewiston paper for fifty-seven years without cessation of his wonderfully fast-flying pen.

At the homestead in Bath I had pretty well recovered confidence in the permanence of long-impaired vision and had regained somewhat of hope for the future. It was dur-

ing these months that I ventured to send to *Scribner's Monthly* a story combining a very sketchy love-affair with the pseudo-scientific description of a novelty in electrical engineering. The tale was called "The Tachypomp." The manuscript was mailed with fear and trembling, and the author, then just beyond twenty, was transported to the twenty-seventh heaven when there came back from New York a prompt acceptance and a pleasant note from Richard Watson Gilder, followed by a check then beyond the dreams of literary avarice. There seemed to be blue sky at last above the western horizon. The Tachypomp was a machine for arriving at the desired destination by a method and with a celerity previously unknown to the recognized laws of motion.

The tale has been reprinted more than once in collections of short stories and otherwise. The *Century*, as the direct inheritor of the responsibilities of the old *Scribner's*, republished it ten years ago, newly illustrated by Birch, along with Frank Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger," as specimens of the characteristic fiction read by an earlier generation. But the reason why this adventure is dwelt upon, I fear beyond the bounds of good taste, is not only that "The Tachypomp" was the first-born, but also because for me for many years it was the symbol of good luck in the course my ambition had laid out—the story itself and the chair in which it was written on the blank blue pages of an old ledger, in the arbor styled "Jericho" and decorated with rams' horns, at the end of the long tan bark path leading to the foot of our garden. A Windsor chair was absurdly believed by the family to have been brought over from Leyden to Plymouth in 1623 by our ancestor, Experience Mitchell, and perhaps a sort of superstition of milk-and-water strength, attaching favorable auspices to that particular piece of furniture, is why I am occupying it at the present writing.

However, I was sitting in that same chair when I read

this rather experimental summons to Lewiston, dated November 11, 1873, and signed by Frank Dingley:

A vacancy exists in our editorial staff. You applied for a position some time since. If you desire now to come and show us what you can do, we should be pleased to have you do so. After a few weeks we can ascertain, if it is desired, whether to make the engagement of a more permanent character. If you come, come immediately.

Even at that, I went immediately. I "accepted a position"—how naturally the noble euphemism comes back to me! Throughout 1874 and the greater part of 1875 I was at work on *The Journal*, an exceedingly well conducted evening newspaper, with a weekly edition that circulated all over the State and was a model vehicle for condensed news and that minute neighborhood reporting which is the sure foundation of prosperity in an establishment thus conditioned. The "vacancy in our editorial staff" had been occasioned by the recent election of Nelson Dingley, Jr., as governor of Maine; his duties at Augusta made necessary the employment of somebody to do the minor and routine part. This definite function became indefinitely extended in scope as we went on. I wrote editorials to fill up, devised paragraphs of alleged humorous impact under the head "Brief Jottings," slept in a haunted house, reported poultry shows, lectures, murder trials, spelling-matches, hangings, and sermons, did the book-reviews, criticised current singers and dramatic invaders, constructed rebuses for the puzzle column, helped to make up the weekly and close the forms, and even designed for the amusement of the farmhouse firesides a cryptic alphabet (with prizes for the correct interpretation of the entire series) beginning with a big block letter A, cracked in places and bound with rope and strips of tin, the answer being "A-mended," and running through to a Quaker holding an umbrella that made with the assis-

tance of the shadow a fairly good Z, meaning Friend-Z, or frenzy. This foolish pictorial alphabet had a considerable success; the prizes awarded, if memory serves, were books that had been sent in for notice, the dissemination of desirable literature being thus promoted.

These essays in graphic art were prepared for printing by my friend Alonzo W. Sturges, the foreman of the composing-room, who happened to be a clever amateur wood-engraver. I came to love Sturges; Sir James Barrie would have adored him, I am sure. His type of the first-rate printer in authority, intelligent, well-informed, resourceful both mechanically and editorially, slightly sarcastic, unintimidated by pretentiousness in any quarter, has always attracted me. From Sturges, in the intimacy existing between departments in an office like that, I learned many things of constant service that could have been acquired neither in Boston nor in New York.

In the old fashion of making up the forms, when the matter in the column did not justify it was the duty of the foreman to rush to a case, seize a "stick" and hastily compose a couplet or brief moral maxim sufficient in longitude to fill the vacant space. This accounted for the frequent appearance in the news columns of the rural press of irrelevant sentiments that made readers wonder why they were there when they seemed to belong rather to the Farmer's Almanac. Sturges always rose to the occasion in such emergencies; his selections or original contributions at the bottom of the page could not have been improved. His favorite anecdote was of a foreman of limited inventiveness who used to make his short columns justify by adding the words: "This line fills up this column."

For my kaleidescopic usefulness or semi-usefulness on the *Evening Journal* and *Weekly Journal* I received \$15 a week, the stipend being increased to \$20 when I married in 1874. There was subsequently a timid effort to get

this enlarged to \$25, but the petitioner was gently but firmly informed that it would not do, inasmuch as he would then be receiving as much as Mr. Pidgin. Most assuredly it would not have done. Mr. Pidgin was the worthy cashier down-stairs; he spent his days in keeping the budget balanced, and his evenings in awaiting the glory of a delinquent night-blooming cereus he possessed.

Among the interesting people in Lewiston at that time were William Pierce Frye, then representative in Congress and afterward for many years senator from Maine, and Doctor Alonzo Garcelon, one of the finest of those old-school country practitioners who would drive twenty miles through a snow-storm on call to treat a felon on a farmer's wife's thumb, or perform with equal sang-froid the most difficult of amputations with jack-knife and carpenter's saw if no better surgical instruments were at hand at the exigent moment. A circle of us, including Mr. Frye's junior partners, used to play euchre in his law office while the future senator sat straddling a chair till well after midnight telling us story after story; and no better raconteur ever existed. Doctor Garcelon, also, was more or less in politics as a Democrat; he was elected governor in 1879 by the Legislature at the time of the Greenback uprising in Maine, and he stood firm as a rock during that period of intense excitement. I have a singular memory of going down from New York in the days of Solon Chase to get the views of the Maine Council, composed exclusively of the upsetters. I reached the State capital by a late train and was planning an orderly series of visits the next morning; but, no, there came a knock at the door at about one o'clock and there filed into the small bedroom in the Augusta House a procession of six statesmen, some in unconventional attire, some only partly dressed and evidently just from their pillows. "You mought be on Danna's paper?" said the leader. Assent. "Well, we are the Governor's Council." Two of them occupied the only

chairs in the room, while the other four ranged themselves on the edge of the bed; and all six sat in solemn silence, with the expectant air of farmers contemplating the approach of a black cloud before the hay is in.

There came to lecture in Lewiston Thomas Nast, then at the height of his reputation as the cartoonist who had contributed so mightily to the overthrow of the Tweed ring. We became friendly at the De Witt House, where Nast, the most modest of artists, confided to me that this was only his third or fourth appearance on the lecture platform, and that he had not yet mastered an overpowering tendency toward stage fright. He was frankly disturbed at the prospect, and walked the floor muttering the opening passages. So I took it to be, though it might have been prayers. I accompanied him to the hall, and had almost to push him out from behind the wings. His address was not upon municipal corruption but on the art of caricature, illustrated by rapid sketches with charcoal and colored crayons upon large sheets of paper tacked to an easel board. The first picture scored an immediate success, which gave the débutant self-confidence. It was a vivid representation of the full moon with the face of the man in it. Then a few skilful strokes transformed the moon into General Benjamin F. Butler, to the delight of the spectators. Nast presented me with his initial stage effort. I kept Ben Butler long, but the paper was sleazy and brittle and the General gradually disintegrated.

Another interesting visitor was J. B. Hickok, otherwise known as Wild Bill, the Pistol Prince. Of the purpose of his advent I have not preserved the trace of an idea. He was one of the scouts and ready gunmen of the type of Cody; but unlike many who so posed there was nothing of the faker about Bill. He stripped to the waist for my benefit and allowed me to count the dozen or score of unmistakable bullet scars upon his person. There could be no doubt of the genuineness of his record. Two years

after this the already well-riddled Pistol Prince was shot and killed at Deadwood.

By far my busiest week in Lewiston came during the trial of James M. Lowell for the murder of his wife; a trial celebrated in criminal annals as the case of the headless skeleton. The bones of a woman, lacking the skull, with slight vestiges of attire, were found in a secluded spot in the woods, where they had lain for more than three years undiscovered. There were several mysteries in the case, an absence of all direct evidence, conflicts of the evidence that was circumstantial, difference of expert opinion as to the identification of the *corpus delicti*, and of handwriting experts as to certain incriminating letters. There were witnesses who swore that the woman had been seen after the date of her alleged killing. "Few cases, indeed," wrote the prosecutor of Lowell, Attorney-General Plaisted, afterward Governor Plaisted, "can be found on record that bear much resemblance to it." The presiding judge went so far as to charge the jury that "in the interest of human life alone, it is undoubtedly better that occasionally an innocent man should fall a sacrifice to judicial justice than that the rules of evidence should be so strict, and the administration of justice so loose, that the guilty cannot be convicted." Lowell was defended by that very able criminal lawyer, Eben F. Pillsbury, but the jury found the prisoner guilty and he would have been hanged but for the abolition soon after of capital punishment in Maine. It is said that Lowell confessed while in prison, but what value his confession had I do not know.

The case aroused deep and absorbing interest throughout New England. It was my greatest murder trial. I reported it in longhand voluminously for the *Evening Journal*, and also sent full accounts, day by day, to one Portland and three Boston newspapers. When the official law-book relating to this notable trial was published, it was encouraging to find my descriptions of its scenes and

incidents incorporated as an appendix. I saw much of Plaisted afterward, and also much of Pillsbury.

An earlier and even more celebrated conviction obtained by General Plaisted was that of Louis Wagner for the Isles of Shoals murder. One of this group, the island called Smutty Nose, is under the jurisdiction of Maine; Appledore and the others belong to New Hampshire. Wagner was a rosy-faced Prussian of about thirty, a sailor, fisherman, and longshoreman. He was convicted by the court sitting at Alfred of having rowed out to sea in a dory, twelve miles from Portsmouth to Smutty Nose, on a windy winter night, killing with an axe two of three Norwegian women who were alone at that desolate spot, and rowing back to Portsmouth before morning with the fifteen dollars which formed the insignificant booty of that terrible excursion. The story of the tragedy has been told in a dramatic way by Celia Thaxter, the poet, a lifelong resident of Appledore.

I was present at the execution of Wagner. The scene was a deep, disused quarry within the walls of the State prison at Thomaston. Governor Dingley had signed the warrant for the hanging of this murderer before noon on June 25, 1875. He had also set the same time limit upon the life of one True Gordon, also a fresh-faced young man of thirty, the perpetrator of an equally atrocious crime. Gordon had butchered with an axe three members of his brother's family at Thorndike, near Belfast. There was this difference: Gordon's case was commonplace in the legal view, there being no mystery, no conflict of evidence, not the least doubt of his guilt; while a great many observers were still inclined to believe in the innocence of the other man.

The double execution on June 25 involved an appalling spectacle, and a question of duty about as difficult as ever had to be decided offhand by officers of the law. I should hardly care to mention the circumstances here

except to go to the end of the gamut of a reporter's experience.

It is likely that the warden regarded me as the representative, in the newspaper sense, of the governor of the State. He had me conducted to Wagner's cell late at night before the morning fixed for the hanging. I questioned the prisoner eagerly; he was unwavering in his protestations of innocence, laying the murder of the two Norwegian women to the third, who escaped, and to her husband, a fisherman who was not known to have been on Smutty Nose at the time. He professed confidence that God would interfere somehow to save him.

Louis Wagner went over the whole case against him, slowly and deliberately, with a marked accent but in well-chosen English words. His face was round and good-natured, his eyes mild; no wickedness discernible in his countenance. When he spoke of his faith in God, what might read like cant sounded sincere. All the testimony at the trial I had studied carefully, without finding reason to doubt the justice of the verdict, except that the theory of guilt necessitated credence in a marvellous performance with the oars; and yet when I left the cell that night after seeing how the condemned bore himself and hearing his simple, forcible discussion of the case there was doubt and not certainty in my mind.

A few minutes after eleven o'clock the next day, when all were assembled for the ghastly procession to the gallows, the warden told me privately that Gordon in his cell had just attempted suicide and seemed to be dying. With a shoemaker's knife somehow smuggled to him he had slashed at the femoral artery and then driven the blade into the lungs near where he supposed his heart to be. He was unconscious, rapidly sinking; the doctors said he could not live more than three or four hours. The warden and the sheriff and their deputies were intensely excited. What was to be done? Proceed with Wagner,

disregarding the warrant in Gordon's case, or hang them both together before noon, one of them insensible and dying? Nobody could advise the executives of the warrant. It was for them to decide, and the minutes were few.

At nine minutes before twelve the warrant was executed on both alike. The limp body of Gordon, half-naked and hideously red-stained, was borne to the gallows and held up, reeling and quivering, by the strength of four deputies while the noose was adjusted and the black cap drawn down over eyes that could see nothing. The other met death fearlessly, still proclaiming his innocence, a pleasant look on his face as long as it was visible. Almost the last words of Wagner, as he cast a pitying glance upon his companion on the trap, were: "Poor Gordon! Poor Gordon!"

That was the last capital execution in Maine. When it was over the warden informed me that although all the precautions had been taken that are customary on days of hanging to isolate the prison inmates and to prevent the spread of knowledge of events, the facts about Gordon's attempt and condition at the gallows were known in every cell almost as quickly and accurately as they were known to us. What is the secret of this radio-like system of ascertainment and communication whenever there is an extraordinary occurrence within prison walls?

II

While at work in Lewiston it was one of my several duties to read the exchanges, the New York dailies among them. This brought about the first real acquaintance with *The Sun*.

In the *Journal* office, overlooking the farmers' wagons parked on Main and Lisbon Streets, the brown mailing-wrapper surrounding the leanest of the metropolitan papers was always torn open first. The contents of the

four little pages for two cents were studied with increasing surprise and admiration. It seemed to a doubtless undeveloped critical sense that notwithstanding its unimposing dimensions *The Sun* was something new and desirable; a model of brevity where brevity was indicated, of unconventionality in the apportionment of reading-matter to meet human interest, of spirited expression guided by uncommon literary taste and humor in the editorial articles. It had already gone far from Republican orthodoxy in its progress toward independence of party. I cared not much for this; the point of view was that of workmanship. Governor Dingley, down from Augusta over Sunday, used on Monday mornings to come into my small room next to the compositors' quarters and find me reading *The Sun*, perhaps to the neglect of the tariff or election news needed for the leader in that afternoon's *Journal* which he had not time to write himself. He would shake his head, remarking "Dana's a good teacher for condensation and for saying what you want to say, but as to what he generally wants to say!—" and the governor, without further comment, would withdraw to take the train for the State capital.

Those editorial articles especially, before I came to know the true inwardness of the New York establishment, were a source of unending speculation. Surely, Dana did not write them all. If not, which of the remarkably diverse individualities appearing on the page was to be identified with him? Three salient and very distinct styles of editorial English provoked my keen curiosity.

The first style was the modernized Addisonian of the *Spectator* essays, infused with well-bred humor, sometimes gentle, sometimes sly, occasionally even mordant, but with a bite that never deposited venom. It was employed on a wide range of subjects—the minor moralities, the social amenities and transgressions, the inexhaustible questions of non-polemic theology, of sentiment particu-

larly in Cupid's domain, of conscience, of common-sense principles in the every-day affairs of life. And when I found one day this unmistakable individuality occupying a column or so with a discussion of the other newspapers and newspaper-makers of the city, under the title, if I remember, "We Survey Our Esteemed Contemporaries," displaying in pleasant conversational tone a knowledge of journalistic history and an insight into journalistic character that could hardly be expected of any but a major figure in the profession, I was sure for a moment that I might say "Eureka!"

Yet the second of the three puzzling styles called for a revision of that opinion. This was as different from the first as a Daquiri cocktail is from champagne cider. Here was gorgeous rhetoric blazing with superlative adjectives and adverbs, scintillating with figures of speech of every variety, lush with quotations and historical allusions, overrich, overbrilliant, perhaps, but for the vigor of the thought that propelled the astonishing vocabulary. It was a throat so muscular that it could afford to display an incandescent necktie. And the singular thing about it was that the master of style number two showed so intimate an acquaintance with the people and inside history of the then recent period of the Civil War that with what I had read of the career of Mr. Dana in the War Department the more I thought about it the more confident I became that the florid writer was none other.

But wait. There was a third conjecture, with internal evidence to render it even more plausible. Here was an editorial pen from which flowed very little of Addison, quite a sufficiency of Dean Swift, and very much of John Bunyan and Benjamin Franklin. Had I the formula of the exact proportions, I fear I should be selfish enough to keep it to myself, though Arthur Brisbane seems to have worked it out long ago. Some of the articles in *The Sun* in style number three were masterpieces of stenographic

English, direct, powerful, containing no useless word, employing no long word when a short Saxon word was at hand, no pretentious word when a homely word did the business. It seemed to me that nobody else could put more into a sentence, a slim paragraph, or a brief succession of paragraphs with so trifling a depletion of his checking account with the dictionary. Now, inasmuch as most of the really important things the paper had to say—in the shop phrase the "markers" of editorial policy—were conveyed in the style just indicated, it was a natural conclusion that the identification with the editor-in-chief was positive. This surely must be Dana, I thought, fifty years ago.

The triangular problem perplexed me exceedingly; for no matter how great a journalist was the object of this distant admiration, it was inconceivable that he could write in more than one of the three styles. If the matter is of interest to anybody now, the key might as well be given in this place, for the sake of continuity. None of the three was Dana, as I was soon to learn. Each was an editorial writer holding a foremost place in the history of American journalism, and Dana's relation to the three was that he co-ordinated successfully their personalities into the composite impersonality that was *The Sun*.

Number one, he of the modernized Addisonian style, was Francis Pharcellus Church, joint proprietor and editor with his elder brother of both *The Army and Navy Journal* and *The Galaxy*, a magazine that is yet pleasantly remembered by the discriminating. For thirty-five years and until his death in 1907 Frank Church was a regular contributor to *The Sun's* editorial page. His lifetime lasted for four years beyond the date when I became editor-in-chief, and for that period he was my alternate. There was never a more delightful associate. Quick of perception of the interesting in every phase of human activity except politics (for which he cared little, bless his

soul !), there was in his features something of that gentlemanly pugnacity seen in the faces of the type of Richard Olney's and Thomas Nelson Page's—a latent aggressiveness that marred neither the delicacy of his fancy nor the warmth of his sympathies.

One day in 1897 I handed to him a letter that had come in the mail from a child of eight, saying: "Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?" Her little friends had told her no. Church bristled and pooh-poohed at the subject when I suggested that he write a reply to Virginia O'Hanlon; but he took the letter and turned with an air of resignation to his desk. In a short time he had produced the article which has probably been reprinted during the past quarter of a century, as the classic expression of Christmas sentiment, more millions of times than any other newspaper article ever written by any newspaper-writer in any language. Even yet no holiday season approaches without bringing to the newspaper requests from all over the land for the exact text for repeated use on Christmas Day. The reader may be familiar already with the extracts from this exquisite justification of faith that appear below as a specimen of style number one:

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. . . . Yes, Virginia, he exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished. Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! . . . The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. . . . Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside the curtain and view

and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

Style number two, the more rhetorical variety of the Addisonian, belonged to General Fitz Henry Warren. He had been on the *Tribune* with Greeley and Dana, and was the actual author of the famous "Forward to Richmond!" articles in 1861 previous to the advance that ended at Manassas in disaster. These passionate editorial protests against the earlier military policy of the Lincoln Administration were long supposed to have been written by Dana and regarded as having resulted in that division of sentiment which led Greeley to declare to the stockholders that he would quit if Dana did not resign. For examples of Fitz Henry Warren's style I do not go to the *Tribune* but to *The Sun* in 1874, just before I began to write for that paper. The first refers to the living Butler, the second to the dead Sumner. They were written within two days of each other:

Girdled as he was with reeking scalps, and triumphant on every hand, Butler, the argentiferous [referring to the false story about the embezzlement of silverware at New Orleans], is yet unhappy. 'Tis a pity and we grieve to record it; but it verifies the remark of the preacher that all—at least all that Butler ever achieved—is vanity, and that of the meanest kind. . . . Butler is not fair to look upon, and being neither sweet nor pure he is seldom the cause of pleasure in others; but he has always seemed, like Quilp, to enjoy himself. He is usually a noticeable figure, merely because the extravagance of his antics demands attention. He would be still more conspicuous if he were painted red under the cockeye, or carried a kit of silver plate on his back.

As Charles Sumner lay dying, the sorrow of an entire nation was seen in the air of affliction which pervaded the Federal city. The breathless suspense which awaited the departure of his

spirit was confined to no class. If there was gloom in the Capitol there was mourning in the cabin. . . . Splendid equipages rolled up to the corner to testify to the regard of their occupants for eminent purity of life. Liveried servants carried hopeless messages from the door of him who was simplicity itself, and to whom the pomp and pageantry of this evil day were but the evidences of guilty degeneracy. Through all these lingering hours of anguish the sad procession came and went. On the sidewalk stood a numerous and grateful representation of the race to which he had given the proudest efforts and the best energies of his existence. The black man bowed his head in unaffected grief, and the black woman sat hushing her babe on the curbstone, in mute expectation of the last decisive intelligence from the chamber above.

The third editorial style of the puzzling three, the most straightforward and compelling of all, was that of William O. Bartlett, the counsel and friend of Mr. Dana and the father of former Chief Justice Willard Bartlett of the New York State Court of Appeals. The elder Bartlett's vocation was the law; the newspaper merely his avocation. I shall probably have to speak again of one who was not only the peer of any of the contemporary group of writing journalists in New York, but the master of most of them and the teacher of all of them, and of hundreds who have come after during my short and shortening time. No man has written editorials for the American press, in any period, with saner judgment, with humor more effective and a knack of phrase-making more original, or in a style of English more cleanly masculine, or again with an honester hatred of tyranny and oppression in any form, than this remarkable lawyer-journalist whose prose was suggestive of Bunyan's or Ben Franklin's. In a New York newspaper of 1744 I once found a dozen words of Franklin's that might almost have been written by Bartlett: "Kings are not the only tyrants; kings are not the severest tyrants." The following example of style is taken from a Washington's Birthday editorial, printed

when the movement for a third term for General Grant had assumed formidable proportions:

One man tried to destroy George Washington and came very near destroying him, as well as the glorious cause of Liberty which Washington represented. This man was American born. He was, in military affairs, a man of remarkable parts. He was a daring, a dauntless soldier, a warrior of genius. His own veins had been opened, some of his own blood had been shed, in defense of his country. Yet he was very different from Washington. He was selfish and base. His name survives and stinks: Benedict Arnold. . . .

A man has recently arisen among us who is trying to destroy the example of Washington, or to impair its force. He, too, is a man of military renown. As a soldier he has rendered services to his country of unsurpassed and incalculable value. And yet, if he were to succeed in what he has now undertaken—in breaking the force and violating the sanctity of Washington's example—he might do as great an injury to his country as that which Benedict Arnold attempted in vain!

No, Dana was neither Church nor Warren, nor again Bartlett. When I made the discovery of these three identities a few months after the time of my speculations concerning them, I began to understand that Dana's greatness as an editor lay partly in the fact that he was capable of valuing different vehicles of expression and made intelligent use of all three of them without ever attempting to bend or mould or whittle them into a fourth style that was peculiarly his own.

The immediate effect of this reading in Lewiston of the preferred New York paper was to suggest the temerity of an attempt at escalade. The occasion of the first article I was bold enough to send was typical of *The Sun's* methods of personal attack and reiteration. Mr. Richard Smith, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, had been so unlucky as to offend Mr. Dana by some now forgotten utterance. He was forthwith elected or erected as one of *The Sun's* pet

targets for its mock admiration, constant solicitude, and tormenting archery; being styled Deacon Richard Smith of the Cincinnati *Gazette* and represented systematically and almost daily as a truly good man, struggling hopelessly to keep his newspaper virtuous despite the contrivances of a gang of wicked partners, the wickedest being a subordinate named Romeo Reed. This motive was played with a hundred ingenious variations for month after month and year after year, until Mr. Richard Smith, weary beyond endurance of being addressed as deacon by his own friends and commiserated by them on the deviltry of his office associates, must have been in a mood to pray for a change of punishment to any kind of vituperation, however cruel.

Just at this time one of the periodic revivals of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy was flagrant in the press. My trial essay for *The Sun* purported to prove by internal evidence that the real author of the once immensely popular "Proverbial Philosophy" of Martin Farquhar Tupper was none other than the truly good Deacon Richard Smith, and that the immortal poem was packed full of cryptic admonitions and warnings privately intended to reform Romeo Reed and the other wicked partners. In looking it over, I am compelled to admit that the case for the Deacon was about as good as that for Verulam.

This was childish enough, but how elated I was when I saw the thing in leaded nonpareil upon the editorial page of *The Sun* that came east by return mail. Joy was redoubled when there arrived a letter from Mr. Dana himself, inviting me to continue and enclosing a check that from the point of view of \$15 a week seemed worthy of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

For some misdemeanor similar to that of Richard Smith, and perchance partly because this misdemeanant was a close personal friend of General Grant's, *The Sun* for years humorously persecuted Mr. George W. Childs, of

the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia. It insisted that the W in his name stood for Washington, that he was not only entitled to the degree of Master of Arts, but was also one of the greatest poets of the nineteenth century, writing with his own hand and by his own afflatus all the countless obituary stanzas appearing in the *Ledger's* death notices, that his gifts of stained-glass windows or drinking-fountains in memory of Shakespeare, Milton, Herbert, and Cowper were inspired by the magnanimity that should mark the attitude of a true poet toward his rivals, and no end of such nonsense, cheerful in form but more or less irritating to the subject of eulogy. Once I happened to find in a list of large benefactions for the support of a Philadelphia hospital this item of acknowledgment: "G. W. Childs, two almanacs." When it was shown to Dana his chuckle was audible as he proceeded to give instructions as to the credit to be awarded publicly to the blameless and benevolent gentleman.

Variations of this mode of retaliation, such as the bestowal of an absurd front or middle name in agreement with an innocent initial, nominations to undesired offices like the Liberian mission or the consulate at Djidjelli or Duck Portage, and the starting of subscriptions for monuments, statues, or other public testimonials, were too numerous to mention. They were in vogue through a long period in the history of American journalism; their effectiveness, of course, depending upon the ingenuity of detail and pretended gravity of execution. It was a favorite small weapon of *The Sun* in the seventies and eighties, and, in the latter decade of years, notably in the Chicago *Daily News*, of that first of the amusing newspaper columnists, Eugene Field. His sportively wanton or wantonly sportive use of the Dana formula nearly drove some good people crazy, while everybody laughed at the victim.

That formula, I am glad to observe, has gone into

desuetude. In its day it was peculiarly enticing to the young beginner with some sense of humor. Its justification to the conscience of the tormentor was twofold: first, these trivialities were thought to afford entertainment to many readers, and I suppose that was so; in the second place, if there must be personalities in journalistic attack or vengeance upon contemporary editors or politicians, superficially good-natured ridicule was a refinement and vast improvement of the fashion of unrestrained and often bitter vilification prevalent in preceding generations. At any rate, when I went to *The Sun* in 1875, there was perhaps no minor characteristic of that paper more marked, in the public view, than this departed phase of serio-comic polemics.

The next contribution was one the writer is able to remember with more pleasure. There was then a decided interest throughout the country in the alleged phenomena of spirit materialization produced at the séances of the Eddy brothers at Chittenden, Vermont. The manifestations, common afterward, were beginning to be duplicated by other mediums at other places. From the cabinet over which the Eddys presided there would issue in the dim light the *eidola* of Indian chieftains, historic characters including royalties, departed citizens prominent locally in their time, and specially summoned relatives of assistants at the séance. This wave of spiritism was comparable to that which the Fox sisters had stirred up twenty years before in Wayne County, New York, and to that which followed the World War. I had seen one of the 'Eddys at a demonstration' in a private house at the South End in Boston, but even earlier had developed a curiosity on the subject which lasted long and produced some experiences which may be spoken of collectively in another chapter.

Just now it is enough to say that these Chittenden doings suggested a story which was sent to *The Sun* and

printed in the paper of December 19, 1874, under the headline, "Back from That Bourne." In the form of a private letter from Pocock Island, off the Maine coast, it told of an unparalleled event in that remote quarter. A yacht squadron, returning from a cruise to Campbello, was storm-bound for several days in the harbor of Pocock. Among the guests on one of the yachts there chanced to be a medium of celebrity, particularly efficient in materializations. To relieve the tedium of the detention he was persuaded to improvise a cabinet in the little schoolhouse on the island. In the presence of the yacht people and such of the island folks as were permitted to attend, the medium produced the usual sequence of apparitions, ending with a disreputable figure recognized by the islanders and hailed by them with amazement as Johnny Newbegin, a local drunkard and ne'er-do-well, dead and buried four years previously to the certain knowledge of every inhabitant of Pocock. But, instead of withdrawing decorously to the cabinet like his predecessors, Newbegin calmly announced his intention of remaining and resuming his earthly career and physical and legal status as a citizen. The yachtsmen laughed, regarding it as a masquerade conceived by the medium for their diversion, and they sailed away from Pocock with that idea. The villagers knew better, for they saw their former neighbor starting afresh with every evidence of a purpose to make good use of his second incarnation. It having been proved that a returned spirit reclothed with body may remain as long as it sees fit, the bars were down and society was confronted with the problem of an immigration threatening the overthrow of existing institutions, and the nullification of all accepted principles of political economy, law, and religion.

The Pocock tale, designed not at all as a hoax but as an attempt at the reduction to absurdity, was rather widely copied. It was amusing to find it reprinted, of course

anonymously, only a couple of years ago after about half a century of submergence, in Miss Dorothy Scarborough's otherwise delightful book of "Humorous Ghost Stories." The name of the immigrant ghost, Newbegin, was that of a real person of the sort described whom I had known at Boothbay Harbor in boyhood's summerings there; the name was used without thought of its accidental significance. I have always been grateful to Johnny Newbegin, for he probably shaped the whereabouts of my subsequent life. Mr. Dana told me long afterward that this article determined him to invite me to his staff. At the time it brought me a second brief note of encouragement.

The Sun, New York, Dec. 26, 1874.

DEAR SIR: I enclose a check to pay for your excellent article on Pocock Island.

We are always glad to hear from you.

Yours sincerely, C. A. DANA.

Edward P. Mitchell, Esq.

The personal attention bestowed by Mr. Dana on anything that happened to catch his fancy as it came his way is shown in a letter relating to another extravaganza sent from Lewiston and based on the report of some astounding discoveries about the Flood and Noah made by the British Museum Assyriologists in translating the epigraphs on tablets found by Mr. George Smith in the Konyunjik mound. The cuneiform inscription here referred to was engraved for me on boxwood by Sturges, in pretended arrowhead script. It purported to be an entry in the log of the Ark, recording the rapid fall of the waters, the consumption for food of the last pterodactyl in the menagerie of animals, and the birth of another pair of twins to Mrs. Japheth:

The Sun, New York, April 25, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR: As there is plenty of time, I enclose proofs of your article on the Deluge. Everything is here except the cunei-

form inscription. You will notice that in the second galley I make a single slight change; and I send the whole back to you not merely for ordinary proof-reading, but that the edge of it may be turned a little so that it may not seem to very religious people to wound their faith.

The article is first rate and this is the only doubtful point about it. To one or two of my own people who have read it in the course of preparation for the press, and who have strongly objected to this feature, I have answered that the article was in reality a satire against the idea of confirming the biblical narrative from those ancient bricks; and also the idea of resorting to all sorts of outside sources for such confirmation; and I would like to have this view or some other satirical view made a little more palpable in the article.

Yours sincerely,

C. A. DANA.

Edward P. Mitchell, Esq.

There could not have been a more judicious suggestion or one better calculated to make clearer the intent of the article, such as it was. Mr. Dana's changes in the hundreds of thousands of galley-proofs that came beneath his spectacles and busy gold pen during the twenty-two years I worked within six feet of his desk were rarely unnecessary, never fussy, often conspicuously improving, even to the view of pride of authorship. This was one of the main features of his greatness as an editor—this, and the width of the range of his perception of human interest, whether in a prize-fight or in theological controversy, in satire or in serious argument. And sympathetic appreciation, constantly manifested, inspired in his subordinates of every grade a loyalty and affectionate regard not always found in that difficult relation.

There was no lack of happiness with the Dingleys at Lewiston. The emoluments, however, did not seem promising to a young married man with increasing responsibilities. So, after several months of hesitation, meanwhile contributing to *The Sun* perhaps a dozen articles, imagina-

tive sketches, news-reports, and a few editorials, I took the Portland boat to New York and walked up Rainbow Street, otherwise Frankfort, from the East River to Printing House Square one summer evening with the following letter of credit in my pocket:

The Sun, New York, May 14, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR: I have no doubt we shall be able to give you as much work as you want, and of whatever kind.

Yours sincerely,

C. A. DANA.

E. P. Mitchell, Esq.

The old French's Hotel then and for some years afterward stood on the corner now possessed by the golden-domed building of *The World*. It need not be said that thither my steps were directed, for this hostelry was separated only by the narrow street from *The Sun* office in the ancient brick structure that had once housed Tammany Hall. By what struck the hotel's new guest as an extraordinary benevolence of assignment, the room given me was on the Frankfort Street side on a level with the brightly illuminated editorial rooms opposite and commanding a perfect view of the newspaper's personnel and interior mechanism. Shall I be forgiven for watching well on to midnight the operations but a few feet away from eager eyes behind the window curtain?

Nearest of all my envied neighbors, at a desk upon which one could almost have tossed his visiting card, sat a vivacious gentleman whom the observer soon identified as the mainspring of activities. His eyes were protected by a huge visor of green pasteboard. He was apparently over fifty, of spare frame but endowed with an energy little short of demoniac. Every few minutes boys came up to him on the run, bringing sheaves of yellow paper. These manuscripts he seized and scrutinized from beneath his green blinder, and disposed of them with a speed nigh

The [redacted] Sun

New York, May 14 1875.

My dear Sir:

I have no doubt
we shall be able to
give you as much
work as you want;
and of whatever kind.

Yours sincerely

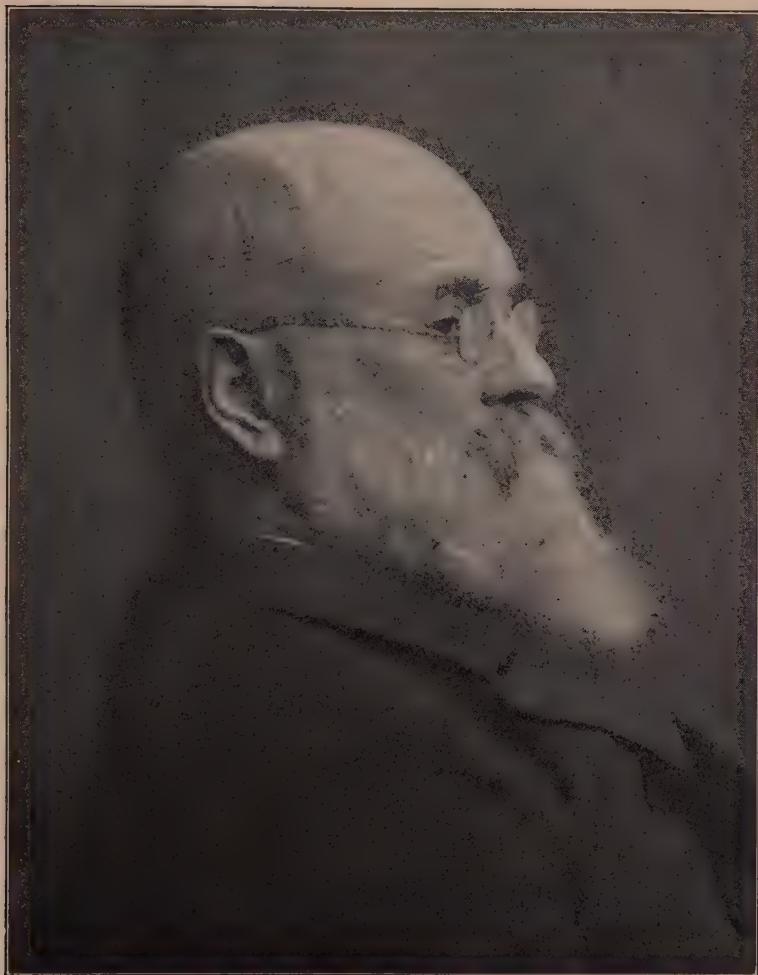
L. A. Dana,

R. P. Mitchell Esq

incredible. To one batch he would scarcely give a glance before tossing it contemptuously into the basket at his feet. Another batch he would subject to merciless mutilation, seemingly sparing neither the dignity of the stateliest paragraph nor the innocence of the most modest part of speech as his terrible blue pencil tore through the pages leaving havoc in its wake. I had never seen a great editor work as this great editor worked, pausing only to impound new victims or to project a violent stream of tobacco juice in the direction of a distant cuspidor to the south-southeast of him. Surely, but one man could exercise this autocratic power of life or death upon the productions of his subordinates! "Has it been my luck," I asked myself, "to behold Mr. Dana at last, and in the thick of action?"

When I was admitted next forenoon to the small corner room inhabited by the editor-in-chief, I was welcomed by a man midway between fifty and sixty, well set physically, his generous brown beard and mustache just beginning to be tinged with gray. He wore no green shade. His not overabundant locks were crowned with a cylindrical skull-cap of embroidered silk—not a smoking-cap, for he never smoked, and this top piece was discarded soon after I came to know him. His demeanor denoted tranquillity and a considerate courtesy that never failed to charm even his enemies the most bitter. He was seated at a black-walnut desk-table somewhat shabby in architecture but clear of any accumulation of literary material or evidence of labor except the gold pen and the shears and the inkpot. I had been as inaccurate in my supposed identification of the physical Dana in his own office as of the mental Dana in the columns of his newspaper.

Mr. Dana pulled up a rush-bottomed chair beside him and invited me to sit. The usual commonplace about a busy man's time was uttered. He smiled through his glasses with his pleasant and rather quizzical blue eyes,



CHARLES A. DANA IN HIS PRIME

and said something about the Day of Judgment being yet far off, and went on to talk for nearly an hour. It was always thus with him. I never saw him in a hurry, or preoccupied, or impatient with anybody except fools at a distance.

Before I left it had been arranged that I was to come to *The Sun* about the 1st of October, that my achievements, whatever they might be, were to be supervised by nobody but himself, and that he was to pay me \$50 a week at the start and as much more thereafter as might be deserved.

"Fifty was the highest salary I ever had on the *Tribune*," he said encouragingly, "but that was a long time ago. I didn't get it till I made a rumpus; for it was the same as Greeley's."

"I have no doubt," he added, when he bade me good-by till autumn, "that we shall be able to make everything comfortable for you here."

Later, I discovered that the implied promise was worth par; my salary went up by easy steps, always unsought, to \$20,000 when I first took Mr. Dana's desk.

I also discovered that the Dana of the night before, he of the green visor and the cuspidor, was none other than the once celebrated Doctor John Wood, known to contemporary fame as the "Great American Condenser."

CHAPTER V

"THE NEWSPAPER MAN'S NEWSPAPER"

I

PERHAPS no minor circumstance ever surprised me more than a discovery made soon after returning to New York in the fall of 1875. In the case of Mr. Dana's *Sun*, I found that the paper's social position—to use an odious but convenient term—did not tally with my previous rating of its merits. *The Sun* was taboo in many quarters where recognition and welcome seemed to be indicated as a matter of course by its intellectual qualities. I learned with amazement, for instance, of its long-continued exclusion from the reading-rooms of institutions like the Century Club in East Fifteenth Street.

The phrase "yellow journalism" had not then been put into circulation by my dear friend the late Ervin Wardman; but if it had been current in the early Seventies it would have helped to describe the disesteem in which *The Sun* was then held by a large and very respectable part of the metropolitan community. Over and over again the newspaper of my enthusiastic allegiance was spoken of to me by benevolent acquaintances as a print fit rather for the area gateway than for the brownstone high stoop. "It is read by horse-car drivers" was frequently remarked; though why the progressive and meditative citizen on the front platform of those now extinct vehicles should have been singled out as the type of inferior intelligence and undesirable clientage was never clearly understood.

When Charles A. Dana acquired *The Sun* in January, 1868, by purchase from Moses S. Beach for \$175,000, at the same time buying the old Tammany Hall building

at the corner of Nassau and Frankfort Streets for about \$220,000 more, he was associated with a body of co-owners fairly representing the cream of influence in New York, financial, professional, commercial, social, and political. His list of stockholders included such notables of the law and of Republican politics as William M. Evarts, Roscoe Conkling, Edwin D. Morgan, and Alonzo B. Cornell, besides Thomas Murphy, Grant's close friend and collector for the port, and George Opdyke, the war mayor of the city in 1862 and 1863. Dana had with him in The Sun Printing and Publishing Association such representatives of large enterprise as Cyrus W. Field of the Atlantic cable and William H. Webb, the great ship-builder; such eminent bankers and merchants and publicists as Marshall O. Roberts, Abiel Abbott Low, the father of Seth Low, Dorman B. Eaton, the father of civil-service reform, David Dows, F. A. Palmer of the Broadway Bank, Amos R. Eno, Elliot C. Cowdin, Theron R. Butler, John H. Sherwood, and Salem R. Wales. Thomas Hitchcock, who was to stand with Dana till the latter's death as the second in ownership, was among the partners in the two-cent *Sun*.

Surely, few newspapers, anywhere in the world, have ever entered the competitive field through the archway of a brighter rainbow of wealth and influence. To anybody familiar with the personal and civic values of the New York of the late Sixties and early Seventies it must have seemed that the foregoing catalogue, extended by other names almost as important, left naught for a newspaper newcomer to desire in the way of assurance of a preferred status. Nevertheless, the fact is as has been related. The distinguished backing at the start counted little in *The Sun's* subsequent career. In a few years many of the original proprietors had been alienated by the turn of the paper against the Grant Administration, a rupture important in the history of the relations of American

journalism with American statesmanship, and by its vigorous attacks upon the individuals and policies the high-stoop, brownstone Republican front had become accustomed to regard as sacrosanct. Old friendships, dating from Brook Farm and *Tribune* and War Department days were, in some cases, embittered. Indifference or reproaches or the affectation of contempt the militant editor repaid systematically with the acerbity of aloes or wormwood, sugar-coated, often, with a mock politeness and a humorous pretense of unbounded admiration more galling to the object of ridicule than the concentrated extract of gall itself. To these political estrangements, these broken personal relations, and, not least of all, to that singular trait of human nature which sometimes made otherwise sensible persons prefer to be seen in a horse-car or other public place reading a four-cent newspaper rather than holding in their hands one that cost only two cents, was mainly due the circumstance noted above. The prevalent classification of *The Sun* was naturally and partly for business reasons reflected in the attitude of its higher-priced contemporaries, this attitude for a long time being not much different from that of Abraham toward Ishmael. *The Sun's* assigned place was to be with the cabman on his seat, the car-driver on the front platform, the dwellers in the basement; and so it was that excellent members of the Union League Club or the Century, if they were curious to see what Dana had to say, were obliged for a time to go around the corner to buy their own papers.

It is necessary to apprehend the situation at the beginning in order to measure the magnitude of the achievement of this born journalist during the quarter of a century of life left to him for the exercise of his incessant activity. Many men, if not most men, under the same conditions, would have resorted frankly to the well-known expedients of appeal that produce a large circula-

tion at the expense of more or less surrender of intellectual self-respect. The remarkable thing about this transition period in *The Sun's* development is that Mr. Dana neither cheapened the quality of his wares nor revised his professional standards to court a new constituency on a lower level. He had his own conception of what a daily newspaper should be. The simple secret of his strength was in the diameter of the horizon of his personal tastes, his personal sympathies, his personal appreciation of what was really of interest to intelligent minds in the way of news, of comment, of criticism, of imagination, of humor, of poesy, of philosophy.

Dana was congenitally incapable of making a newspaper on any other principle. He cared not a doit for conventional ideas of news perspective or for news presentation bequeathed by previous generations and accepted by contemporary imitativeness. He hated all that was dull. He had little use for the commonplace. He held dear and eagerly grasped at whatever sets men a-thinking about matters big or small. Never in his professional life was he intimidated by precedent. Never was he awed by the solemnity of prestige. He despised shams and charlatans practising their arts in any calling; he would blithely risk a libel suit any day of the year to expose the gammon. A nincompoop had his pity, but he showed a soft side for the simpleton who was honest. Somebody reported on a letter intended for publication: "This man's a darned fool." "Let's print it," said Dana; "always give the darned fools a chance." Other things being equal, his sympathy was instinctively with the under dog. His sense of humor was ingrained, pervasive, always on tap, exuding genial warmth or blistering heat according to the demands of the occasion. He could be vindictive when wronged or even when vanity was wounded. Buoyant is a better adjective than optimistic to define the general attitude of his consciousness toward externals, and "We

may be happy yet, you bet" the favorite maxim in time of doubt or gloom. He chuckled most over a joke on his enemies, a little less heartily over a joke on his friends, but he could chuckle also if the joke was on himself, providing it was not offensive to self-esteem. The dimensions of the joke made no difference to his perception of its humor.

Two trifling illustrations of this I remember in the first year of my acquaintance with him.

When the preparations for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia were making in the spring of 1876, it was reported that William M. Evarts, who was to pronounce the oration at the opening ceremony, had not yet completed his address. Mr. Dana asked me to write an editorial paragraph complimentary to his old friend.

There was no finer orator in the United States than Mr. Evarts. His admirable addresses were fashioned for delivery rather than for print. Those who heard him speak and followed the orderly development of his rhetoric were scarcely conscious, as clause followed clause shaping the idea with precision and wit and cumulative force, of the numerical strength of some of the sentences thus marshalled by this master of expression. I composed with no little trouble a paragraph of 236 words void of punctuation marks more obstructive than the comma. With some prickings of conscience the disrespectful elephantine thing was laid upon the chief's desk.

Mr. Dana's habitual treatment of manuscript or proof slips was an example to editors who haven't time to be careful. He worked easily, rapidly, decisively, but always without any feeling of pressure or mental effort. In his technical practice there was a noticeable absence of the contortions and sputterings and squeaks of labor-pain sometimes seen and heard when Mr. Greeley was in action. Dana was hospitable to all sorts of writing that seemed to him worth while. Without trying to impose

his own verbal propensities upon the copy, he touched it only when necessary, and invariably to improve.

Through the open doorway that stood between his desk and mine I saw a look of slight surprise come into his countenance. He reached for his fat blue pencil and turned partly toward me with what seemed to be a gently reproachful glance; but before the look arrived at its destination, a couple of yards away, I was behind a wide-open newspaper from the pile of exchanges. When this screen was lowered again the editor was seen diligently engaged in breaking up the Evarts paragraph into decently brief sentences, changing commas into periods, introducing initial capitals and altering the syntax to suit. I thought of Lord Timothy Dexter's unpunctuated pamphlet, with the last pages containing an assortment of points of all kinds to be peppered in by the reader according to preference. But of a sudden Mr. Dana's blue pencil halted. He had come to the last lines of the continuously flowing paragraph, wherein the distinguished orator was notified

that any attempt to bridge the gap between this Centennial and the next with a single sentence, however carefully constructed and judiciously declaimed, must in the simple nature of things and in consequence of the exiguity of human existence result, however disguised, in a decided though philosophically interesting failure.

My censor pushed back his chair and came through the doorway with his characteristic stride, firm as a sea-captain's on the quarter-deck. There was a twinkle in the eyes behind the gold-bowed spectacles as he remarked:

"Mitchell, I'm afraid you're a humbug. I guess you'd better get another proof and make your own corrections. Evarts will enjoy it."

The other little incident was that of the red apple. Like Horace Greeley, his former companion in the making of the *Tribune*, Dana cherished especially his relations

with the rural subscribers to the weekly edition, which in the case of *The Sun* had then a circulation of nearly a hundred thousand, going chiefly to farmers.

In dendrology the knowledge of *The Sun's* editor was as accurate as his interest was keen and genuine. His country place, Dosoris Island, on the Sound near Glen Cove, was famous for the variety and beauty of its trees and shrubbery. He was an eager collector and cultivator of rare specimens of leafy creation; many of these had been acquired with the advice and assistance of his friend Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, the foremost American expert on arboriculture and still at this writing the director of the great Arnold Arboretum at Jamaica Plain. Another lifelong friend of Mr. Dana's, Judge Willard Bartlett, has said of him: "Mr. Dana continually surprised expert foresters and professional and amateur gardeners by his knowledge of trees and plants. In 1879, when I travelled with him through England, Scotland, and Ireland to visit all the great British and Irish tree gardens, I was asked again and again by nurserymen and others whether he was not a forester or gardener by profession." I am not capable of saying whether Mr. Dana's science was equally authoritative in pomology and the humbler branches of agriculture, but I do know that he was proud whenever a farmer subscriber to *The Weekly Sun* applied to him directly for information or counsel.

One night soon after twelve o'clock I went, as usual then, to the composing-room to make up the editorial page of the morning's paper. I found already in the form and marked with Mr. Dana's imperative "*Must*" a short article in agate type substantially but not exactly as follows:

We are indebted to our esteemed subscriber Mr. Jabez Lightwalter of Goshen for the largest and reddest and most mysterious apple that ever came to Manhattan. For more

than one reason it is a prodigy of fruition. It looks as good as it is beautiful, but it would be a pity to cut it for eating; for it displays in perfectly distinct white letters on its unimpaired natural skin the initials of the Editor of this paper, who is compelled to confess that the marvel of cultivation or of artifice producing this astonishing phenomenon is beyond his comprehension.

It was quite a struggle to persuade the experienced foreman of the composing-room to let a freshman in the establishment take the responsibility for disregarding a "Must" properly held in that quarter to be an edict inviolable. I had to explain then and there, as I did more timidly to my chief afterward, that while the acknowledgment of the gift was all right the avowal of the mystification would be unfortunate in print; inasmuch as many boys' books and treatises on natural magic taught how to perform the miracle by pasting letters cut out of paper on the equator of the apple when it was green and letting Phoebus Apollo do the rest.

When Mr. Dana arrived the next day he demanded at once: "What became of my 'Must' paragraph about the apple?" I told him with trepidation why I had ventured to hold it over for him to see again. He blushed slightly—he was always able to blush, even to the age of seventy-eight, though it was rarely for himself and generally at the provocation of something disagreeable or discourteous said in his presence—and then broke into a hearty laugh:

"Don't be afraid to kill my 'Must' for any reason as good as that one. Lynch him without judge or jury."

II

So affectionate was this editor's relations with those under him, so entirely absent was the least symptom of jealousy of his subordinates, so slow was he to fasten blame upon the blameworthy, so quick and cordial was

his recognition of a good thing done by anybody in *The Sun's* employ from star reporter to office boy, that there grew up around Charles A. Dana a fealty more like that of a patriarchal family, or a club of good friends—all life members—working together, than an organized force for business enterprise. This comradeship of effort under autocratic rule did not strike me at first as out of the common; some observation of conditions in not a few similar institutions was needed in order to perceive that what had been taken for granted as a matter of course was really an exceptional state of affairs. Dana's personality inspired the almost perfect *esprit de corps* that existed in the ram-shackle old office, and his kindness of soul did not cease to animate it till the day of his death in 1897.

I recall, for instance, no attempt on his part to hand down publicly the responsibility for even a disastrous or expensive blunder to the person actually accountable. Dozens of cases might be given where he hastened in public or semipublic conversation to assign to one or another of his people the entire credit for performance naturally attributed to himself. When on the stand before a committee of Congress investigating in 1886 the so-called Pan-Electric scandal he was questioned about the authorship of certain editorial articles in *The Sun*. "They were not written by me," he replied, "I wish they were; I wish I had the faculty to write such things." That illustrates one reason, out of several, why not many editors-in-chief have possessed staffs so loyal.

Mr. Dana wrote much less of the editorial matter in *The Sun* than was generally supposed to be his own by the readers of that paper; much less than Raymond or Louis Jennings or Miller or Ogden in the *Times* or Greeley in the old *Tribune*; very much less, certainly, than Henry Watterson in the *Courier-Journal* of Louisville or, probably, Henry W. Grady in the Atlanta *Constitution*. What Dana did write for his editorial page was of that

high grade of literary expression which distinguished all his acknowledged productions. He never desired or possessed a private secretary. When he had something that he wanted to say himself in *The Sun* it was his custom to send for Tom Williams, his faithful but not over-worked stenographer for many years, and to dictate the article; often at the same time running through the exchanges on the window-seat and perhaps continuing in a fragmentary way an interrupted conversation with a visitor or responding briefly to some comer-in from another part of the office, seeking instructions. In thus duplicating or triplicating his mental processes Mr. Dana proved his remarkable faculty of keeping unentangled the plural threads of thought, like a chess expert playing several games at once. His dictation was swift and sure. He seldom haggled in picking the right word; but when he got to work upon his proofs he would sometimes spend hours in furbishing the phrases, returning to the task day after day, recasting whole paragraphs until the emendations satisfied a fastidious taste.

Thomas F. Williams, Dana's stenographer for a quarter of a century, was a genius deserving more than a mere mention in these scattering reminiscences. He was a sworn Fenian of 1864, a Dublin scholar and journalist, good as gold and taciturn as an educated clam, with a little of Mark Twain's physiognomy and a great deal of Mark Twain's tardiloquence. Like Boyle O'Reilly he came to this country when presence in Ireland was no longer possible. For a time he was private secretary to General Oliver O. Howard of the Freedmen's Bureau. He took part in the invasion from Maine of Indian Island, in the Bay of Fundy, when the British flag was captured and brought back in triumph by the Clan-na-Gael expeditionists. An ardent fisherman, his sailboat, the *Sand Flea*, was frequently in evidence on Sundays in the lower bay. It was difficult to detect emotion in his sun-

tanned countenance unless the subject was the wrongs of Erin or piscatorial conditions on the Roamer shoals. I wonder why the figures that emerge most distinctly at long distance call are so often those which history might not appraise as the really eminent. Heaven be kind to Tom Williams, with his unintelligible system of pot hooks and his beloved hooks of another sort, and give him reasonable talkers and good fortune on the happy fishing grounds! For years there was famous in shorthand circles the story of his application for the post that became of life tenure. "Mr. Williams," inquired Mr. Dana, "are you sure you can take me as fast as I can talk?" "I don't know whether I can take you as fast as you can talk, Mr. Dana," drawled Williams, "but I do know I can take you as fast an any sensible man ought to talk."

Mr. Dana's editorial doctrine was perhaps peculiar to himself; it was *laissez faire* in the cases of most assistants in whom he had confidence. He depended little upon advance instruction as to what should be written by others. There is much to say for the idea of the editorial council, so-called, sitting daily to consider the news of the world and to decide what the policy shall be on each topic of interest and who shall treat it; but this formality would have seemed from Dana's point of view somewhat humorous. His method was collective and selective, rather than suggestive. Except on unusual occasions, he preferred to leave the choice to the initiative of his contributors. Of course this resulted in frequent duplications. Sometimes an impressive event would bring to his hands two, three, or even four leading articles on the same subject. Then it was the impartially determined best that would go to type, even if by chance he had written one of the lot himself. Nor did he believe that it was the duty of the editor to comment systematically on every piece of important news. "A man at the dinner table," he once remarked to the present writer, "who insists on giving you his

opinion about everything on earth is a confounded bore.
So is a newspaper at breakfast."

It will be inferred from what has been said that Dana was exceedingly alert for new talent as well as hospitable to established literary or journalistic reputations. But nothing went warmer to the cockles of his heart than offers of assistance from the ignorant, the inadequate, or the pretentious. Few mail-bags failed to contain missives of the character of the subjoined:

Creswell N C August 7 78

DEAR SIR would you like to have some helpe in the way of
writeing for your paper if so what could you afford to pay an
erley reply will grately oblige yours Respectfully

— — — .

I don't know whether people generally understand what a wealth of assistance is at the command of the newspaper-maker who is willing to reach out for it. From universities and pulpits, from sociological laboratories and penitentiaries, from the bureaus of statesmanship and the awful inner rooms of medical gentlemen to whom you pay five or ten dollars to learn that the trouble with you is overeating or eye-strain and not elephantiasis or the bubonic as you had feared, from the busy workshops of professional or amateur poetasters, even from insane asylums and unattached lunatics, the proffers proceed in multitude by postal service or in person. The motive is by no means mercenary always. Often the volunteer editors and contributors prove of value. Sometimes they do not, and it is only the latter class that we are considering.

Here is an applicant who styles himself modestly on his visiting card "Dean of the Temple of Knowledge." Here is another who sends his phrenological chart by way of credential. Another, and a bolder, brings in person an astrologer's horoscope for which he had paid two dollars.

Another wants a job because he has "both seen and Hurd of your *Sun* paper." Another has "determined to break away from social work before the inertia of further success in that direction binds me to it permanently." A lady asks only from \$50 to \$100 for a masterpiece containing stanzas such as this:

Oh, yes mother, I'm so weary,
How can I live in all this whirl?
Oh, that I were in the Southland,
Off with the robin and the squirrel.

A lower priced poet is ready to accept \$5 for fifty-two stanzas entitled "The Shrieking She-Devil of Fate." A Babu in Benares seeks publicity for a series of essays on Life and Eternity, remarking:

I may be allowed to observe that sometimes it is very painful, nay, a matter of extreme regret to find the articles which so vitally concern the welfare of the general public are giving indifferent treatments and consigned to waste basket, despite of the interchange of reciprocal thoughts and only consistent avenue to reach the public direct. The present articles is one of the most important to benefit the readers.

Some of the thousands of curiosities of self-promotion have been kept by me. Not to weary anybody, I shall add only a circular from a press agency in Berlin, before the war, offering its services in this seductive manner:

For being able to judge right a nation or a population in its very sense, one must be a son of this population; only in this case we can comprise and appreciate its events and movements.

Here is a chasm, which has been feeled deeply from long time by the whole strange press.

Our bureau, which is directed by first class redactors experimented and proved by long praxis, seconded by practical contributors of a great capacity, has found out the remedy and the enthousiastical esteem from everywhere proves that we do right.

We take the liberty to invite you to convince yourselves of

the indisputable importancy of our enterprise by taking an abonnement of six months for trial.

You receive letters in your own language ready to printed.

Mr. Dana's time-saving custom was to condense his reply of approval, rejection, or criticism into a sententious phrase of blue pencilled comment. "My! Ain't he mad!" he wrote across a vitriolic editorial in Mr. Bowles's Springfield paper denouncing him for his attitude toward Civil Service reform. "I don't know about this. Perhaps you do. Use your judgment," on no end of things handed down for decision. "Not a touch of genius in it—C. A. D." disposed of many manuscripts. "This won't wash—C. A. D." was a common form of rejection. "This is nearly bad enough to be good" put the case precisely. "Say, what's got the matter with you?" he wrote to a contributor whose manuscript transcended in some respects the recognized bounds of propriety. These blue endorsements made him seem very human, very distinctly personal, to those who received them, whether the words carried pleasure or disappointment.

In a magazine sketch of Mr. Dana I told once about an eminent clergyman of sensational proclivities who wrote suggesting the fashion in which *The Sun's* editorials ought to be conceived in order to be effective and yet be like Cæsar's wife. At last Mr. Dana invited the persistent critic to show us the way by an example from his own hand. The manuscript came after a week or so of evidently laborious and conscientious effort to adapt himself to what he supposed to be the worldly and reckless tone of Sunday journalism. He got it back endorsed in blue as usual, "This is too damned wicked!"

III

Under conditions of leadership such as have been noted in the foregoing it is not surprising that Dana's *Sun* came

to be regarded by many discerning journalists throughout the country not only as a desirable establishment with which to be connected, but also as more or less of a model for editing, reporting, and editorial writing. This was a professional judgment based on workmanship and wholly apart from the question of agreement or disagreement with the paper's views on politics, people or anything else. *The Sun* certainly had what the French call "a good press" all around it. From the impression the paper had made upon myself, away down in Maine, I can readily understand the growth of the esteem in other offices which finally took form in the long-current expression, "The newspaper man's newspaper." It is likewise true that the influence exerted by Dana upon the technics of the craft, the art of putting things in what was called the newspaper way, was greater than that of any other editor during the quarter of a century or so that preceded the gradual yielding to the public demand for quantity, rather than brevity, the standardization of many of the methods of presentation, the disappearance of strongly marked individuality, and the dire appearance of "headline English" as a supposed mechanical necessity induced by a supposed public craving for captions in Brobdingnagian type.

It was mighty pleasant, anyhow, to believe that we had the good will of the brethren in this professional way, whatever they might think of our preachings; and to get from personally unknown correspondents in distant sanctums such letters as this from the young editor of the *Emporia Gazette*, whose famous editorial, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" had appeared only three months earlier, but had meanwhile circulated to the extent of more than a million copies as one of the most mettlesome and effective documents of the McKinley-Bryan campaign:

I hope you may never know how badly I happened to need encouragement when I opened *The Sun* yesterday.

The Sun has always been kind to me. I used to work on the Kansas City *Star* and write nonsense verses and minion editorial, and *The Sun* always dug out the best things. I once wrote a Kipling parody to the jingle of "Danny Deever" about the "colored servant" and "Rudyard on parade" when the Kipling baby was born—it was the first thing *The Sun* ever used and it pleased me greatly—being young and vain at the time.

I came down to run this paper in Popdom because I thought I had a word to say that should be said. I am trying in a feeble and incoherent way to say it. Incidentally I am under a Populist boycott and am having more fun than you can shake a church steeple at.

In this letter I am addressing an unknown deity. I have no idea to whom I am indebted for the courteous treatment I have received from *The Sun* office but if it is not a violation of your rules will you kindly tell me the name of my benefactor? I have a little book of Kansas stories in press and as a slight token of my gratitude I desire to give him one. The book isn't much—but I desire to extend something more than empty words to some one who has been sincerely good to me.

Truly,
W. A. WHITE.

William Allen White was one of many young newspaper writers in the East, West, and South with whom Dana's *Sun* held pleasing intercourse and who afterward won exceptional distinction. Joel Chandler Harris of the Atlanta *Constitution* was another. There came to the office in 1884 a poem in negro dialect of unidentified origin but of such quality that it was attributed to Harris and sent to him to verify. No answer was received and a second inquiry was sent, bringing this reply, dated January 15, 1885:

I am almost sure I answered your letter relating to a poem in negro dialect. I did not answer it promptly because when it arrived I was too ill to write and I remained so for several weeks thereafter; but it seems to me that I made haste to reply as soon as I could. Perhaps the letter miscarried; perhaps it fell under the eye and into the clutches of your famous office cat.

What I intended to say—if I did not say it—was that the poem you inclosed is perfect of its kind, and that I am sincerely sorry I cannot say to you that Uncle Remus is the author. But that poor old man never did so well—never succeeded in embodying in his songs the embryo mysticism that is one of the features or characteristics of the negro mind, though he did make a serious attempt in the “Plough-Hands’ Song.” It is easy to see that the poem is not a transcription, but an interpretation, and it is so successful that I am puzzled as to its authorship; for it is a little beyond the reach of those who have gained notoriety by means of their dialect writing.

The Sun’s office cat, here referred to by Uncle Remus with proper respect, was the invention of Judge Willard Bartlett and was long held accountable by press and public for any mysterious disappearance of manuscript. In Frank M. O’Brien’s “The Story of *The Sun*,” a book notable as a reflection of the spirit of that newspaper, and unique of its kind in that it is a true biography of the newspaper itself, its body and soul and life, with incidentals about the persons concerned in its making, not merely biography of an individual or individuals with incidentals about the newspaper—it is told how the celebrated censor and devourer of copy came into being. One warm night in the Eighties the flimsy telegraph copy of a Presidential message fluttered out of the window and was lost in Nassau Street: “*The Sun* had nothing about it the next morning, and in the afternoon, when Mr. Bartlett called on Mr. Dana, the matter of the lost message was under discussion. The editor remarked that it was a matter difficult to explain to the readers. ‘Oh, say that the office cat ate it,’ suggested Bartlett.” A paragraph appeared next day, creating the cat, and the animal immediately became popular as a polyphage in hundreds of other newspaper offices.

As early as 1881 when my eldest son was about five he had become immensely interested in the fortunes of the creatures with which Uncle Remus was just beginning

Editorial.

ATLANTA, GA.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

31 January, 1881

To Master Neddy S. Mitchell:

Esteemed Sir: The inquiries made by your private secretary, Mr. E. P. Mitchell, have been received by Uncle Remus, who has given them his attention, ^{and} ~~and~~ authorizes me to respond, which I take great pleasure in doing - as nearly as possible in Uncle Remus's own words:

"Yukka des take en tell dat little cheap dat righ
ez I kin git at it, ole Brer Rabbit, he marry Miss Nelly
Cantrell, wich wiz runner de gals what Miss Head-
mous had livin' long wid'er. En den long time after
dat, wiles he wiz & a wildes he tuckin' Mary ole
Miss Fox. Ez too one I aint puttin' no speanacee in
dat, Kaze Brer Rabbit-wunner dezer yer kinder
mous wat sticks upfer his own color. Dat Juba,
he wiz runner de wres chilluns in de nakehouse,
~~en~~ ^{he} keep on gwine on fun bad ter wass hock
bimby he run upwid Mi. Dog; en us sooner
do he do dis, dan he git's neft nabbed. Bad
chilluns aint see no peace twel dey git's good."

Trusting, dear sir, that this will prove
satisfactory, and begging that you will convey my thanks
to your papa for his more than kind action of
the book, I remain

Faithfully yours,
Jeb C. Harris.

to people the hearts of childhood. Doubt on the boy's part as to an important question of matrimony led to an inquiry. It was settled at once to the satisfaction of all concerned:

To MASTER NEDDY S. MITCHELL:

Esteemed Sir : The inquiries made by your private secretary, Mr. E. P. Mitchell, have been received by Uncle Remus, who has given them his attention and authorizes me to respond, which I take great pleasure in doing—as nearly as possible in Uncle Remus's own words:

"Youk'n des take en tell dat little chap dat nigh ez I kin git at it, ole Brer Rabbit, he marry Miss Molly Cottontail, wich wuz wunner de gals w'at Miss Meadows had livin' 'long wid 'er. En den 'long time after dat, wiles he wuz a widder he tuck'n marry ole Miss Fox. Ez ter me I ain't puttin' no 'pennunce in dat, kaze Brer Rabbit wunner deze yer kinder mens w'at sticks after his own color. Dat Tobe, he 'uz wunner de wuss chilluns in de naberhoods, en he keep on gwine on fum bad ter wuss twel bimeby he run up wid Mr. Dog, en no sooner do he do dis, dan he gits nabbed. Bad chilluns aint see no peace twel dey gits good."

Trusting, dear sir, that this will prove satisfactory, and begging that you will convey my thanks to your papa . . . I remain

Faithfully yours,

JOEL C. HARRIS.

31 January, 1881.

IV

Eugene Field, that genius of extraordinary contradictions, loved *The Sun*, and I think he loved the men on *The Sun* whom he knew personally. His admiration of Mr. Dana was boundless; freely expressed in prose and verse. While there were few persons in his wide range of acquaintance whose dignity he was not ready to sacrifice temporarily for the sake of a practical joke—and among such were Stedman, Edward Everett Hale, Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, and dozens of others—there

was never anything in tone or attitude toward Dana that was not sincerely affectionate and even reverential. The friendship began with Dana's visit in 1882 to Denver, where Field was working on the *Tribune* and had just registered his first bid for fame as a humorist in the series of drolleries gathered in the little book, his earliest published, "The Tribune Primer," now among the excessively rare treasures sought by collectors of first editions of Americana.

My friend Melville E. Stone took Eugene Field from Denver in 1883 and put him to work on the Chicago *Daily News*. For years he poured into the famous column "Sharps and Flats" the inexhaustible store of delicate fancy, broad fun, tenderness, pathos, and impishness that was in him. In Mr. Stone's interesting reminiscences, "Fifty Years a Journalist," in the two volumes of Slason Thompson's exquisite biography, and in Francis Wilson's sketch there is plenty of material for an understanding of this many-sided character. I came to know him pretty well and to be fond of him; the purpose now is to speak of him only as he came in contact with what he, like so many others, used to regard as "the newspaper man's newspaper."

Field's verses, "The Man Who Worked with Dana on the New York Sun," with the beautiful tribute in the last stanza, are, or were, familiar to every newspaper man in the United States. Less known, perhaps, but equally expressive of sentiments entertained, is "Cy and I," in which Eugene and the late Cy Warman, journalist poet like his friend, are supposed to meet in Broadway and swap opinions. Here are the last two stanzas of the poem, which hung, in manuscript calligraphy, for a long time on the wall of Mr. Dana's room:

"The town is mighty big, but then
It isn't in it with its men,
Is it?" says I.

"And tell me, Cyrus, if you can,
Who is its biggest, brainiest man?"

"Dana," says Cy.

"You bet!" says I.

"He's big of heart and big of brain,
And he's been good unto us twain"—

Choked up, says I;

"I love him, and I pray God give
Him many, many years to live!"

Eh, Cy?" says I.

"Amen!" says Cy.

Field suggested from Chicago the gift or theft from Dana's desk of the antiquated shears with which *The Sun's* editor was accustomed to clip from the exchanges poetry that captured his fancy. He explained that he was making a collection of edged instruments of the highest distinction and wished to put Dana's scissors alongside of Gladstone's axe, which he had already obtained. His desire was satisfied without violation of the criminal code. He replaced the old shears with an elegant new pair encased in an elaborately wrought brass scabbard. Dana used the noble implement as long as he lived; it passed to me after his death and is now possessed by my friend and associate for many years, Harold M. Anderson. The Field-Dana scissors were in a way typical of the relations of the two: this pair of sharp-cutting blades so riveted that they never cut each other.

The earliest of the letters from Eugene Field which I now find bears a date in the year after his removal from Denver to Chicago. It is a modest but characteristically worded request for pecuniary recognition, indited in the minute and neatly regular script that appears in all his correspondence; few writers for the press besides himself and William M. Laffan produced such microscopic copy, wonderfully legible.

Daily News Office, Chicago, July the 9th, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR: About six weeks ago I sent *The Sun* a number of comic poems. Four of these—"The Interrupted Banquet," "St. Jerome in 1884," "A Touching Episode" and "The Situation in Delaware"—were published in *The Sun*, but I have received no remuneration for them. I do not know that they were worth anything—I haven't a very high opinion of my verse: but *The Sun* has been so prompt and particular heretofore about paying for my verses, that I suspect the failure to pay for these effusions has resulted simply from oversight. It is with a good deal of embarrassment that I write to ask if you will kindly ascertain whether my suspicion is right.

Sincerely yours,

EUGENE FIELD.

Mr. E. P. Mitchell.

Two years later he was writing more like himself as I came to know him:

Chicago, August the 25th, 1886.

DEAR [MITCHELL]: This is a "damned wicked" world. My friend Mrs. —— has made a metrical translation of one of Goethe's lyrics and she is going to play it on Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland for an original poem. She has chosen one of Wilhelm Meister's poems to Filina (Philene) and she has made quite a pretty job of the translation. But she has not made a very close translation, since the last stanza of the original is somewhat amatory. My friend is very anxious that *The Sun* should pick Miss Cleveland up on the poem in case she prints it in *Literary Life* as original. So I send you these lines at her request and in case the poem is published, you will receive a copy of the magazine and all the necessary data, references, etc. Mrs. —— tells me that she intends to trip Miss Cleveland on Goethe, "if it takes all summer." She is remorseless.

Sincerely yours,

EUGENE FIELD.

Here now was Eugene at his deviltries! Does it require detective ability to descry the instigator of the remorseless conspiracy against poor Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the President's sister, imposing on her editorial responsi-

bilities as an original Chicago product a well known lyric of the poet whose name, according to Field, was generally pronounced by the Chicago intellectuals so as to rhyme with teeth? I had forgotten the incident, but the key to it is contained in an already published letter to Slason Thompson, dated a month after the foregoing:

I have begun to surmise that my remarks about *Literary Life* will lead to Miss Cleveland's retirement from the editorship of that delectable mush bucket. The signs all point that way now. I enclose you a letter to my friend Mitchell of *The Sun*. Tell him about the Goethe poem. I promised to send him a copy of it when *Literary Life* printed it.

Field was evidently actuated in this enterprise not by a desire to persecute an estimable lady but by a sort of fierce contempt for the publication which sought to advertise itself by employing the President's sister. His satire soon brought about the retirement of the editor and this was followed by the demise of *Literary Life* itself. Passing another period of two years I find a note which starts more memories:

DEAR MITCHELL: I know that you are interested in modern art; so I send you a sketch representing Mr. Dana's famous drive in Kidney Bill's hack. I am going to visit New York in February, and then you and I will ransack Bouton's old book-store together. Ever sincerely yours,

EUGENE FIELD.

Chicago, August the 21st, 1888.

The scene of the drive in Kidney Bill's hack was Milwaukee, whither Mr. Dana had gone to deliver before the Wisconsin Editorial Association his lecture on "The Modern American Newspaper." The picture is by Eugene Field's friend and favorite cartoonist Selanders, as are the two other drawings reproduced. Of these, one represents Mr. Dana's visit to the office of the *Daily News* when passing through Chicago on that occasion. It sug-

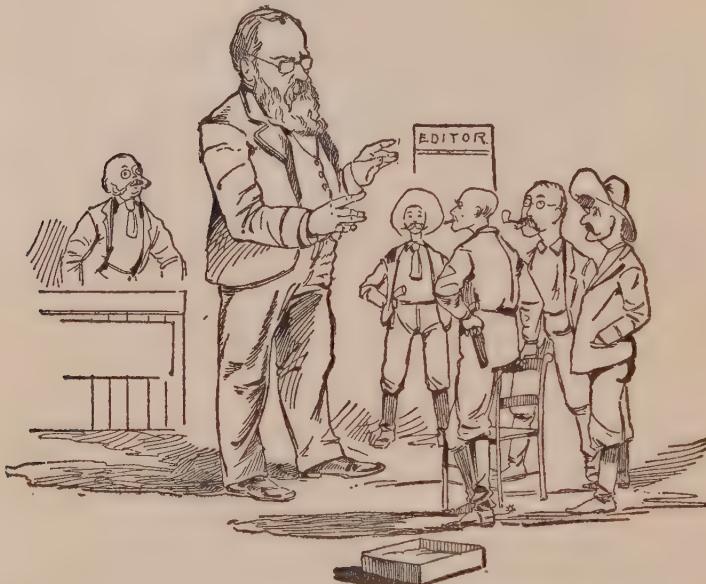


MR. DANA AND KIDNEY BILL



THE MAN WHO WORKED WITH DANA

gests both a comparison of dimensions, as the New York editor appears in converse with the Chicago group, and of the relative niceties of apparel affected by Eastern and Western journalists. Field is the bald-headed young man with one hand resting gracefully upon his pistol holster



SELANDER'S CARTOON OF DANA IN THE CHICAGO OFFICE OF
THE DAILY NEWS

as he listens respectfully to Dana's utterances. The second sketch illustrated the poem already referred to as popular and oft quoted in the profession, "The Man Who Worked with Dana on the New York Sun." That noted impostor is holding forth to the same group in Mr. Stone's establishment. Eugene is regarding him with a cynic's eye, as if hesitating whether to kick him out or merely to shoot him. The other Chicago editors, from left to right, are Reilly, at the desk, Knox, Ballantyne and Dennis.

Field, himself, as everybody knows, could draw irre-

sistibly funny pictures with his pen and colored inks. They appeared too seldom in print, but were lavished in private correspondence and are treasured.

His biographer, Mr. Slason Thompson—and few geniuses really deserving a biography have had a better—notes that Eugene Field's bibliomania, the passion that exercised so strong an influence upon his habits during the last six or seven years of life, began about September of 1888 to show symptoms in the literary output. This chronology of the disease coincides in date with the letter to me in August of that year proposing a combined attack the next February upon the shelves of Bouton's shop in Broadway. His first acquaintance with Bouton's must have occurred earlier than the time set for this excursion. In a letter dated February 10 of 1888, a month before the great blizzard, Field wrote Mr. Dana that he would be at *The Sun* office next Tuesday bringing an alleged folio of old English ballads recently discovered. "These ballads," he said, "are very ancient and they treat of Chicago society in its beginning—of the legends and traditions upon which our culture has been reared. I mix in pathetic with humorous, so as to suit every taste."

Chiefly after chapbooks, but with eyes wide open for anything bizarre in the printed works of the *fous littéraires* of all sorts, of which there was so rich a stock in Mr. Bouton's second-story shop in Broadway nearly opposite the old New York Hotel, was Field on such expeditions. He had an uncanny flair as a book hunter. He seemed to go by instinct to the right spot on the right shelf; even to the volumes tucked away in the hinterland. He was capable at times of pranks like the pretence of ignorance of values; excessive respect for volumes of stupid content because they were bound in tree calf; contempt for scraggly things which he knew as well as the dealer to be worth their weight in platinum. It was always polite comedy, never broad farce, and it served to amuse, without at all

deceiving such astute old gentlemen bibliophiles as David G. Francis, under the Mercantile Library in Astor Place, or such eager young experts as George Richmond, then a clerk in Miller's store near Ninth Street. Eugene's purchases were insignificant at that time; a case, he would have explained in other words, of the champagne appetite and the beer pocket-book. Yet book-buying is a ruling passion strong even in debt.

I am not sure whether the bibliomaniac tours of the Chicago Dibdin ever extended to old Joseph Sabin's in lower Nassau Street, the headquarters of Americana and the finest place in the world for rummaging. Most certainly Field might have found in the bottoms of Sabin's barrels of outcasts things he hungered for and things for which he could afford to pay. Those blessed old New York book cellars and book basements in the days of forty-nine cents instead of forty-nine dollars! Leggat's in Temple Place and then in Chambers Street, where Frank Thoms was a bright youngster, knowing every volume in the immense collection up-stairs and down; Bonaventure under the Astor House; Scribner & Welford's rich store of archaic importations shelved opposite Astor Place, with Ernest Dressel North stationed close by the front door; nobody could write now of the dozens of them better than Christopher Morley, and he is too young.

Dearest of all to me, perhaps, was the aforesaid Sabin's because I fished one day out of one of his numerous barrels and bought for heaven knows how little the first and only volume of Longhi's "Teorica della Calcografia," Milan, 1830, a technical tome so scarce that Senator Sumner, amateur of portrait engravings, had related that he sought it vainly in the British Museum and everywhere else until a copy did emerge from the Library of Congress at Washington. I knew the Astor Library had it not; so fancy my joy at its discovery in that respectable barrel. At that time it was my ambition to write or compile a

sort of primer of print collecting, and I began by purchasing recklessly, both here and from the foreign dealers, every available treatise or manual relating to the subject. I had accumulated perhaps a hundred volumes, including some very rare ones, and in 1880 was beginning to think I was beginning to be ready to begin, when the contemplated province was occupied with entire adequacy and vastly superior ability by Robert Hoe’s revision and extension of Maberley’s “Print Collector.” I am glad of it now, for I understand how immature was my preparation for even a primer of engraving and etching. The infertile collection thus expensively acquired reposes in the Bowdoin College Library.

Another personal reminiscence before we return to the book hunter really worth while: Some years later I was seeking the two quarto volumes of the bound-up *Dial*, the quarterly magazine edited between 1841 and 1844 by Margaret Fuller, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and George Ripley for the benefit of what Don Marquis would call a little group of serious thinkers of that generation. Walking down Fourth Avenue one morning there was observed on the west side below Thirteenth street the sidewalk trays of a shop new to my explorations. I went down the steps into a room full of books in cases arranged in curiously labyrinthine manner; you got no vista in any direction. No owner appeared; he had doubtless gone out for his midday sausages. While awaiting him I scanned the shelves of the labyrinth and found that the stock was most intelligently assembled; many books of note, some of considerable price. By and by I became conscious, as one often does without knowing why, of a pair of eyes scrutinizing me; it was through a peephole from another alcove. My bookseller was watching his customer, I thought indignantly, for signs of predatory intent. But in a few minutes he issued from the hiding-place and asked me gently if I was looking for anything in particular:

A tall, thin, stooping man, with a beard like a California forty-niner's, and a manner shy and deprecatory. His nervousness partly disappeared as conversation proceeded. I found him extremely well informed. In well-modulated tones he used the best of English. He knew, he said, of a copy of the *Dial* for sale in Washington. I could have it for \$50 and it would be ready for me on such and such a day, if I would call. So I left the shop, wondering a bit about its strange proprietor.

Returning to Fourth Avenue for my *Dial* on the day appointed, I found the shop locked and no sign of life within. The morning paper explained the mystery of the furtive bookseller. Yesterday the police had arrested the notorious Major Howgate, whose defalcation amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars of Government money had astounded the country a few years before, and whose long pursuit by the detectives of the Department of Justice had led them to several continents. And the pathetic quarry of this world-wide chase, after many flights and frights and new disguises, had finally sought safety in a cellar bookshop, opening a business dear to his soul, a few steps from Union Square, where he was taken by the police between the date of his receipt of my order for the *Dial* and his expected delivery of the books to his wondering customer.

Eugene Field's visits to New York were too infrequent, but they were enjoyed when he came. His ingrained habit of mystification always accompanied him. He seldom turned up in *The Sun* office when he was expected and always at an hour when lunch or dinner invitations could be evaded plausibly and gracefully. His Chicago friends doubtless understood better than we did why it was almost necessary to go after him with a shot-gun in order to capture him for the most informal entertainment at table. Perhaps the reason was in the peculiarity just noted; perhaps it was dyspepsia, which afflicted him grievously throughout his short life. He refers to that ill



AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF EUGENE FIELD

in the following letter from Germany; likewise to the most interesting bibliographical event in his career:

Dear Mitchell: Scribner Sons are about to publish two books for me— one volume of tales and one of verse. Could you say somewhat to that effect in the literary notes of *The Sun*? A private edition of these books (limited to 250) was printed last year. Sets costing \$5 originally are now bringing \$25. This popular edition ought to stop that folly. I have requested the Scribners to send to you at the *Sun* office a set of these books as soon as they are published. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul. My dyspepsia is still bad but I hope to be happy yet. I pine to be back at work and that anxiety aggravates my malady. Do give my love to Mr. Dana, and kindly accept as much for yourself from

Yours most sincerely,
Eugene Field.

Frankfort am Main, July 29th, 1890.

EUGENE'S LETTER FROM GERMANY

DEAR MITCHELL: Scribner Sons are about to publish two books for me—one volume of tales and one of verse. Could you say somewhat to that effect in the literary notes of *The Sun*? A private edition of these books (limited to 250) was printed last year. Sets costing \$5 originally are now bringing \$25. This popular edition ought to stop that folly. I have requested the Scribners to send to you at *The Sun* office a set of these books as soon as they are published. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul. My dyspepsia is still bad but I hope to be happy yet. I pine to be back at work and that anxiety aggravates my malady. Do give my love to Mr. Dana, and kindly accept as much for yourself from

Yours most sincerely,

EUGENE FIELD.

Frankfort am Main, July 29th, 1890.

It was about a year before this that he was entangled,

for the first and only time as far as is known to me, in one of his own characteristic mystifications. He had a way of crediting verses of his own to the most unlikely persons: Madame Modjeska, for instance, or the learned constitutional lawyer Judge Cooley of Michigan, or even Isaac Watts. He was as daring as he was unblushing in these bogus attributions. On February 18, 1889, the Chicago *Daily News* reprinted a sonnet entitled "The Way of Love," credited to *Once a Week* and signed "George W. Childs." Assuming this to be one of the many cases where Field masked his fruitful yet shrinking genius behind other signatures, and that he had chosen for "The Way of Love" the name of the Philadelphian whom *The Sun* persisted in regarding as the greatest living master of obituary verse, the last-mentioned paper copied the sonnet, restoring, as it believed, the name of the real author. Curiously, there came from a sure-enough poet in Richmond, Virginia, a letter asserting that he, George W. Childs, wrote the sonnet in *Once a Week* and asking wrathfully, "Is it possible that Mr. Eugene Field is a poet and humorist and also a thief?" A controversy concerned with dates and internal evidence lasted for about a month; and when it was settled by the testimony of the editor of *Once a Week* that he was in the habit of getting out a weekly dated a whole week ahead, Field nobly wrote as follows to the Mr. George W. Childs of Richmond:

The poem to which you refer was reprinted from Collier's *Once a Week* and was credited to George W. Childs. I did not see it until it was printed subsequently in *The Sun* credited to me. Neither was it written by me nor is it like anything I ever wrote. The verses, by having been erroneously ascribed to me, have occasioned me serious mortification of spirit.

The italics are mine, though the discerning reader will hardly need their aid. The latest letter I find having the

neat signature that carried so much cheerfulness to so many people is dated July 5, 1893. It ends thus:

Are you coming to the fair? Or shall we send the mountain
to Mahomet? Pax vobiscum.

Ever sincerely yours,
EUGENE FIELD.

And continued peace in his rest to him who at forty-five died sleeping quietly in the early morning of November 4, 1895, the poet of the lullabies and of "Little Boy Blue."

In the prime years of the Dana period it used to be the fashion to describe *The Sun* not only as "the newspaper man's newspaper" but also as "the best school of journalism" then in existence. As to any attempt at formal instruction it was of course never a "school" in the sense intended. Such teaching as the beginner had was negative, rather than didactic. The editor and such of his subordinates as were more or less wise in the ways of the profession were too busy as a rule in getting out the paper seven days in the week to devote any time to the systematic training of their younger associates. If education there was, it was mainly education by absorption. It came to the aspiring by example rather than precept. They were taught by observation and the self-preserved instinct what to do and what to avoid.

CHAPTER VI

MEDDLINGS WITH THE OCCULT

A FEW doors west of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of Ninth Street, nearly opposite the place where Henry J. Raymond of the *Times* lived for many years and died at the threshold, there was a house which gained in 1863 or 1864 unhappy notoriety as the abode of a ghost. The earthly occupants had fled the place in terror. The filmy squatter, representing I remember not what tragic event of domestic infelicity, was believed to exhibit himself or herself from time to time at the third story front windows of the deserted dwelling. While the excitement lasted we schoolboys on our way down the avenue to Washington Square used to make a detour at this point and risk tardiness every morning by joining the throng of spectators waiting patiently on the opposite sidewalk and in the street itself for the appearance at a window of something sorrowfully or horribly spectral. The newspapers gave space to the Ninth Street ghost and often the police had to clear a way for ordinary traffic. Nothing ever looked down from any window while I was assisting, though occasionally a chance reflection on the panes would send a momentary thrill through the expectant crowd craning necks in both hope and dread of a glimpse of some shadow shape. The circumstance is mentioned here merely because what I suppose the modern psychopathologists would diagnose as a spook-complex in my schesis may perhaps be traced back to Ninth Street.

Interest in all the phenomena once termed supernatural but now explained by Sir Oliver Lodge, if I understand him, as emanations or radiations that have succeeded in

getting through a medium exercising selective absorption, was quite keen with me for about twenty-five years. Certain experiences I am going to relate consecutively for what they are worth. They cover a period of effort to find at first hand something, even some little thing, more convincing than the best attested cases of hearsay. It is proper to remember that the period of this active personal interest mostly antedated the era of psychical research organizations and of scientific or pseudo-scientific investigation.

I

The quiet of the maritime old city of Newburyport was upset for several months in 1872 and 1873 by the happenings in a primary schoolhouse at the corner of Charles Street and Purchas. The wooden building was of one story, of a very common type; I think it had been formerly a small church. The outside door opened into a shallow entry; from this entry two doors led to the schoolroom beyond. Between the two doors was an inner window, sashed and paned in the ordinary way, looking into the schoolroom. At one side of the entry were steps leading up through a trap-door to a vacant cockloft. In the schoolroom, facing the window to the entry, were ranged the miniature desks occupied by from sixty to seventy small boys, the pupils of Miss Lucy Perkins. Her desk was in a corner commanding a view of the window giving upon the entry.

So much of description of the locality is needed for an understanding of the "manifestations" which made the Newburyport school for a time extensively celebrated, and incidentally gave a young reporter his long-desired first experience of a whole night in a so-called haunted house. The advertised phenomena consisted of the usual rappings and movings of light and moderately heavy objects, the locking and unlocking of doors without visi-

ble presence, the agitation of window shades by hands unseen, and thunderous sounds in the cockloft, as if someone overhead was rolling lignum vitæ tenpin balls or round Edam cheeses along the flooring. Less frequent, but numbering up to dozens of times as the weeks went by, was the apparition, at the outside of the window toward the front entry or at one of the doors when open, of the figure of a tow-headed, blue-eyed boy of about ten, dressed in brown, pale of face and sad of expression; eyes open and pathetically beautiful; hands always crossed before his waist and slightly extended with the palms outward—hands thin and white, fingers wasted as if by long sickness. The school child ghost never spoke. He would stand quietly whenever he appeared, with head bent forward and palms held out like a real schoolboy deprecating punishment. When Miss Perkins attempted to grasp the intruder to ascertain what manner of thing it was, the figure either vanished like a dissolving view or fled up the steps to the cockloft. More than once the teacher courageously pursued it thither; the vanishing occurred at the top of the steps. When the trap-door was padlocked and the outside front door bolted from within it made no difference; the child ghost nevertheless was seen by all at the entry window.

This was the story told by Lucy Perkins, the teacher, and corroborated by the nearly unanimous testimony of her sixty or seventy little boy co-witnesses. Curious visitors to the school during the early days of the manifestations declared that they, too, saw and heard these things; it soon became necessary for the school committee to forbid the admission of outsiders. The committee, including two clergymen, were inclined at first to pooh-pooh the whole affair and to attribute the ghost and the noises either to unknown tricksters or to hysterical exaggerations on the part of the teacher and to suggested beliefs in the minds of her pupils and visitors.

Local opinion was divided on the trickery explanation but practically united in confidence in Miss Lucy Perkins's good faith. She was a graduate of the Newburyport high school, esteemed in the city throughout her life, knowing and caring nothing about spiritualism and its mysteries, and with no conceivable motive for a deception which could result only in the breaking up of the school and the loss of her own position and pay. When I talked with this modest, sensible young woman, evidently a person in whom there was no sensational impulse, no notoriety hunger, no desire even to dwell on the circumstances of her experience beyond straightforward replies to the questions asked, it seemed more difficult than ever to accept the theory of deliberate falsehood on her part and on the part of three score and more youngsters whom the most artful criminal lawyer in the Commonwealth could scarcely have coached to be consistent in any case of manufactured evidence. And yet it was still harder to believe in the ghost.

The story locally current, I know not with what foundation in truth, told of a child who had been locked up years before in the cockloft and kept there so long in darkness and in fright that he developed a brain fever from which he died.

Just before Washington's birthday in 1873, with a small party of newspaper men from Boston, I stayed all night in the haunted schoolhouse. The snow was falling quietly, making it impossible for anyone to approach the building without leaving tracks. We locked ourselves in, carefully examined all the window fastenings, assured ourselves that cellar and cockloft were vacant and inaccessible from outside, built a good fire in the stove, lit our dark lanterns and settled down at some of the pigmy desks to await events. On the wall was a big moon-faced clock, ticking away lustily. There was no other sound for at least two hours, except whispered remarks by the investigators.

One of the more imaginative of these insisted that he saw a bluish, formless vapor hovering in the entry from time to time, but the fact was not sufficiently established to go into the record. Occasionally a large hanging map would flutter and fall back into position with an audible knock of its lower roller against the wall. Once or twice this happened in synchrony with some question addressed to the spirit or spirits and in a manner which over-eager faith might translate into intelligent response. These insignificant "manifestations" could be explained by natural currents of air and accidents of coincidence. After a couple of hours of waiting we became rather tired and sceptical and lit the lamp and began to play euchre and to smoke.

Just before midnight, when we were weary both of cards and of non-appearing ghosts, one of the party stood up and raised his hand for silence. Silence supervened, unbroken as before except by the loud second strokes of the clock on the wall. "If there is any presence here," said the spokesman, seriously and respectfully, "any being or any influence that transcends the laws of nature as we understand them, will it not make itself manifest to us in some way, however trifling?"

Immediately, and as if in answer to this challenge, the clock stopped ticking. Without a quiver the pendulum hung straight after it had swung its arc. There could not have been a more obvious response. It was as if some firm hand had grasped the escapement. The sudden cessation of a regular rhythmic sound to which the ears have become so accustomed that they take it for granted is generally more disturbing than even a violent unexpected noise. The circumstances in this case made the stoppage the more impressive. It happened so suddenly, so pertinently, that for a while we doubted our senses. We had come to have a friendly feeling for that healthy old time-piece. It was something more to us than a recorder of the

slow-going hours. It was a companion which spoke to us in normal language and reassured us with its hearty voice at every succeeding second. You may imagine the looks of bewilderment that were exchanged. For a few moments there was not one of the party who would not have taken oath to the Newburyport ghost.

Then it occurred to somebody to put the teacher's fat dictionary upon the teacher's chair and climb up and examine the interior of the responsive clock. The key was there. The applied key showed that the eight-day works had run down. When the janitor came after day-break, at the end of a night yielding nothing further that is worth mention, he assured us that he had wound the clock only forty-eight hours before; but that this was a mistake the testimony of the key had evinced. I am recounting things as they were. Without much stretching of conscience any one of us could have told a story—and it is human nature to help out the marvellous—that would have added to the ghostly prestige of the schoolhouse. In subsequent experiences I learned how often the artistic suppression of an essential if commonplace fact is responsible for much public amazement. In this case I found sufficient cause for wonder in the coincidence which had made the clock run down at the exact moment of our solemn invocation.

There must be people still living in Newburyport who remember the excitement of 1872 and 1873 and know better than myself the manner in which the affair terminated. Forty-five years later, when passing through the city in an automobile with my friend Judge Bartlett, it was difficult to find anybody who could direct us to the scene of the incident, or who even had heard of it; an illustration of the ephemeral fame of the best authenticated New England ghosts. Finally, a local historian indicated the whereabouts, and it is by his information that I have been able to locate the haunted schoolhouse.

The judge and I went thither, past the church where rest the bones of George Whitefield and the house where William Lloyd Garrison was born; but at the corner of Charles and Purchas Streets we found that the old wooden building with its awful cockloft and its entryway of horror had been replaced by a modern structure for the primary education of the grandchildren of the little ghost-seers in Miss Perkins's school.

II

Somewhat more than a year later the fair-haired schoolboy spectre of Newburyport was supplanted in public esteem by the three hideous occupants of the Garvin house in Springvale in Maine. I went thither from Lewiston. Springvale is a town in the southwestern corner of the State, on the line of what was then the Portland and Rochester railroad, close to the New Hampshire border. The Garvin place was a farm outside the village on a highway leading northward. A group consisting of the one-story house, the shaky barn, and an extraordinary well-sweep stood near the bank of the placid Mousam River; behind the barn, dense pine woods.

This beautifully situated spot had been in bad repute for thirty years or more. Few tenants, especially during the dozen years preceding my visit, had possessed the courage to stay there long. As the tradition ran, an aged woman, remembered as Old Mother York, had lived alone in this house between 1830 and 1840. Her only intimates were two French-Canadian crooks believed to be engaged in smuggling between the upper border and Portland—an industry akin in methods and desperate practices to the frontier bootlegging of to-day. The Canadians would remain at Mother York's for a week at a time and their sojourns generally corresponded with crime waves in the neighborhood. One day a Vermont peddler driving four piebald horses attached to a gaudy cart laden with the

usual miscellaneous stock of wares, including valuables like jewelry and laces and silks as well as choice brandies and cigars—an itinerant merchant of the class to which Jim Fisk belonged when he began business—after a thriving trade at Springvale started out at night in the rain toward Oxford county. By a Springvale lad returning from a squirrel hunt he was seen to turn in at Mrs. York's and take down the bars; the inference being that he sought hostelry for himself and stabling for his team. The peddler was never found afterward. The mystery of his disappearance was heightened by that of Mrs. York herself. Later, it was reported that some frontiersmen near the Canada line had glimpsed a painted wagon, drawn by four calico horses and carrying an old woman and "two dark, Frenchified looking men," driven rapidly toward the boundary. Beyond this, the law made futile efforts to trace the crime.

The story or legend is ordinary enough and unimportant enough except as the origin of a conviction widely entertained in that part of Maine and the adjoining section of New Hampshire that there had been murder in the Garvin place and that this was truly a haunted house. Every recent occupant, as far as I could ascertain, was firmly of that belief. The rent was merely nominal, yet most of the tenants moved out almost as fast as they moved in. A Baptist clergyman had lived there with his family, a Mr. Lord, a Mr. Bodwell, who held out for several years, a Mr. Phillips, and a number of others. With the single exception of the Phillips family, none of these people believed in spiritualism; none had conceivable reason to lie about occurrences in an otherwise comfortable home; yet no one of the dozen or twenty persons who had slept and eaten there varied from the standard tale of supernatural sights and sounds. I interviewed several of them before I spent a night in an attic room under the Garvin roof. Some professed to have seen and heard more than

others; but there was a general uniformity of statement in the descriptions of the phenomena observed.

The three ghosts in supposed possession of the farmhouse were those of the old hag, Mother York, and her two French-Canadian accomplices in the murder of the Vermont peddler; the victim of the crime—if crime there had been—was not of the company. The reported manifestations of spirit presence ranged upward from such playful tricks as the slamming of doors in broad daylight, the door being opened by evident pressure of an invisible thumb upon the thumb-plate of the latch and then shut with a violent bang. Another frolicsome performance of the ghosts was the levitation of the kitchen stove lids. Mrs. Bodwell, an excellent woman, who took no stock in spirits, had been annoyed persistently by this tampering with her prized utensil. A stove lid would be raised from its place as if by the deliberate action of an unseen lifter in an unseen hand. It would be held suspended in mid air for perhaps thirty seconds and then be dropped back to its place turned upside down “like a tossed flapjack,” Mrs. Bodwell explained. Then another stove lid would follow the example of the first, and another until all these iron disks had participated in the uncanny dance.

Noises on the roof were frequent; scratching, clawing noises such as one does not like to hear in the loneliness of the night. There were sounds in the up-stairs rooms as of a shucking and shelling bee stripping corncobs and dashing the kernels on the floor; sounds in the cellar like those of a struggle followed by the thump of a heavy meal-bag or human body; unaccountable midnight illuminations of the house, whether inhabited or vacant at the time. Even the Springvale fire department had learned to pay no attention to red glares showing through the Garvin windows. Now and then the whole house was shaken, as if by an able earthquake. Mr. Lord on two occasions had his bedclothes twitched off the bed on winter nights,

leaving himself and his wife bewildered and shivering. Next morning the blankets and comforters were found piled up neatly in the haymow of the barn.

The superior class of manifestations (from the point of view of adepts in spirit philosophy) comprised spectral apparitions of recognizable faces and forms. It has been mentioned that Mr. Bodwell held his ground longer than any other tenant; to his honesty and veracity, as well as to his endurance, all Springvale testified. Bodwell told of one night when he suddenly awoke to behold a female figure standing near the bed. He took it to be his wife, up to look after an ailing child; but Mrs. Bodwell was sleeping calmly beside him. He aroused her, and what she saw, or thought she saw, shall be told in her own language, as noted in May, 1874:

"It was the ghost of an old woman, with a wizened-up face and a pretty heavy beard—pretty heavy for a woman. She was an ugly looking old crone. She had on a white nightgown, frilled round the neck. The nightgown was long; it covered her feet. She also had on a white nightcap which looked as if it hadn't been washed for weeks. The old witch had her hair done up in blue curl papers. She nodded at us three times and then vanished."

That was the sole occasion when the Bodwells saw or thought they saw the ghost of Mrs. York. The two Canadians never appeared to them. But Mr. Phillips and his wife, with whom I conversed on the subject for at least two hours and who frankly avowed their faith in the possibility of the return of the dead, asseverated that on several nights they had beheld the three spectres assembled at their bedside. One of the ghosts was the woman described by Mrs. Bodwell. The other two were men, both dark; a large, stout and heavy man, if heavy is the word to apply to so imponderable a being, and a younger and smaller companion. The big man carried a club; the little man an open knife; and the old woman

always kept in the background of the group. The impression derived from the talk with the Phillips couple was that whatever they said they believed.

My personal experience of the night in the Garvin house, when I was accompanied by my cousin, Albert G. Page, and a revolver, developed nothing so perplexing as the stopping of the clock at Newburyport. We were away up under the roof. The rain was beating down upon it and the wind was howling. Once I was awakened by sounds overhead that answered to the description given by some of our predecessors; scratching noises as if some supernal or infernal creature was trying to dig through with spectral fingers to get at us in our bed beneath. This manifestation was promptly eliminated the next morning by the discovery of the overlying branch of a big apple-tree almost resting on the roof, its offshoots scraping the shingles as the wind swayed it this way and that.

So the visits of a seriously receptive inquirer to what were two of the most celebrated and best accredited haunted houses in New England during the second half of the last century yielded negative results. I saw or heard nothing that either proved or disproved the occurrences reported by others. It is as illogical to assume that the failure of one person in a given instance to find and see and hear things establishes their non-existence as it is unethical to magnify doubtful things into positive facts in order to bolster a theory or to make a startling story.

III

Supposing that it was in truth an uncharted form of energy, controlled and exercised by an immaterial spirit, that produced such phenomena as the slamming of doors and the uplift of kitchen stove lids and the transfer of heavy bedclothing to the barn haymow at Springvale, or as the stopping of the clock pendulum at Newburyport,

there must be in nature an immeasurable reservoir of unused force available for the practical purposes of living humanity, if the word of command could be discovered to secure the intelligent co-operation of the departed. Could we hook our machinery on to this omnipotent motor there would be no reason for apprehending what may happen after the exhaustion of the world's stock of coal and mineral oil. This would be true whether we follow Sir William Thomson or Sir William Crookes or Nicola Tesla into the vortices of molecular physics or boldly adopt Sir Oliver Lodge's theory of emanations that have got through by means of selective absorption. The mighty aid of the energizing dead would leave small need of manual labor by the surviving.

At a séance in a private house at the South End of Boston I once had a striking illustration of the terrific power latent in the selective absorptions. The medium, to the best of recollection, was one of the Eddys. All the assistants but myself, I think, were convinced beforehand of the verity of these manifestations; and without reservation I was invited to test them. I helped in the tying of the medium. Bound in the customary way to his chair by ankles and wrists, he sat in a cabinet improvised with curtains in one corner of the parlor. The rest of us, except the man at the melodeon, were arranged in a circle, each with crossed hands clasping those of the neighbors at the right and the left. The lights were turned down, there was soft music of the kind supposed to be alluring to spirits, a guitar apparently floated over our heads twanging gently as it floated, and touches were felt on our foreheads and cheeks. After a while, when communication had been perfected, dim hands were seen extending from the closed drapery of the cabinet and rappings bade one after another of the circle to go up and be greeted by some definitely announced visitant from the beyond. It was extremely pathetic to behold a daughter or a widow

fondling and kissing with hysterical emotion the hand she took on faith to be that of a lost mother or husband beloved. Such scenes were, and probably are, common.

My turn came when the raps called for me and made known the presence of a spirit not named or described at first. So crude was the ensuing performance that I am now almost ashamed to tell of it. I inquired if the summons came from so-and-so, mentioning a near relative who was then alive. The answer was cheerfully affirmative. I advanced to the cabinet and in the faint light examined what seemed to be an unusually large hand for a woman's. It allowed itself to be touched, but the fingers played warily about mine as I caressed the warm moist flesh. Suddenly I grasped the wrist with all my strength and held on till it was pulled away with a violent wrench, leaving in my own clutch a crumpled something. At the same instant the guitar whacked the top of my head with a vigor that left a lump there, sore for hours after. The lights were turned on, there was more or less of angry confusion in the assemblage, the melodeon man adjourned the séance on account of hostile conditions, and the opening of the cabinet's curtains disclosed an indignant medium apparently tied up in his chair as securely as ever. The crumpled object which I bore away as the spoils of battle proved to be the remnant of a paper cuff, an article of apparel, like the paper collar, at that time quite common as an economical substitute for linen; yet it had never before been known that this mundane expedient had reached the thrifty in the beyond.

The believers in the return of the dead or in the possibility of communication with the dead have an invariable and perfectly valid answer to every alleged exposure of fraud: a thousand convictions of dishonest practices by mercenary mediums cannot outweigh a single case of indisputable evidence. It only remains for the candid truth-seeker to satisfy himself at first hand by that single

indisputable instance; and in such quests personal experiences greatly differ.

For a long time in Boston, in Lewiston, in New York, and in Philadelphia a considerable, perhaps imprudently disproportionate, part of a slender income was devoted to paid interviews with trance mediums of every grade and class: the direct-action medium who lent her vocal organs to the controlling intelligence and spoke while unconscious with its spirit voice; the writing medium who allowed a supposedly inert hand holding its pencil to be guided by the control; the medium who operated by means of the planchette, the ouija-board of that day; the rapping medium who spelled out the message by means of a code; and the slate-writing medium of the school of the celebrated Doctor Henry Slade.

The purpose of these experiments was simple enough. It was to obtain one doubt-proof communication specific as to a fact that could be known only to the investigator; or, failing in that, to obtain one communication from a superior intelligence that should be incontrovertibly beyond the intellectual powers of the clairvoyant or medium to fabricate.

The results with me were uniformly negative, though sometimes rather amusing. For example, with the aid of a high-priced medium I once got into communication with Herbert Spencer, though Spencer was then very much alive. Ranking high in the psychical department of her profession, the woman was uneducated, although cunning in fence and shrewd in her inferences from the aspect of her clients and the questions they propounded.

Herbert Spencer promptly took the stand, though I have no idea the woman knew who or what the witness was. On being asked if the harmonies of the universal parallelopipedons were co-existent with the absurd tendencies of a defunct realism, the philosopher unhesitatingly replied: "That is probably so." Being further pressed, he

admitted that this general principle might be modified by the revolutions of the moon upon the axis indicated by the great Polyphemus. Asked if it was possible to work out regeneration by means of logarithms, he stated that it was so regarded by the best minds in the spirit world. Asked, further, whether he considered Stella or Vanessa the most representative teacher of his doctrines as to organic and social evolution, Mr. Spencer replied with impartiality: "Sometimes I think Stella, sometimes Vanessa."

Another medium, whose specialty was medical advice, the consulting authority being the venerated Doctor Benjamin Rush, professor of theory and practice in the Philadelphia Medical College until his death in 1813, informed me that the trouble with my eyes was in the optic nerve. "What is the optic nerve?" Doctor Rush was asked. "Well, you see," he explained through his spokeswoman, "the optic nerve starts at the bottom of the eyeball, comes down here [pointing to the region of the sternum], and joins the mucous membrane."

There is no mystery of spiritualism more baffling than the naïve acceptance by respectable intellects of any commonplace outgiving labelled from beyond. I am not referring to such balderdash as the foregoing, nor again to the faiths which bereavement has led that way. The belief that is a precious consolation calls for discriminating sympathy, whether accompanied or not by concurrence. But what shall be said of cases like that of Luther R. Marsh, a once rather distinguished public official, who believed that he had conversed through a medium with the patriarchs and major and minor prophets from Adam to Malachi, and who published about forty years ago the record of all these interviews, not only as a triumphant vindication of the truth of spiritualism but also as a welcome confirmation of Bible truth?

Mr. Marsh's "Conversations with the Chief Charac-

ters of the Bible" were had through the "medial power" of Clarissa J. Huyler, at a suggestion which he believed came from the spirit world and on a promise from the same source that there should be no refusal to appear. One hundred and three Biblical spirits answered the summons and talked freely, evading no question from their interrogator. The examination covered ninety days. A shorthand writer took down the words. The complete record, published by Mr. Marsh in 1889, forms one of the most astounding documents in print. It is proper to add that Mrs. Huyler, according to Mr. Marsh, not only heard the utterances of the Bible people but saw them distinctly as they appeared to her. She retained a distinct impression of their presence, voices, manners, and individualities—"a portrait of each spirit, a treasure house of acquaintances which, I presume, has no parallel in the world." "After the feeling," he continues, "partaking somewhat of awe, had subsided, through familiarity, I could put my questions to better advantage and converse with them as with friends in earth life." A few specimens:

Adam is describing his experiences after the expulsion from Eden:

Hand in hand we explored the surrounding fields and valleys, returning at night laden with fruits that we had gathered. Gentle, uncomplaining Eve endeavored to appear happy, yet I know she sighed for the garden and mourned for the companionship of the mute friends she was wont to pet. Ofttimes, as she gazed upon the treetops, her eyes humid with unshed tears, I knew she mourned the loss of her feathered songsters.

Cain's wife, who announced her name as Geeloh, was catechised by Mr. Marsh as follows:

Q. And when Cain, a stranger, came into your father's camp, you must have been surprised and wondered where he came from?

A. Yes, we *were* surprised; my father somewhat alarmed until he learned the young man was alone.

Q. You knew that Cain's father and mother lived at a distance, but you never visited them, I believe?

A. Cain informed me of his father and mother, but the distance was great, and he never expressed a desire to return to the home of his parents.

Canaan testified that when he passed through Egypt he "saw obelisks; the workmanship on the fronts of building showed great skill. Some had fluted columns supporting the arches."

Manoah's wife gave a picture of the infant Samson's vigor and explained that she obeyed the angel and "abstained from drinks" during the period of gestation. Manoah was called and supported his wife's testimony like a gentleman and loyal husband:

Q. Although I have put such inquiries to your wife as occurred to me, I should be sorry to leave you out of the portrait gallery. Do you concur in her statement?

A. I will only say, I am pleased and honored to confirm what my wife has said to you concerning our son.

Nebuchadnezzar referred thus to his days of pasturage:

Yes, in partially lucid intervals, as I looked back upon the high position I had held, I felt the humbled condition I was in, falling from manhood to cattlehood.

Zechariah announced his first return to earth in the polite formula generally employed by eminent foreigners when interviewed at quarantine:

Q. This must be a very interesting experience to you?

A. Both interesting and pleasant.

Personally I never knew Mr. Marsh, but have always entertained considerable respect for him on account of

the courage of his illusions. His published report of the Huyler communications shines with sincerity, though it is not noticeably illuminated by discernment.

In marked contrast with the Marsh case was that of the late James H. Hyslop in his relation to the spirit of Professor Hugo Muensterberg, speaking and writing by the mediumship of Mrs. Chenoweth. This lady had become almost as famous as Mrs. Piper for her reintroductions of personages of distinction. The mental habits she manifested were as superior to those of Clarissa Huyler as her general information and command of the language of psychology were broader and surer. Mr. Hyslop, on the other hand, was a psychical researcher who managed in his many investigations to preserve the semblance of scientific caution and judicial attitude, however eager he may have been for sensational positive results.

When a stroke of apoplexy ended the life of Professor Muensterberg while he was lecturing to a class at Cambridge, Mrs. Chenoweth, who lived just across the Charles River, "spoke rather deprecatingly about the prospect of his communicating," and Mr. Hyslop, as he related afterward, was surprised and disappointed because "his coming interrupted the work with Mark Twain, as I desired to finish with him before I opened the way to any one else." Nevertheless, the door was not shut in Muensterberg's face. The séances went on by subliminal utterances and automatic writing for eight days, with increasing momentum and rapidly improving facility. The Harvard professor had been a disbeliever in the return of the dead. He had been the one to expose the fraudulent practices of Eusapia Palladino, the favorite psychic of Lombroso, by grabbing and holding the lady's heel when it was enacting the part of an ectoplasic protrusion. Hyslop had charitably insisted that hysteria and not trickery should explain the incident. Muensterberg's opinions of Hyslop's methods and credulity had been somewhat contemptu-

ously expressed. So the surviving investigator was evidently delighted when he heard from the other side through Mrs. Chenoweth a frank admission that he, Muensterberg, had been wrong about spiritistic phenomena, while he, Hyslop, had seen clearly all along.

On the eighth day Professor Muensterberg undertook to describe his sensations at the time of his sudden death in the classroom. The medium had already pictured him as wearing in the spirit land "a sort of gray trousers, dark gray, with a black stripe in them." Automatic writing produced this statement:

In that first few minutes when consternation and surprise fell on my boys, I knew that consciousness survived death and I was interested, so interested in the experience that the bitterness of separation never entered my mind. I simply accepted the fact that I had survived.

Now, the fact is that Professor Muensterberg died, not in the presence of one of his Harvard classes of young men, but before his class of young women in Radcliffe. Mr. Hyslop bravely attempted to mend the fatal break by supposing "a lapse of memory or an aphasic condition for the moment." But that this theory did not satisfy even Hyslop is apparent from his next question, sprung without warning in a language Mrs. Chenoweth could not understand.

"Kann ich etwas fragen?"

Pause in the automatic writing and the question is repeated:

"Kann ich etwas fragen?"

Then a long pause, after which the pencil begins again but still in English:

"I understand you but I will not attempt the answer as I wish, but will give the experimental work soon if I am allowed to come later."

Hyslop persisted: "My plan is to have you come again next season and I would not object to a present answer in English if you like."

"I understand by that that this is my last appearance this year?"

"Yes, I want Mark Twain to finish."

Thus peremptorily was the witness ordered off the stand. The medium came out of her trance and complained of headache. Mr. Hyslop explained that the loss of control "was not necessarily due to the question being in German, but to its interrupting the thread of thought in his [Muensterberg's] mind, thus relaxing the stress of attention on his part necessary to keep his hold on the organism." In other words, the mental processes of the German scholar, fluent and precise up to that very moment, were knocked silly when he was asked in his own language whether something else might be asked of him! And yet Hyslop continued to believe. He summed up the situation in these incredible words: "I therefore accept the genuineness of much that comes from Professor Muensterberg, though I cannot maintain its superficially evidential nature."

It is well, accordingly, to look quite as sharply at the mental equipment as at the psychic qualities of the paid instrument of far-flung thoughts. If the medium happens to be unaware that Professor Muensterberg was stricken down in a Radcliffe and not a Harvard classroom, the Muensterberg spirit locates his own demise in the wrong place. If the medium does not know that Egyptian constructions in the time of Canaan had no arches, Canaan does not know it and cheerfully supplies arches. If the topographical and sentimental imagination of the medium is limited to Clarissa Huyler's measurement, the patriarchs, prophets, and poets of the Holy Scriptures describe scenery and persons and emotions with the same pauper vocabulary. If the medium has never heard of Herbert

Spencer and does not understand the meaning of difficult words, Herbert Spencer assents eagerly to the most farcical propositions submitted to him.

I never myself found a single case where the reply or the volunteered communication was not limited by the possible knowledge or manifest intelligence of the mundane intellect supervening. And hearsay or second-hand evidence I was never prepared to accept from any source, however respectable.

IV

A bank president who was also the president of one of the railroads later absorbed by the Pennsylvania system wrote privately to *The Sun* in 1881 that his house in Philadelphia was the scene of nightly occurrences far transcending in importance and convincing quality anything that was said to have been produced at Chittenden or elsewhere. I gladly accepted an invitation to be a witness.

This gentleman shall be called Mr. Kent for the excellent reason that Kent was not his name. His home was one of the demurely aristocratic mansions in the neighborhood of Rittenhouse Square. Even the front portal bespoke affluence and tranquillity. Personally Mr. Kent was of a type by no means so uncommon as might be supposed: in the affairs of this world a hard-headed man of business, conservative, cautious in gauging human character and financial proposals, a capitalist-contractor whose presence on any board of direction would be deemed a guarantee of prudent management; yet spending nearly half his life in another strange world where banjos played and bells rung without human hands, where ghostly arms were stretched forth from behind curtains, and dim forms belonging to every age of history met him face to face—all this, at least, to his honest and eager belief.

Mr. Kent told me that he devoted from \$10,000 to

\$12,000 yearly to the exploration of the unknown, and had been amply rewarded. There were always from one to four salaried mediums living with him in the house, sometimes staying for months when satisfactory. Of course, he had detected many of these people in imposture and had accumulated a considerable black list; but he estimated roughly that not more than 35 per cent. of his professional guests had turned out to be frauds. The three mediums I was to meet at dinner were positively above suspicion.

Before that meal my host showed me his Old Masters. They were distributed through the house, in living-rooms, bedrooms, and halls: a Raphael, a Titian, several Guidos—I remember not what besides. Mr. Kent would pause before a favorite canvas, as John G. Johnson or Henry C. Frick might have done, and gravely announce its provenance in some such fashion as this: "Daniel in the Lions' Den, by Carpaccio; notice the left-hand lion; painted here in 1878 by inspiration." The quiddity of these pictures ranged from common-grade gallery copyists' work down to the indescribable daub. I was able to tell Mr. Kent with entire truth that I had never seen anything like his wonderful collection. He proudly led me to the latest acquisition, a still unfinished Corot upon an easel. It was a slobgillion mass of light greens and might have been painted from a lettuce and cucumber salad. "Slow process," the owner remarked, "when a spirit artist has not yet gained the habit of control." Mr. Kent thought it might be months before the Corot was finished. He informed me that I was about to have the pleasure of meeting the instrument used by Corot.

The instrument proved to be a seedy-looking young man who smoked Mr. Kent's cigarettes incessantly and watched me furtively. The two other professionals at the dinner-table were a fat matron of fifty or sixty, introduced as without an equal for materializations, and her

married daughter, a rather pretty young woman said to be of rare promise in the flower and modelling line. The mediums lived like princes and princesses as Mr. Kent's guests. His establishment was the happy hunting-ground of the charlatans, the test mediums, the healing mediums, the fine-art instruments, the physical-manifestation people, the rappers, the rope-untiers, the clairvoyants, the controlled of every sort, male and female, old and young. They fastened themselves to him whenever they got a chance and stuck like leeches until detected in some too obvious trick of the trade. Then he talked to them like a grieved parent, sent them off with a generous honorarium, and welcomed the next comers. You could hardly have helped liking the old fellow for the magnificent courtesy with which he treated the shabbiest humbug of the lot.

There was a small extension-room separated by portières from the library, and this served as the cabinet. We sat around awhile, and the younger woman played soft music on the piano. Mr. Kent was playing backgammon with Corot's understudy. Little attention was paid by anybody to the sharp fusillade of raps or detonations, apparently in the ceiling, in the partition walls, all over the furniture, and underneath the floor.

"They are playful to-night," said Mr. Kent, looking up from his backgammon-board.

"Yes," said the elder woman, "they are fond of Mr. Kent. They hover around him always. Sometimes when my inner vision is clear I see the air full of their beautiful forms, following him wherever he goes. They love and reward him for his great interest in the truth."

Mr. Kent suggested that it was time to try conditions for my benefit. We escorted the lady to the cabinet and I helped him tie her to the chair in the usual way. The little room was shallow without window or door. We went back to our seats, the lights were turned down but not

quite out, and the daughter at the piano began to sing "Coming through the Rye," in a low voice and slow time. In a few minutes hands and vague white faces were shown through the opening of the portière. A lily tossed half-way toward us fell upon the carpet. The pianist continued her renderings of Scottish airs. Presently there emerged a full-length figure in a cloud of white.

"It is Queen Mary," whispered the pianist.

"Yes, it is the queen," Mr. Kent whispered back. "I wonder if she would permit a stranger to approach."

The figure withdrew and reappeared several times. Then it advanced a yard or more into the room and courtesied. Mr. Kent, in a reverent tone repeated his question. It was answered by a slight inclination of the head. For perhaps ten seconds I stood face to face with the queen. She allowed my hand to rest lightly on one of the folds of muslin that draped her unexpectedly obese form. She handed me a white rose. Her face was so near mine for an instant that even in the dim light I could see her eyes shining through the eyeholes of her expressionless doll face of papier-mâché.

The impulse to seize Mary and tear off the ridiculous mask was almost irresistible but was resisted. Not only was I there as a guest, but it would have profited nobody, least of all Mr. Kent. The exposure would merely have created a temporary vacancy in his staff. I must have half-raised my hands, however, for the queen took fright and disappeared behind the curtains.

The face of the shrewd banker and railroad-builder was glowing with satisfaction. "It was unusual," he said. "So beautiful and so gracious!"

V

About the time of the centennial of national independence there flourished in the neighborhood of the Madison Square Garden a semi-Bohemian sodality which considered

itself a partly worthy successor of the famous crowd at Pfaff's. Its terrain extended as far north as Thirty-fourth Street and southward to the fateful corner mansion wherein Madame Ronalds had once startled New York society with her tiara of gas-jets, fed with hydrogen from a concealed tank beyond the proper field for investigation. This yellowed little note serves to recall the personnel of the neo-Pfaffians:

DEAR MITCHELL: I came home today. Come around about 9 P. M. and play—well, the old game.

LOGAN.

New York, August 29, 1878.

There were two Southerners in the Madison Square group of friends, both loyal alumni of Mr. Jefferson's university at Charlottesville, and both long since dead: John L. Logan, a nephew of the statesman orator John Randolph Tucker and a law pupil of Judge Roger A. Pryor, fiery journalist, Confederate brigadier, duellist, and tall jurist, who used to flash his wit upon us now and then; and Virginius Dabney, sweet-souled gentleman and scholar, who adored the cornet and with the help of the big bassoon of his banker-friend, Joseph Wilhelm Drexel, used to disturb the atmosphere around Madison Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street with sonorous melody. Dabney published a novel called "Don Miff: A Symphony of Life," which does not deserve to be forgotten. Henri Murger would have been charmed with it. The Sterne-like chapters of the narrative of love were accompanied by musical scores illustrating the text and constituting the symphony. There was Tom Calvert, an Englishman of fastidious literary taste in the school of Walter Pater; he was afterward for many years the editor of the *Portland Argus*. There was Wales, powerful and promising as a cartoonist while he lived; his pictures signed "J. A. W."

were mordant in politics in the days of Blaine. Incidentally there would sometimes appear with Wales a modest boy caricaturist, one Fred Opper, whose little people in black and white have been charged for nearly fifty years with perhaps more real laughing humor than the creatures of any other artist of his kind; and he is at it yet, though I have never seen him since. There was Bob Johnson, a young importer of drugs, who spent laborious days and nights in perfecting a ready-made mustard plaster, and afterward became the head of one of the foremost pharmaceutical concerns in the world; I shall have to speak of Johnson again when we go to Europe together for the first time, in 1878. Now and then Louis F. Post sat in, beaming benignantly through his spectacles as he talked primitive socialism and single tax and emptied mug after mug, either at some table on the Hoboken Heights or at the nearer repository of malt refreshment which was styled "Mr. Push's" because of the sign upon the swinging door.

Last, but by no means least, was our great Cragg, tallest and handsomest of the lot, a Baltimorean and cosmopolitan equally at home on Fifth Avenue and the Boulevard des Capucines, the chief patron of old Moretti's, at the Sign of the Pasta, Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue, up-stairs. Externally, in dignity and suavity of manner Cragg might have been the first secretary of an important embassy or legation; in his inwards he was like a big-hearted, clumsy boy of twelve or fourteen. His main occupation was to be plaintiff in a lawsuit that involved a considerable inheritance. His counsel were the members of one of the most eminent law firms in New York. I never understood the case, and Cragg never understood it himself; but in order to comprehend its legal aspects he decided to take a course under Professor Theodore Dwight of the Columbia Law School. It was characteristic of Cragg that he should attend the lectures

faithfully and take notes copiously without getting any better acquainted with his own case.

One day this client was invited to a reception at the residence of the senior partner of the firm representing him in the protracted litigation. He came away profoundly dejected. A daughter of the family, it seemed, had remarked to him pleasantly: "I hear you are studying to be a lawyer, Mr. Cragg."

"What do you suppose I said to her?" Cragg asked me. "I made my best bow and said: 'Yes, Miss —, every gentleman should understand the law, though of course no gentleman can practise it.' Think of it! To the daughter of that finest of gentlemen! I got out as soon as I could and leaned against the post at the foot of the front steps and wept—yes, wept."

I am aware there was nothing especially occult about the circle of friends here mentioned except that sometimes there impinged on its periphery on poker evenings a young law clerk named William Q. Judge, a smooth-spoken person with contemplative eyes in which lurked both professional sagacity and somewhat of Oriental craftiness. He came as an acquaintance of Johnny Logan's. I was sure that Judge would have understood poor Cragg's law case. He never talked shop but was accustomed between poker hands to dilate upon the inner mysteries of a strange new cult he styled Theosophy. We tolerated his dissertations and used to call him both The Rosicrucian and The Adept, the latter title in compliment to his undoubted skill at the game.

In Judge's subsequent career the value of this combination of poker nerve with fluent mystic utterance was illustrated in the memorable triangular struggle in London in 1891 for domination in the Theosophical Society after the death of the celebrated Madame Blavatsky. Colonel Olcott, the nominal president, was in India. Mrs. Annie Besant was in some ways indicated to the

faithful as the logical successor of the Priestess of Isis. William Q. Judge was vice-president of the world organization and head of its powerful American branch. At the news of the hierophant's demise Judge promptly cabled to the Esoteric Section Council in London: "Do nothing till I come." That pronunciamento was purely personal; but he rushed across the Atlantic, appeared in the council at the critical moment, knocked Olcott out of the running, and clinched his own self-asserted supremacy by precipitating into the hands of the astonished Mrs. Besant a peremptory message on rice-paper from the Mahatma in the Desert of Gobi, stamped with the seal of the master and bearing in red pencil the words "Judge's plan is right." There was no questioning that mandate. It was as if into a presidential convention at Baltimore or San Francisco or New York, deadlocked as between three leading candidates, there should flutter down a message in the well-known script of the Father of his Country, or of some authority no delegate dare disobey, decreeing the nomination of this, that, or the other.

True, there were experts who pretended to discover a marked similarity between the handwriting of the Tibetan Mahatma Koot Hoomi or Mahatma Morya, whichever it was, and the handwriting of Judge; and there were psychical researchers who declared that the carbon-black impression authenticating the message was from a seal which Olcott had had engraved in the Punjab and given to Blavatsky, from whose belongings it had mysteriously disappeared. At any rate, Judge worked the Mahatmas for all they were worth to discredit Olcott. In spite of factional attacks his power increased and his knowledge climbed higher and higher, or perhaps more properly sank deeper and deeper, in the mysteries of the cult. His "Ocean of Theosophy" is as comprehensive if not quite so intelligible as Herman Melville's treatise on the physi-

ology and psychology of the whale in "Moby Dick." It ranks almost with Madame Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled" as a guide-book to Tibet. And Judge's coup in 1891 was nothing short of Napoleonic in conception and execution. Nevertheless, miracle-worker though he was, I find occasional food for vanity in the recollection that at the end of one session at least of the Esoteric Inner Council of a nameless organization near Madison Square my stack of red chips was taller than William Q. Judge's.

It was not through Judge, however, but through Colonel Henry Steele Olcott that I came to have personal acquaintance with Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. Olcott was an old friend of Dana's. He had been a lawyer, a writer for the *Tribune*, and a war worker of meritorious achievement during the civil struggle. He was a gentleman, incapable of any deception but self-deception; as honest as daylight and as gullible as a goose. In a moment of candor Blavatsky herself once described him as "a psychologized baby." He actually thought he was laboring for humanity. There is a picture, rather pathetic, of his sadly twisted mentality in this letter of his from India:

DEAR MR. DANA: A great injustice having been done us by *The Sun's* publishing (May 31) a letter from a missionary of this place, I ask your attention to the statement made by me in *The Theosophist* for July. My character has not changed since we worked together in the *Tribune* and the War Office, and I had your full confidence. Do me justice, then. I am working here for the Asiatics as I worked for our Gov't—day and night, with all my strength. And I get no pay for it.

Faithfully yours, H. S. OLcott.
Bombay, Sept. 9, '82.

Not long before I first met him, Colonel Olcott had been to Vermont to "investigate" the Eddys. He returned perfectly convinced of the truth of the manifestations and wrote a book about them called "People from the

Other World." Levitation, in particular, was a hobby of his. He used to come up to *The Sun* and tell us how one of the Eddys had floated out of a window for a distance of three miles, landing safely on a mountain. He argued earnestly with Frank Church and myself that such a feat was possible for any one having confidence in the fidelity of the spirit guardians. We used to offer to go with him to the top of the tall tower of the *Tribune* building and levitate one after the other down into Printing House Square, he leading and we promising on honor to follow when we had seen him reach the pavement without fracture. Then he would change the subject to theosophy and the continual receipt of missives instantaneously transmitted from the mother lamasery or cave in Tibet to Madame Blavatsky and himself in New York. I have before me now a cryptic message addressed inside "To the Hon. Henry H. Markham, Governor of California, Sacramento," reading:

SIR: Crispi—12—13—94—Anaxagoras—Peloubet. On receipt kindly mail this sheet back to the Editor of *The Sun*, New York City.

And marked on the outside of the envelope:

By Mahatma Delivery; kindness of Col. H. S. Olcott.

I engaged to join his Theosophical Society if he would either read the message or cause it to be read without opening the envelope, or successfully transmit it by the aerial route to the unknown person to whom it was addressed inside. The colonel rather reluctantly undertook to ask Madame Blavatsky to have it forwarded, but returned the letter unbroken soon after, saying that the test was unnecessary and might even be considered insulting by the masters. We were good friends till he went

to India, where the crushing exposure by Hodgson of Blavatsky's crude trickeries, and the confessions of her accomplices, the Coulombs, occurred in 1885. Hodgson went out hungry for Oriental marvels but returned to London disgusted with the cheap claptrap he found in the "Occult Room" at Adyar, in the environs of Madras; but the revelations of fraud never touched Olcott's integrity. He was the psychologized baby to the end.

"An Extraordinary Wedding" was the title of a yarn printed in the Sunday edition of *The Sun* early in 1878. The story was of a double materialization in broad daylight. From the breast of an ignorant Scotch serving-maid, a powerful but unwilling medium, there issued, first, a young gentleman, evidently an Englishman or American, and afterward a lady of queenly carriage and wonderful beauty. The man spirit led the woman spirit up to a clergyman who happened to be present and asked that a marriage ceremony be performed. The dazed minister complied and pronounced them man and wife:

"God forgive me," he added, "for the sacrilege of this act." One by one we passed up to take the bridegroom's hand and salute the bride. His hand was like the hand of a marble statue, but a radiant smile brightened his face. At a whispered suggestion from him, she bent her regal head and allowed each of us to kiss her cheek. It was soft and bloodwarm.

When Dr. Cutler saluted her she smiled for the first time, and with a rapid, graceful movement detached from her black hair a great pearl and put it in his hand. He gazed at it a moment and then on a sudden impulse flung it into the open grate. In the hot blaze Dr. Cutler's wedding fee whitened, calcined, crumbled, and disappeared.

The couple then blended into shadowy vapor and faded away, reabsorbed in the bosom of Jenny McGraw. It was learned afterward that a man, crazy with love for a

woman who had died nineteen centuries before, had shot himself before Hans Makart's picture of Cleopatra's barge in the Imperial Gallery in Vienna. It would be hard to imagine an extravaganza less likely to inspire in Madame Blavatsky's mind the idea that here was promising material for a chela. Yet she had the faithful Olcott find out who wrote the story of the extraordinary wedding and invited me to come and see her.

The hierophant-priestess was then keeping house in a modest flat above a saloon at the southeast corner of Eighth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. A Chinese servant ushered me into her presence. Although it was late in the afternoon, Madame Blavatsky wore on her massive person a garment which I suppose would have been described as a Mother Hubbard. The dressing-gown was spotted in places with marks of not too careful eating, and was worn untidily. On her stockingless feet were slouchy woollen slippers. The hands were pudgy, with several conspicuous rings, one of them an intaglio half as long as the finger; she was engaged in crochet work. Her frizzly, scanty, neutral-grayish hair could have had no attention since she left her bed. The face was heavy, of the flat Kalmuck type; snub nose; small, lazy, almost imperceptibly oblique eyes half-open; faint eyebrows, puffy underlids, wide mouth, and mountainous double chin. The whole appearance of this sixty-year-old woman of strange genius was physically unattractive and slovenly in the extreme as to attire.

When Madame Blavatsky began to talk her previously torpid countenance showed some signs of animation. Her voice was not unmusical, conveying well-chosen words of perfectly good English. Presently she rang for tea. The Chinaman brought in a lacquered tray with lovely translucent rice-grain saucers and cups containing a pale straw-colored beverage of delicate fragrance and flavor quite new to my nostrils and palate. I spoke of its excellence

and she seemed pleased. "There is no better in Asia," she said, "and none who prepares it more sapiently than this man."

She asked if I did not know Mr. Judge. I told her I did, but very slightly. Then she went on to speak of Colonel Olcott's wisdom and devotion in terms that would have brought a blush to the cheeks behind that gentleman's patriarchal beard, could he have heard them. She mentioned the names of three or four well-known New Yorkers whom she expected to adhere to her Arya Somaj. She inquired about the metropolitan newspapers, their management, their attitude toward philosophical or theological innovations, and the idiosyncrasies of their proprietors; whether Dana, for example, had been a Swedenborgian and whether it was true that he was influenced by strong friendship for certain Roman Catholic prelates; this in the most casual manner and without ostentation of curiosity. I was sure now that she was a very clever woman, but cannot say the cucumber yielded much sunbeam.

During this conversation Madame Blavatsky stopped short in the middle of a sentence and clutched with one of her hands at the air over her head as if she was trying to catch a mosquito. The fat palm, when opened, produced a morsel of twisted flimsy. She unrolled the paper, scrutinized it, and tossed it into a basket on the floor as indifferently as if it had been a dinner-postponement telegram brought by a Western Union boy.

"Pardon," she said, "it is a message from the master in the Gobi oasis." And she calmly resumed the conversation.

I saw her only once again before she departed for India. She honored me, however, with several long epistles—always provided with a postage-stamp and forwarded by Uncle Sam's service—confiding her thoughts about the troubled ocean of theosophical politics. What she

seemed to fear most and hate most fiercely was the opposition of the Jesuit fathers:

302 West 47th street, October 25, 1878.

E. P. MITCHELL, ESQ.

My dear Sir: I hope that *The Sun* will prove just and fair in every case and will give even the Devil his due. Once that you have quoted from and commented upon the disgusting, infamously lying paragraph published against the Arya Somaj in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of October 9 I would humbly advise you to turn to the number of the same paper of the 11th instant and find therein an answer to the sensation or rather to the cowardly insinuation. This answer was sent in by one of our English Theosophists who, as you will see, proclaims his allegiance to the Arya Somaj publicly. . . . The writer of the first paragraph (October 8th) is an old member of the Society of Jesus who got into our brotherhood by cunning and craft and now turns a traitor as every Jesuit is bound to be, and he who answers is a well known barrister in London, the son of a member of Parliament and highly respected in the best circles of English society.

If you want a *sensation*, better ask Olcott to come and see you. There's a grand conspiracy against us. . . . You will find Jesuits trying to pull down Arya Somaj, theosophy and all, and getting knocked on their heads for the trouble. An ex-Jesuit, pretending to have been excommunicated, gets inside our fold, betrays us, is ignominiously turned out by our Council and now swears *revenge*. I have his letter. But he will lose his time for nothing. The Arya Somaj is *not a secret body*. You may read what it is in the *Nineteenth Century* of September last—an article by Professor Monier Williams, who knows our Swamee Dya Saraswati *personally* and can tell the world—bigoted Christian as he is—whether the Arya Somaj is not the noblest Society in the world.

At all events, remember, dear Sir, that the Theos. Soc. has spread itself over the whole globe; that we have thousands of members in America and Europe, and over one million in India who belong both to the A. S. and the Theos. Soc.; that it includes the highest personages among its members—aye, some of them closely connected with Royal and Imperial families; that it is a purely religious and reformatory society having nothing to do with the politics whatever; and as such having

naught to fear either from the Indian Govt. or the whole Scotland Yard. And above all know, my dear Mr. Mitchell, and bear in mind that however ridiculed, tabooed, slandered and persecuted—every true theosophist is ready to lay down his very life for the Arya Somaj and its chiefs and die a thousand deaths in its defence.

Yours respectfully and truly,
H. P. BLAVATSKY.

This woman was wonderful as an organizer, and strong in her hold on minds once persuaded. That is shown by the later chapters in her adventurous career and by the persistence of her doctrines even to the present day. She deserves to be ranked with Paracelsus or Jacob Boehme or Cagliostro just as surely as Catharine or Elizabeth ranked with the great monarchs of the other sex. I never knew or cared whether there was truth in the story that Madame Blavatsky was or had been a spy of the Russian police. She certainly would have been priceless as a secret agent in any service.

VI

Fifteen days after Mr. Dana's death, in October, 1897, a communication alleged to be from him was received at a séance of the "light circle" kind, held at the house of one Pierre Keeler in Washington. There was present, I think, no sceptic. Among the believers in the circle was Mr. W. H. Burr, a reputable newspaper correspondent whose acquaintance with the editor of *The Sun* had covered years and who had occasionally written editorials for the paper. There is no reason to doubt his good faith in the matter. He believed that Dana's spirit came to the Keeler house and addressed to him, Burr, a brief friendly note of reassurance. He reported the event in the paper called *The Progressive Thinker* and it was through him that the original pencilled message came into my possession at the time.

In & Bro
There is or in bath
in in in the Sun
or under no
John A. Dana

THE ALLEGED MESSAGE TO BURR

This was the communication there reported to have been written by a materialized hand upon a pad held with both hands upon the shoulder of the lady sitting as medium:

Sir & Bro This is so whether it is *in the Sun* or *under it*
CHAS A. DANA

The three words here italicized were underscored in the manuscript. The phrase "If you see it in *The Sun* it's so," was a familiar catchword of advertising then. If unknown to the medium, it might have been impressed upon her mind by thought transference from Burr's mind. The wording is faintly characteristic of the reputed author. The handwriting, by a stretch of the imagination, might be regarded as something like his when alive, making generous allowance for awkwardness of position, for imperfection of control, and for the inexperience of a first effort to break through.

Together with this facsimile reproduction of the message is shown a note of Mr. Dana's scribbled hastily in pencil not long before his death. Superficially dissimilar as the two scripts may seem, I can see how an expert in chiropgraphy might find points of resemblance. The capital "A" in the spirit signature might readily pass for his; in a degree, also, the "C" and the "D," the little "or" in the corner, and certain other not easily definable peculiarities of slant and swing in the small letters. With an almost daily familiarity with his writing during many years, if there were reasonable confirmatory evidence as to the paper's origin, I fancy I should have hesitated to go on the stand and swear that Dana could not have written it under cramped conditions or, say, in the dark; and this but for two things:

First, knowing well his habits as an editor, I could have testified that he never would have italicized the word *Sun* without likewise italicizing and capitalizing the word *The*, which he invariably treated as an integral part of the name of that newspaper.

Secondly, the communication is signed "Chas A. Dana," and the intention to shorten "Charles" into "Chas" plainly shown. In twenty-five years I saw thousands of Mr. Dana's signatures, but I never saw a signature of his with the "Charles" abbreviated, except when abbreviated to the simple initial "C." I should have regarded him as no more capable, either on earth or in heaven, of writing himself "Chas." than of writing "I aint never done it."

VII

How slender an unnoticed circumstance, how small an undiscovered flaw, sometimes demolishes an otherwise perfect case! The results for me of intercourse with the occult were always negative and the interest turned soon to the quest of the flaw. Many far abler observers have

Friday evening
My dear Mitchell
Please tell
the girls to let us
in the Crystal Room
Yrs
C. A. D.

A SCRIBBLED NOTE OF MR. DANA'S

found in nature's immeasurable unused forces the factors of a new belief. Barring the puzzles of prestidigitation that are as unnecessary to understand as the methods of an honest conjurer's tricks, I have found nothing that strange coincidence could not explain. Predisposition to

believe makes it easy to accept as evidence some wonder which has received from outside a jog prompted either by mercenary reasons or by the almost universal tendency to help out the mysterious; or, again, by an impish desire to mystify. There is, in illustration, the coincidence of Harry Houdini's Christmas card.

A few years ago I was departing in December on an ocean steamer. At the office, on the way to the ship, I found several letters by the latest mail, and hastily opened them and put them in my pocket to take aboard. The captain was an old friend, with whom I had sailed several times. I sat with him at table and had the freedom of his cabin. He was and is a fine, intelligent seaman with the sailor's joy in the incredible and perhaps a trace of sailor superstition.

A day or two out, up in the captain's room, he began of his own account to talk of Houdini. He regarded that magician as the superior of either of the Herrmanns, of Heller, of Keller, of any of the other great workers of marvels. Somebody had been telling the captain of things done by Houdini which seemed well over the border of the natural. He was enthusiastic on the subject and when he had related a number of wonders reported to him he asked me if I knew Houdini or had heard anything further of his extraordinary performances.

Then I remembered the Christmas card in my pocket. It was fished out and handed to the captain:

GREETINGS FROM HARRY HOUDINI.

That was all. We both thought it a mildly interesting coincidence that the card should turn up just at that moment. Yet I know—as well as I know that three and three make six, or that I am personally incapable of reckoning a ship's position from the sun's altitude—that

if I had professed ignorance of Houdini and kept silent about the card and slipped it slyly beneath the captain's plate before he came down to the dining-saloon, he might have been convinced and have believed for a lifetime that Houdini had projected the greeting across half a thousand miles of salt water in recognition of the complimentary opinion of that accomplished artist's powers which he, the captain, had been expressing only a few minutes before.

CHAPTER VII

DANA AND HIS PEOPLE

I

THREE things I learned speedily in that little corner room of the ancient Tammany Hall building which was afterward to become so familiar to me—indeed, my very abiding-place for many years. First, the Dana of my previous imaginings was a composite of many persons. Secondly, his own part in the composite was its most important part, making absolutely just the general recognition of him as the most interesting personality in the profession. Thirdly, his leadership had attracted and held a very remarkable staff of associates, all devoted to him, all sharing his faith in the literary discernment of the general public, as something never to be underestimated or written down to. The will and the power were with him to make himself obeyed, but who in that office ever dreamed of disobeying? “Discipline” was a remote, abstract term; loyalty the determinant. “I never knew,” said Julian Ralph, “a person in his employ who quarrelled with him or bore him a grudge or did not like him.” He had, wrote Mayo Hazeltine, “a benignity, a generosity, and an acute sense of justice which only those nearest to him could thoroughly appreciate.” “I once knew a man,” said another, “who worked for Mr. Dana and whenever he spoke of the veteran editor there were tears in his eyes.” That is a practical, hydraulic comment on Eugene Field’s verses.

The strangers within the gates invariably got the same impression of Dana’s personality that was derived from daily intercourse. I remember once introducing a friend

of mine, a New York lawyer who was one of the quickest percipients of character I ever knew. Till that day he had regarded Dana somewhat as an offensive and malicious blend of Aaron Burr and Beelzebub. When the editor died, this gentleman wrote me: "I have never forgotten the glimpse of Mr. Dana you gave me. On that summer morning I dropped my blinders not only as to him, but as to other men that are known only through the distorting glass of public comment. It's a great thing to understand, if only a little, great men." I could give a dozen similar instances of prompt reversal of opinion at the first personal contact.

So perhaps I may try to describe the personnel of the early *Sun*, apart from its principal figure.

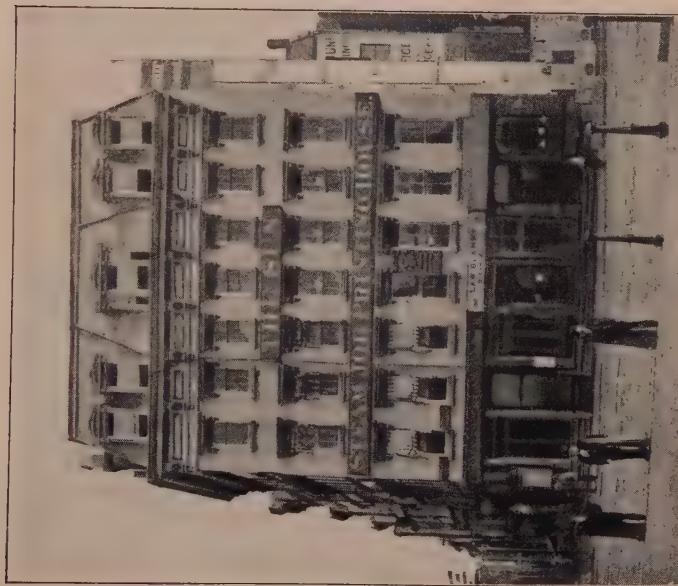
In those early Dana days the musical department of *The Sun* was conducted by Francis C. Bowman, a practising lawyer and a stockholder in the association. Both he and Mrs. Bowman were practical as well as theoretical musicians of ability and knowledge. They earned the confidence of *The Sun*'s readers and began that registry of the affairs of Orpheus in which have participated such critics as the brilliant James Gibbons Huneker, equally at home in all the seven arts, and, for many years now, William J. Henderson, a model of learning, just perception, and splendid courage in the expression of authoritative opinion. At a later period, when Hazeltine was writing the literary, Huneker the dramatic, and Henderson the musical reviews of *The Sun*, the phrase "the three Hs" was frequently used by connoisseurs in token of admiration; and, surely, few newspapers have ever profited by the simultaneous service of such a trio.

The theatrical critic and his assistant before 1875 were two young lawyers then in the forenoon of practice, with offices in Broadway near Cedar Street, under the firm name of Root & Bartlett. The senior in the legal concern was the junior in the censorship of the drama, and vice

versa. They were both personal friends of Mr. Dana and members of the evening class then pursuing under his guidance the interesting, if professionally somewhat unfruitful, study of the Icelandic sagas. Willard Bartlett left the firm in 1883 to become a justice of the Supreme Court of New York. During a third of a century he mounted from bench to bench to the highest place in the State's judicial system, winning distinction at every step by his understanding both of the law and of human character in its relation to the principles of jurisprudence, and by his unbending intellectual integrity. Through this long career and even after his retirement for age in 1916 as chief judge of the Court of Appeals, his kinship with *The Sun* was most intimate as adviser and writer of legal and other editorial articles, always within the bounds of official propriety. Like his father, William O. Bartlett, he was a born journalist as well as a born jurist; and throughout my own newspaper experience the support and constant friendship of Willard Bartlett were precious.

When the future chief judge of the Court of Appeals was busy with the doings of the more serious stage, the future senator and secretary of state sometimes attended to the lighter performances; and in this division of labor, we may presume, such attractions of the time as the "Black Crook," with Pauline Markham, and the Lydia Thompson burlesque troupe may have had the benefit of Mr. Root's unsurpassed powers of observation and analysis. That, however, was not the statesman's only relation to *The Sun*. His ability was at Dana's service on critical occasions. When Boss Shepherd of the District of Columbia, exasperated by *The Sun's* attacks on his Tweed-like achievements, tried twice to drag the editor out of New York jurisdiction to sure conviction by a subservient police court in Washington on a charge of criminal libel, it was Elihu Root who appeared before the United States commissioner in New York and blocked

THE SUN BUILDING IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES



FRENCH'S HOTEL AND SUN, TRIBUNE, AND TIMES
BUILDINGS IN THE LATE SEVENTIES



the second attempt and secured the decision of Judge Addison Brown of the federal district court upholding the principle affirmed by Judge Samuel Blatchford in the earlier and similar case against Dana, thus establishing one of the bulwarks of the freedom of the press.

Probably not many clients in unimportant cases can look back like myself to the aid of counsel afterward so distinguished as Judge Bartlett and Secretary Root became. The only occasion on which I was ever arrested was not for libel but on the more odious charge of passing counterfeit money. The incident comes freshly to recollection as I write of these eminent professional gentlemen's connection with theatrical affairs. It was for a while the source of acute if unnecessary mental anguish.

Not long after I joined *The Sun* I presented myself as usual on Saturday noon at the publication office and drew the weekly pay envelope. It contained a single fifty-dollar bill. Then I walked up Broadway, rich and happy as one feels while honestly earned wealth has had no chance to dissipate. At Twenty-first Street I entered the grocery store of Park & Tilford, as had been the weekly custom, to obtain a dollar's worth of cigars and at the same time get the money changed. Instead of receiving any change I was summoned to the cashier's cage and informed that the bill was bad, the stupid person within the grille eying me meanwhile as if he had at last hit the trail of a desperate gang.

"It may be bad," said I, "or it may be good. Let's go over to the Second National Bank and find out."

The cashier delegated a youthful subordinate to accompany me and to hold the bill. The bank was at the Twenty-third Street corner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There, after some study of *The Counterfeit Detector*, the bill was denounced. We went back amicably to the grocery. I gave my name, my occupation, my abode in lower Madison Avenue, and the friendly clerk at the cigar

counter intervened to testify that I was to him a known customer. No representations swerved the cashier from his purpose to impress the establishment, and incidentally his employers, with the sternness of his vigilance. "Call a policeman," was his only reply. The bluecoat appeared. Closely sandwiched between him and the cashier I was marched across Madison Square to the East Twenty-ninth Street police station, half crazy with indignation at what seemed to me an outrageous piece of brutality and fearing every moment that some acquaintance from my boarding-place in that immediate neighborhood would encounter me thus escorted.

How different as soon as the three of us lined up at the desk! The huge lieutenant in charge was of that never-to-be-forgotten type of the New York policeman which combined strict justice, often crudely rendered, with the unconquerable Celtic sense of humor and kindness of soul. He heard the charge, viewed the fifty-dollar bill, and glanced casually at the prisoner.

"See here, Park'n Tilford," he remarked from behind the rail, "did ye niver hear of a man in innocent possession of bogus currincy?"

My spirits jumped back to normal. Here was a guardian of the law, a trained student of criminal physiognomy, who did not fail to distinguish the marks of embarrassment from the signs of conscious guilt.

"Are ye pressin' the charge?" he demanded of the grocery cashier. "Do ye think he looks like a crook? Didn't ye know he'd niver have gone back to your store from the Second National if he'd been crooked? He wasn't under arrest then, was he?"

"Perhaps not, but I make the charge, lieutenant. It's been played too many——"

"You damned fool!" The police lieutenant looked this, though he didn't say it. He merely banged the bell on his desk with a fierceness intended for the prosecution.

"Send Dugan here," he said. Dugan shall stand for the name that has faded from memory. An angel appeared from somewhere in the inwards of the station, knocking the ashes from his pipe and pulling on his brass-buttoned blue coat.

"Dugan," continued the powerful and blessed expert in human character, "bein' a charge of circulatin' counterfeit, this goes to the federal commissioner in the Post-office Buildin'. It's Saturday, and the commish' adjourns at two-thirty. Make ivery effort to get this young gentleman"—and the emphasized word and the grasp of his mighty fist won my undying gratitude—"down before closin.' Else it's the Tombs sure for him over Sunday."

The journey down-town by the Third Avenue elevated I recall as one of my pleasantest rides over that much-travelled route. I remember insisting nobly on paying for all three, hoping by the expenditure of the third nickel to shame the accuser. Dugan conversed continuously and most affably all the way down, on the weather, on the recovery of business from the panic, on the state of politics in the Eighth Assembly district, and on what other topics of dialogue I cannot say. No person in the car, except the cashier, who sat glowering opposite us, as if foreseeing discomfiture, could have suspected that officer and prisoner were not old acquaintances casually meeting and enjoying each other's company.

All was right on the upper floor of the Federal Building. The "commish"—it was the veteran John A. Shields—had not departed. The excellent Dugan dashed across Printing House Square and returned beaming, with trustworthy witnesses for the accused. The counterfeit bill was examined and impounded by an inspector of the Treasury Department. It was subsequently traced, by Detective Wood, the efficient secret-service agent of Stanton and Lincoln in Civil War time, from *The Sun's* cash drawer back to the cash drawer of Koster & Bial's

malt emporium in the basement of the *Tribune's* tall tower, and thence through a sequence of innocent and unobservant holders. The commissioner dismissed the case offhand, and as the accused left the court-room accompanied by more or less amused friends who persisted in styling him "Forçat Mitchell," he was touched on the elbow by the author of his troubles, who remarked with undiminished severity; "You still owe the Messrs. Park & Tilford a dollar for those cigars."

I never heard whether the sleuth cashier was rewarded or reprimanded by his employers. The next day I received at my boarding-house, 106 Madison Avenue, a visit from the senior member of the firm. He came bringing apologies almost abject in their expression and also a box of expensive cigars which he urged upon me with the arch persuasion, "I know you smoke!" I shook hands with the blameless Mr. Park, but the tobacco of conciliation was declined because at Mr. Dana's paternal instance a claim for damages for false arrest had been intrusted to Messrs. Root & Bartlett. Later the suit was dropped by their advice, in which my chief and myself heartily concurred when the irritation had subsided. Such was my first and last entanglement in the meshes of the law, except in gentler and entirely civil proceedings.

If the trifling incident is not worth relating for the reason already given, it certainly serves to illustrate the fine qualities of discernment and considerate kindness manifested in thousands of ways by the old type of the New York policeman; and I don't believe that in the force or out of it human nature has changed one particle since that visit to the East Twenty-ninth Street station.

II

The successor of the Root & Bartlett firm in *The Sun's* department of dramatic criticism was a singular genius named J. C. Heywood who almost might have

been written into actual existence by Thackeray or Balzac. When I returned to New York in 1875 he was perhaps the most representative survivor of that earlier generation of Bohemians centring at Pfaff's. He seemed to take a fancy to me and used to pilot me around of evenings. Heywood's attire might be described charitably as not of the last cry in fashion or in texture not recently from the loom, but for stately dignity his port left nothing to be desired. It was magnificent to see him raise his eyebrows and calmly walk in when his privilege of dead-head entry with as many companions as he chose to bring was questioned at some theatre gate where the keeper was unfamiliar with his person. He knew as well as any man in town where the best brown beer was to be had, and likewise the shortest route thither.

Heywood had published in book form several long poems, ambitiously conceived, somewhat in the manner, as I recall them, of Bailey's "Festus." His "Antonius," his "Herodias," and his "Salome" are seldom encountered nowadays, either in the private library or on the shelves of the second-hand mart. In addition to his theatrical responsibilities he wrote what were the most important book-reviews and literary appreciations that appeared in *The Sun* before Hazeltine's time. I have a collection of them, printed in Philadelphia in 1877 with the somewhat fantastic title, "How They Strike Me, These Authors." The discernment and judgment and taste displayed in what was intended for ephemeral matter is quite remarkable. For example, Anthony Trollope gets his right appraisal, despite a merciless though humorous exhibition of passages showing indifference to the rules of English grammar and occasional swoonings of the artistic conscience. Henry James, Jr., was known then only by the two early books in his first manner, the "Passionate Pilgrim," and the "Transatlantic Sketches." Heywood gently ridicules James for his profuse obtrusion of foreign

words and phrases, but renders full justice to the qualities underlying, and says of the young inventor of the international novel that his tales "are deserving of analysis as candid, fine, and catholic as that which he himself effects. If this author goes on to build worthily on the foundation thus laid, his position in American literature should be a proud one."

As a dramatic critic Heywood's indolence was unique. He was capable of nigh anything and did as little as was humanly possible. His frequently employed formula in treating new productions was this: "Such-and-Such by So-and-So was staged last evening at the This-or-That Theatre, but owing to the lateness of the hour a more extended notice is deferred to another occasion." The other occasion rarely if ever arrived.

In the Tilden-Hayes campaign of 1876 Heywood's sympathies were stirred violently in favor of the Sage of Greystone. He composed about one-half of a political drama, and had definitely arranged, I believe, with the management of the old Park Theatre in Broadway below Twenty-second Street to bring it out in season to determine the result of the contest. The campaign drama was couched in a style generally resembling that of his "*Herodias*." He invited me to collaborate in order to inject, as he was good enough to explain, "a certain modernity of expression and pungency of satire, even of extravaganza" for effect on the less thoughtful voters; but owing to the lateness of the hour the completion of the drama was deferred to another occasion, and election day came and went without it.

Not long after this Heywood married a Philadelphia widow of very large means, a devout Roman Catholic. They went to Rome and took up their abode permanently in a Trasteverine palazzo almost in the shadow of the Vatican. I saw Heywood in Rome some years later. He had become a great swell in the social circle of the Blacks,

wore a superb overcoat of Russian sable, enlisted his pen in the service of the clerical party, and figured, to his immense pride, as chamberlain in the establishment of His Holiness the Pope. But beneath his furs and behind his decorations he was the same whole-hearted fellow of the seedy days, though he had transferred his affection from Lowenbräu and Augustinerbräu to Orvieto and Montepulciano, and, I sincerely hoped for the sake of the Vatican, had acquired meanwhile the habit of punctuality in the performance of his official functions.

In my college days there was published anonymously a novel which had a considerable vogue in institutions of learning and elsewhere entitled "Fair Harvard: A Story of American College Life." Whether it is still read I don't know. It was an interesting story, with not a little of wit and philosophy and imagination redeeming its crudities; though we in the less sophisticated environs of Academe used to wonder if the freshmen and sophomores and juniors and seniors at Cambridge were really accustomed to converse in perfect classical Latin and tolerable colloquial Greek, to chaff each other across the supper-table in the spirit and language of Martial, and to give elaborate banquets in the *triclinia* of the dormitories, where the guests reclined on purple couches, ate viands and side-dishes that might have renewed the appetite of Lucullus, partook of wild boar roasted whole, and had their glasses filled by garlanded Hibernian slaves from gypsum-sealed amphoræ of Falernian:

"We will drink Scythian draughts tonight," said the host, as the slaves passed glasses around the table. "This is sweet Falernian; I warrant it pure. The grapes were pressed when the southwind blew through the vineyard, which you know makes wine mellow and wild boars tender. Boy!" he then commanded a slave, "fill my cup with wine *cyathi* of Cæcuban."

This Sybarite of a Harvard junior was my favorite hero in the book. He was an aristocratic youth of Manhattan

parentage, but equally at home in the best society of Boston; equally at home, also, in the eight-oar boat and in the kitchen of a voluptuary Cæsar, in boxing-gloves or in metaphysical argument; and with an already acquired erudition which the encyclopædia itself could scarcely measure. The character was one which Disraeli or Bulwer-Lytton might have sketched in an effort to portray extreme student elegance. I was far from dreaming then that I should accompany this splendid youth for a third of a century or more and certify to a thousand or so of his weekly space bills; but so it was to be.

The author of the anonymous "Fair Harvard" was William T. Washburn, and Mayo W. Hazeltine was the original of the super-student who commanded the slave boy to fill his cup with wine *cyathi* of Cæcuban; so I have been authoritatively informed. The two classmates were trying to break into law practice in New York. Washburn found time to write some six score poems, long and short, ranging from Sir John Suckling to Robert Browning in similitude, and unequal in respect of coherency. One of these is addressed "To M. W. H.," apparently on the occasion of the latter's marriage:

As brave thy youth so peaceful be
Thy generous manhood blessed,
While changed to true Penelope
Fond Circe soothes thy breast.

Though I, upon the crested foam,
Again with tempest ride,
Forever in my heart thy home
And its sweet song abide.

The fortunes of these two friends were very different. Notwithstanding the success of "Fair Harvard," Washburn doubtless had to go to his own pocket to get his hundred and twenty-five poems printed. Hazeltine, never on salary, always on space compensation, his marvellously

industrious pen pouring out its minutely lettered copy week after week, month after month, year after year, without holiday, vacation, or intermission except during illness, probably earned more money in thirty-three or thirty-four years than any other journalist, before or after him, working under the same conditions of employment. He was a De Quincey raised to the *n*th power of productivity. I have little doubt that he achieved more millions of printed words during his lifetime than Walter Scott and Dumas senior together, with De Quincey thrown in. At one time he was writing not only for *The Sun* but for George Harvey's *North American Review* and *Harper's Weekly*, for *Collier's* and heaven knows what periodicals besides; book-reviews, editorials, international politics, learned dissertations, pamphlets on social topics, articles on miscellaneous subjects foreign and domestic; all of uniform quality, never padded, fully charged with thought, matter no sensible editor would think of rejecting unless for reasons of policy. That was one side of him, the side of quantity.

Mayo W. Hazeltine's extraordinary career in journalism is worth for reminiscence not merely a few paragraphs but a good-sized volume. After graduation in arts in 1862 and a law course at Harvard he studied at Cambridge University in England and travelled much in Europe, particularly in Spain. Whatever he saw or read he remembered. The retentive faculty of his mind was like that of Paschal or Grotius or Macaulay. It held with equal tenacity objective facts and subjective ideas; and at the same time unconsciously so systematized the arrangement of the vast store that the least thing in stock was ready for use on demand. When the Revised Version of the New Testament appeared Hazeltine was ill at Atlantic City, away from his own books and with no adequate library available for reference. Nevertheless, he produced at sudden call, from the resources of unaided

memory, a seven-column review of such broad and accurate scholarship, so rich in correlative and illustrative details, so searching in philological criticism that it commanded the admiration of the most meticulous theologians. I never knew how he did it; I only knew he could do it because he was Hazeltine.

This high function of journalism became the life-work of the elegant dilettante collegian of Washburn's novel. He was proud of the profession and practised it with prodigious industry. The law had little of his attention, even in the first years of his connection with *The Sun*. I remember but one litigation of his, and that had something to do with the title to the Richardson spite house, so-called, the mansion at Lexington Avenue and Eighty-third Street with a five-foot frontage on the avenue—a pent-up Utica, indeed, for a mind equipped with all legal lore from Justinian to Blackstone. But lawyers used to say of Hazeltine that he could draw a will and bring to the process every principle recognized by Roman jurisprudence, by the common law, by the Code Napoléon, even by the rules of inheritance in every State of the Union, if not in every civilized nation of the globe—and then omit to have the testament signed by witnesses in the presence of the testator and of each other.

That friendly remark of sincere admiration indicated one of the limitations which prevented Mayo Hazeltine from becoming a distinguished figure in public life. He had, in even a greater degree than John Hay of the *Tribune*, for example, the learning and acumen and earnestness that make part of the equipment of statesmanship. He had dignity and tact and a charm in conversation possessed by few; Maurice Francis Egan, unquestionably a good judge of that talent, wrote me from Washington in 1906, "I met that wonderful man, Hazeltine, for the first time last week. He is the best talker I have ever heard."

Yet Hazeltine's great gifts did not include the talent of applying them effectively to his own political fortunes. Perhaps, also, he lacked the restraining sense of humor that counted for so much in John Hay's personality. He, Hazeltine, desired ardently to get into Congress, where assuredly he would have made his mark. I fear he spent many thousands of dollars from his ample income in unsuccessful attempts to win a nomination in a certain coast district of New Jersey and again in Staten Island. His campaign plans and his appeals for support were undoubtedly laid with astuteness and shaped by theoretical knowledge of political methods down to the smallest particulars; but here, once more, it is likely that the proper witnessing of the will was overlooked. There were several elections to Congress from the office of *The Sun* but he was not one of the elect.

For the elegances of wit and the graces of imagination Hazeltine had full vision. It is hard to illustrate what has been said about that certain lack of humorous perception in his abounding mentality. Maybe this will point to the little blind spot in the retina. When Du Maurier's "Trilby" was published *The Sun*, like many other journals, received a shower of additional stanzas with more or less satisfactory English renderings of "Au Clair de la Lune," of which a single verse was introduced in that book as the only one known to Du Maurier. It was characteristic of Hazeltine, an accomplished French scholar, that he, too, should enlarge the pretty poem and attempt a complete English version. This was printed as a communication to the paper, above his well-known initials. One stanza described the signs of awakening and the nocturnal movements in the next room, ending with the statement that its occupants were striking a light—"On bat le briquet," as I recall the line.

It was also characteristic of Hazeltine that he should remember that the word *briquet* was sometimes applied

to a certain variety of the canine animal. Starting from that point of special knowledge, he translated the stanza about like this—I am not sure of the third line, but as to the first, second, and fourth, recollection is quite positive:

My neighbors are stirring,
I know they are up,
Tum tumpty te tumpty,
They are pounding the pup.

At the first opportunity after perusing this amazing rendition I urged upon him the obvious significance of *briquet* and the natural translation of *On bat le briquet*. He gravely set forth the preponderating probabilities of the poet's intention, that is, to suggest the approach of daylight by the barkings of the family dog and his consequent chastisement for premature utterance; adding a wealth of erudition concerning the various words that have been used to denote different kinds of dogs in different parts of France at different eras, an exposition that extended as far back as Rabelais and as far afield as the Basques, in the southwest corner of the country. If this had been travesty it would have been delicious, but Hazeltine's earnest sincerity, then as always, was beyond suspicion.

M. W. H.'s general manner of reviewing was to bring out the best there was in the book under consideration, bestowing upon it his own resources of knowledge and judgment in a friendly rather than a hostile spirit. If the thing did not seem worth while, or was bad enough to excite his contempt, he did not say so, but let it alone. No lack of the critical faculty was implied in this generosity of attitude, for the estimates recorded by Hazeltine, particularly in his earlier reviews—some of which were collected and published by the Scribners in 1883 under the title "Chats about Books"—have the subtlety and

searching quality of Sainte-Beuve. But Hazeltine's tolerance increased as his reputation became more magisterial. Unexcelled in the art of paraphrase, his longer reviews, occupying a whole page in *The Sun* every Sunday, became more and more an exposition of the meritorious contents of the volume, without direct citation and interpreted at every point by the reviewer's fruitful, illuminating scholarship. The method, indeed, was such that some of the publishers were inclined to regard it as anticipatory and therefore commercially disadvantageous, but I think this feeling soon disappeared. Certainly, few literary critics with his perception and power—and few of the class there were or are—have been readier to merge the accomplishments of the reviewer in the work of the reviewed, less prone to yield to the temptation to make the book an excuse for the exhibition of the reviewer's own stock of brilliants.

Hazeltine's conviction was firm that the reader's interest was primarily in the book and its author rather than in the personality of another writer, the reviewer. His loyalty to the assigned task, his marvellous gift of fertility and adaptability gave him an exceptional position in *The Sun* establishment not only during Charles A. Dana's lifetime but also through the years of Paul Dana's editorship and thereafter. The conscientiousness of his service and his horror at the thought that there might be a Sunday edition without him are somewhat naively shown in the two communications subjoined, with the interval of an hour and a half between them:

New York, Friday, 9 A. M. [1904].

DEAR MR. MITCHELL: For the first time in nearly thirty years my book notice is not forthcoming. I finished it, a notice of Zola's biography, at Atlantic City and brought it with me, intending to send it to you this morning. I placed it in my pocket **BUT I CANNOT FIND IT!** What to do I know not, unless you can

give me till tomorrow forenoon. If you can, I can manage, by sitting up tonight, to write another one. Sincerely yours,
M. W. HAZELTINE.

New York, 10:30 A. M.

MY DEAR MR. MITCHELL: Thank God, the copy is found—and here it is!

Sincerely yours,
M. W. HAZELTINE.

The job he proposed to undertake, rather than be counted absent from his accustomed place a single Sunday, was to produce that night between eleven and twelve thousand words of his slowly written manuscript.

Ten, twelve, sometimes fourteen columns a week of editorial and book-review were the measure of his regular production even when weakened by a serious disorder of the throat and terribly shaken by an accident while crossing Broadway. His industry was indefatigable, his courage indomitable. When it was insisted that he should rest in spite of himself he wrote me, on April 5, 1909:

Will the length of my vacation seem to *The Sun* excessive if it extends from March 1 to May 1? To me a vacation of that length will seem ample and I am sure that before the end of it I shall feel able and glad to go to work. My throat is decidedly better.

Brave old hero of "Fair Harvard" and lord of the *triclinium*! It was his first real vacation in a third of a century. I was in Avignon a few months later when the cable came telling that the work was never again to be resumed.

III

In Dana's early staff of editorial writers there has already been mention of the elder and the younger Bartletts, Frank Church, and General Fitz Henry Warren. From the purchase of *The Sun* in 1868 to the day of Wil-

liam O. Bartlett's death in 1881 the power in the elbow of that astute gentleman was the newspaper's driving force, next to the editor himself. Bartlett's rugged, forcible style put forth ideas and policies that made *The Sun* admired and feared and hated in almost equal degree. Many of the phrases that have retained places in journalistic tradition were his—the campaign eulogy of General Hancock as "a good man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds"; the advice to the same candidate to "return to the original goose" the quill that had penned the opinion that the tariff was a local issue; the potent couplet "No king, no clown, to rule this town," directed at Tammany, its Boss and his Jester; and the long famous essay on the charms of the study of astronomy, printed as a leading editorial on the unhappy morning after an election day disastrous to the paper and its political supporters.

James S. Pike was another strong man—Pike, the politician and publicist from Maine, for the ten years preceding Sumter the Washington correspondent and associate editor of Greeley's *Tribune*; during the war years United States Minister to the Netherlands, author of "First Blows of the Civil War," a matchless repository of personal reminiscence and epistolary intimacies among the *Tribune* crowd; author also of "The Prostrate State," the book that struck the first blow for the overthrow of the corrupt carpet-bag governments in South Carolina and elsewhere in reconstruction days. With his rough fur cap and woollen mittens in winter and marked coast of Maine physique and countenance, Pike might have been a Calais bank president or a Castine or Newcastle ship-builder, but no diplomat was ever more adroit in fence and no journalist of his time carried heavier guns. Another of the old *Tribune* writers associated in Dana's eclectic staff of inside and outside contributors was James E. Harvey, a veteran whose editorial copy, carefully written on ancient blue-lined note-paper embossed at the

upper left-hand corner, I edited for years without ever beholding the author thereof.

One of the finest of the elder boys, remembered yet with respectful affection, was Henry B. Stanton, of the Abolition cause and husband of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, pioneer woman suffragist. Mr. Stanton used to write on Empire State politics, a subject upon which his information was uncommon. It seemed to me that he must have known personally every politician, national, State, or local, not only of New York but also of New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, from the time of De Witt Clinton and Silas Wright down to that of Horatio Seymour and Roscoe Conkling. I was proud to be working alongside a confrère who at my own age had been apprentice with Thurlow Weed on the dingy little *Monroe County Telegraph*, fifty years before then. The association linked me comfortably with the patriarchs of my new profession. Stanton had known New York City when its population was a hundred and fifty thousand. He had seen Sam Patch make his fatal [jump at Genesee Falls in 1829. He had made speeches in sixteen presidential campaigns. He had been Democrat, Free Soiler, Republican, Democrat again in sympathy with Tilden's ideas. For years he was one of the foremost anti-slavery speakers, here and in Great Britain, and sometimes he spoke at the risk of his life; in the "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power" Henry Wilson credits Stanton with having been mobbed 200 times. I don't remember ever hearing the veteran agitator dwell with particular enthusiasm on that other great cause in which his wife so prominently figured, but have no particular reason for assuming that his heart beat less warmly for the enfranchisement of woman than for the emancipation of the slave.

One day the slowly, dryly speaking old gentleman, then well on to eighty but looking sixty, came to my desk and asked:

"Do you happen to indulge in the luxury of a bank account?"

I had just established a modest imitation of a bank account, and hastened to tell him so. I supposed he was about to advise me, in a fatherly way, that such was a judicious proceeding for a young man beginning life.

"Well," said Mr. Stanton, "I'm glad to hear it. I haven't any. I want to send \$16.32"—or some such sum—"to Poughkeepsie and don't like to trust the cash to the mails. I didn't know just what to do about it."

As the amount in question was fortunately within the figure of the recent deposit, I was delighted to accommodate him. And if the check I wrote was not Check No. 1, it could not have been far distant from No. 1. Mr. Stanton produced a leather wallet that must have dated from before Sam Patch's jump and gravely counted out the cash, with a "Thank you kindly."

We became excellent friends after this little banking transaction. He presented me with a copy of his pamphlet "Random Recollections," bearing an inscription of personal regard scrawled all over the cover. I find therein this conclusion from his sixty years' observation of newspaper editors, rural and metropolitan: "More thoroughly than any editor I have met, he [Dana] has what I call the true newspaper instinct; . . . if this country has produced an abler and more versatile occupant of an editorial chair, I have not known or heard of him. It gives me pleasure to add that Mr. Dana was ever on the kindest relations with his editorial associates and always courteous to his employees."

Mr. Stanton loved to talk about his visit to Europe in the summer of 1840, when he delivered three dozen or more anti-slavery addresses in Great Britain and Ireland and attended two conferences in France. He met Lady Byron, Daniel O'Connell, Lord Brougham, and many other distinguished personages, including Thomas Carlyle,

who explained to him that Victor Hugo was "a glittering humbug." Stanton also had occasion to administer a severe platform rebuke to Thomas Campbell, author of "Gertrude of Wyoming." The British poet came to one of the anti-slavery meetings and made a half-drunken speech, in which he referred contemptuously to Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier.

Mr. Stanton told me of a little travel incident that I don't think has been printed; it serves to illustrate his possession of a sense of humor not always found in the equipment of earnest reformers of world evils. When he was crossing from Dover to Calais there sat opposite him at the lunch table in the cabin of the Channel packet the most intellectual-looking Englishman he had ever beheld. The clean-cut, slightly ascetic countenance radiated superior mentality. He was meditating deeply. Mr. Stanton fell to wondering whether his vis-à-vis was the Lord Chancellor himself, or the British ambassador returning to Paris, or merely the Oxford or Cambridge Professor of International Law. Presently the steward put a platter of dumplings directly in front of Stanton. The mysterious neighbor's Olympian eyes fell upon the dish, and immediately his face began to glow with contemporaneous human interest. He reached away across the table with his fork, speared the biggest dumpling and transferred it to his own plate, at the same time winking at Stanton and affably remarking, "Them's the jockeys for me!"

Oliver Dyer, of Robert Bonner's staff on the weekly *Ledger*, was an occasional contributor of important editorials. So far as I know, this cynical, scholarly gentleman was the earliest general practitioner of "Answers to Correspondents," covering counsel to love-lorn maidens, heart to heart talks with despondent swains, advice on etiquette, teething babies, correct apparel, business investments, profitable courses of reading, and the thousand and one things entering into the system that was to develop such

highly specialized bureaus of information in the periodicals of the years to come. Anyway, the *Ledger's* correspondents' column on the last page was one of its most interesting features when Oliver Dyer sat in the confessional. His *Sun* editorials were of a different sort; four columns, I remember for instance, of dignified history and technical description of Henry Meiggs's sky-scraper railway over the Andes. Sam Wilkeson was another picturesque inheritance from the old *Tribune* stock—Samuel the irrepressible, the irreverent, the utterer of the once celebrated prediction that the Tilton-Beecher case would "knock the 'Life of Christ' higher than a kite." "My dear Mr. Mitchell," he wrote me in the blizzard year 1888, "if I were in the article of death, I would straighten up in bed and write on the call of *The Sun.*"

Next to Mr. Dana in rank of ownership was Thomas Hitchcock, a prominent figure for many years in metropolitan society and finance. As "Matthew Marshall," his writings on financial subjects won a place of authority by their sanity, conservatism, and extensive knowledge. The column on the editorial page every Sunday, "What is Going on in Society," which for a long time could almost make or mar, was under his direct supervision. Mr. Hitchcock was a philosopher and an amateur of good literature with a wide range of interest. He published a "Child's Catechism" of Swedenborgianism, a translation of Eduard von Hartmann's "Die Religion des Geistes" with learned notes, and a singular collection of sketches entitled "Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius," including cases like those of Gibbon and Madame Neckar, Mozart and Aloysia, Irving and Mrs. Carlyle. His friends helped him with nominations for the honor of a place in this book, but it was no easy thing to get past the custodian of unhappy genius, as he usually blackballed the proposed candidate either on the ground that he was not really an unhappy lover, or, if manifestly unhappy, not truly a man of genius.

It was to Mr. Hitchcock, in the temporary absence of Dana, that Sheriff Jimmy O'Brien submitted the Tweed Ring accounts and incriminating documents in the summer of 1871, when O'Brien decided to strike his blow of vengeance. Mr. Hitchcock was naturally unwilling to assume the responsibility; and the sheriff, unable to reach Dana, carried the Ring figures to George Jones of the *Times*, dumped the bundle and left the office without sitting down.

Of the perils imminent upon the midnight press few readers of the morning paper have proper conception. The things that are obvious, well-assorted, readily comprehensible, and assimilable at breakfast-time, were in chaos only a few hours earlier, subject to the grotesque accidents of the types, to the confusions of conflicting purposes or uncertain news, to the possible malice of compositors or proof-readers with fancied grievances, and alas! at least in pre-Volsteadian days, to the myriad bedevils of the Demon Rum. The classic example, of course, of the last-mentioned source of misfortune was a leading editorial article in the New York *Times* written by the brilliant William Henry Hurlbut in 1859 during the war in Italy and containing passages of mingled topography, strategy, and sentiment of which the subjoined is an example:

After a battle of several hours' duration, the Sardinians, at Goito, gave way; and if we follow up the course of the Mincio, we shall find innumerable elbows formed by the sympathy of youth. Defended by Wurmser, in 1797, Austria surrendered to Napoleon III in 1859. Notwithstanding the toil spent by Austria on the spot, we should have learned that we are protected by a foreign fleet suddenly coming up on our question of citizenship. A canal cuts Mantua in two; but we may rely on the most cordial Cabinet Minister of the new power in England.

There were formal and perfunctory attempts to account for this astonishing admixture by alleging a confusion of

manuscripts or a misemptying of types, but the sole possible explanation was that which Mr. Dana, a lifelong friend of Hurlbut's, wrote out for me once in blue pencil on the margin of a newspaper article that maintained the non-alcoholic theory of the "elbows of the Mincio" editorial which had set all New York a-laughing when it appeared in print:

This is Newark.—He was drunk.

William Henry Hurlbut was an accomplished editor on the *World* before Joseph Pulitzer bought that depreciated property on most favorable terms from Jay Gould in 1883; afterward Hurlbut went to Europe and became anonymously a valued contributor to *The Sun*.

There was a middle-aged editorial writer in the office when I first arrived there who used to divide his time between useful service to the paper and intermittent periods of self-imposed exile spent in the whimsies of dissipation. Though he has been dead for nearly fifty years and has left no family, I shall speak of him here only by an initial. Mr. A. was an old circus advance agent, knowing the lore and lure of the big white top and all that concerned it; also familiar, curiously enough, with the internal politics of every State of the Union south of Mason and Dixon's line. Beyond these specialties he was a writer capable of dealing with almost any subject that occurred.

At fairly regular intervals A. would disappear from his desk for a fortnight or three weeks; he would then be heard of from different parts of the city and suburbs, always the principal figure in some extravagant performance wherein his own part was sustained with dignity and every appearance of sobriety. He would return perhaps a dozen times a day to his accustomed chair in the barber's shop in French's Hotel and insist upon full tonsorial treatment,

notwithstanding the fact that half an hour had not elapsed since the last repetition. Or he would engage all the unemployed he encountered casually through the day to meet him at the ferry at four o'clock to go to New Jersey for a remunerative job, and then at that hour push his way through the angry crowd, himself perfectly oblivious of the occasion of its assemblage. When A. came back to work, well-groomed and fresh as a daisy, it was characteristic of Mr. Dana that he should ignore the hiatus and treat the absentee precisely as if they had parted only the evening before.

One night when Mr. A. had been invisible for two or three weeks, I was alone in the room we inhabited together when he walked in unexpectedly somewhat after eleven o'clock. He said not a word to me, looked neither to right nor to left, but proceeded to his own desk, flung open its roll top, seated himself and began to write on yellow copy paper. The result did not seem to satisfy him at once. He tore up page after page and resumed again and again the attempt to give adequate expression to his thoughts. Finally he nodded gravely, took off his spectacles, put on his overcoat and hat, deposited the manuscript in the dumb-waiter, and pulled it up to the composing-room with directions to "mark 'First Article, Rush,' and send down a proof in ten minutes," and then walked out of the office as silently as he had entered, without looking at me once.

When the proof came down I captured it. The slip was kept as a curiosity. With slight modification here it is:

TRUTH ABOUT THE POPE

The death rate from diphtheria and kindred diseases is alarmingly on the increase. Who is responsible for this outrage? It is the Pope of Rome.

Corruption in our Governments, national, State, and municipal, has never been so shamelessly defiant. Why? Because of the Pope of Rome.

Who is mercilessly plundering the honest taxpayers of North and South Carolina, Alabama and the other Gulf States? It is the Pope of Rome.

Who is responsible for the dreadful spread of atheism among our best people? It is the Pope of Rome.

The misfortunes, the crimes, the evils, the unhappinesses, the woes, the miseries that afflict suffering humanity, to whom shall they be charged?

All, ALL, ALL to the Pope of Rome!

And the remarkable thing is not merely that when A. returned to duty he had forgotten this incident altogether, but that in his normal condition no person living was less capable of word or thought disrespectful to the good man at the head of the Catholic hierarchy.

It has not been the purpose to say much in this place of those editorial writers for the early *Sun* who have managed until now to dodge the swinging scythe of Time. Few of them, indeed, survive. One such, still active in another establishment, deserves place along with the worthiest of the worthies then engaged in the creation and formulation of the so-called *Sun* style. Edward M. Kingsbury, not long out of Harvard and employed at the time in dry-as-dust labors upon some cyclopædia or dictionary, came hesitatingly to the office in 1881, bringing from Elbridge Gerry a personal letter which introduced him as "a young man of high character, great learning and, as I conceive, a brilliant writer." For a third of a century Kingsbury was a prime factor in making the paper's editorial page what it was said by the kind-hearted to be. He had most of the talents except that of self-promotion. He caught speedily the inherited characteristics, and added to these the rich qualities of a personality almost unique for exquisite humor, fine wit, broad literary appreciation, and originality of idea and phrase. From 1881 to 1915 many of the notable articles and casual essays on subjects a little apart from the more obvious actualities were due

to that very accomplished and exceedingly modest artist of the pen.

Both John Swinton and his younger brother William were Scotsmen by birth and nature. Both had been connected editorially with the *New York Times* in the days of Raymond. They were as different in mental texture as it is possible to conceive two brothers, even when Scots, as being; but the two rolled into one would have made a pretty fair precursor of the versatile Mr. Wells. William's mind was the more arid, but distinctly the better balanced. He was a military critic, the historian of New York's Seventh Regiment in the Civil War, and the author of numerous text-books, some of which hold their place yet in educational literature. One day not long ago I happened to pick up a volume from which my youngest boy was endeavoring to learn something of the world that has been. The title engaged me: "Outlines of the World's History," copyrighted in 1874. Here was the germ, and almost the exact name, of the book in which the English novelist and socialist essayed forty and more years later to co-ordinate in consecutive form the story of mankind in a general view of human progress.

John Swinton's more poetic and somewhat orphic attitude toward this human progress is illustrated by a Carlylean account he once gave of an interview with Karl Marx, the "man of earthquakes," at Ramsgate in England in 1880:

Over the thought of the babblement and rack of the age and the ages arose in my mind one question touching upon the final law of being, for which I would seek answer from this sage. Going down to the depth of language, and rising to the height of emphasis, during an interspace of silence, I interrogated the revolutionist and philosopher in these fateful words:

"What is?"

And it seemed as though his mind were inverted for a moment while he looked upon the roaring sea in front and the restless

multitude upon the beach. "*What is?*" I had inquired, to which, in deep and solemn tone, he replied:

"Struggle!"

For about six years this distinguished Communist, labor agitator and amateur of all sorts of upsetting political notions held a rather responsible post in *The Sun* office. His presence, however, made little impression upon the features of the newspaper in detail, and none at all upon its policies and general course. This was not because of any lack of ability on Swinton's part, for he was a capable and experienced craftsman, but simply on account of his professional sense of fidelity to an employer which thought on all subjects in a manner quite different from his own. He was a journalistic trusty, with access on honor to dynamite which he never dreamed of attempting to use, no matter how his fingers itched to get hold of the sticks and set them off. He would make at East Side meetings speeches violent enough to wake the snakes, and then come down to Printing House Square and indite perfectly dispassionate editorial paragraphs on the internal affairs of Honduras, San Salvador, or Costa Rica, for the politics and economics of the Central American Republics were, for reasons of safety first, the especially assigned province for such writing as he did. And no matter what the temptation or opportunity, John Swinton was always true to his trust.

I think this peculiar relation with a tame firebrand in the domestic establishment always appealed more or less to Mr. Dana's sense of the humorous. He was fond of Swinton on account of former associations, and there was always in his own mind, ever since the days of Brook Farm and Fourieristic imaginings, a sort of lurking sympathy with those who still held to his long-discarded theories of social regeneration or reorganization. Swinton himself was not wanting in humor and played his part in the strange relationship with artistry and gusto. To all who

would listen, he delighted in denouncing Dana as an apostate, and in prophesying fierce retribution to the establishment that paid him his comfortable salary when the day of revolution should come. He was always a canny Scotchman, with the main chance generally in full sight notwithstanding the inflamed vision that contemplated the pay-roll.

Sometimes the wild light did really come into his countenance, though he never let it get into ink for *The Sun*. Swinton was a soft-spoken, softly stepping combination of truculence and amiability. He had a bristling mustache, a likable though rather impudent facial expression, and eyes that protruded so much when he was excited that he could almost see behind him, like a giraffe. He affected a black skull cap and a white muslin tie. One morning at a time when the cigar-makers were on strike—a branch of industry that had his especial patronage as a leader and adviser—he came into the office and in dead earnest announced to Mr. Dana and myself:

"The children are starving by hundreds in the families of the unemployed on the East Side."

"What," said Mr. Dana, "is it as bad as that, John?"

"Yes," continued Swinton, "I counted seven dead babies myself just now in the gutters as I came through Rivington Street and East Broadway."

This honorable gentleman and sincere friend of labor had what may be described as a symbolic imagination. He did not really mean to misrepresent the statistics of infant mortality occasioned by the cigar-makers' strike. He merely conceived the seven dead babies and became personally responsible for their presence in the gutters because he deemed them necessary to an understanding of the suffering he believed to exist in the East Side.

That such was the working of his mind I became convinced soon after by a conversation at a dinner-table where he and Henry George were of the company. Mr. George,

a most prepossessing thinker and talker, had recently published his "Progress and Poverty" and had come from California to New York to live. He was speaking of exaggeration in what is nowadays termed propaganda; the elevation of aim well above the mark in order that the arrow or bullet may not strike below it. John Swinton manifested great interest in this discussion of the legitimacy of artistic emphasis.

I told a story I had read—it may have been in Samuel Rogers's "Table Talk," and it may have been elsewhere—about a British poet who took a visiting friend to ride around the neighboring country and paused on a hillside overlooking a lovely vale in the centre of which was the spire of a little church standing in its tree-embowered churchyard.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the visitor. "The scene would be nothing without that ideal church and graveyard."

"Yes," said the poet, the tears coming into his eyes, "and how much more beautiful to me because I know that in that churchyard are buried my grandfather, my mother, and two dear sisters."

The stranger afterward told of the incident and the impression it made on him to somebody well acquainted with the region and the poet who wept on the hillside. "Nonsense," said the other, "He was lying to you. Not one of his family is there. They are all buried over in Sussex."

"The poet was not lying," said Swinton with great animation. "It was necessary for the sentiment of the occasion that his grandfather and his mother and sisters should be buried there. He was right to put them there."

Henry George smiled but made no comment.

CHAPTER VIII

"THE SUN'S" PHILOSOPHERS AND CRANKS

I

No happier working years can come to the newspaper man than those wherein the responsibility is minor, rather than major, that is to say, to the paper and its chief and not directly to the paper's ownership and the public. The forenoon illusion of importance and efficiency has not yet faded, the opportunities seem boundless, the pride and joy of effort are the greater, as I thought then and still believe, behind an impersonal journalism in which self-promotion by individual advertisement has no place. Fashion has changed much in forty or fifty years in this respect; I am not the less convinced that for the writer as well as for his paper anonymity is a desirable thing. It was Talleyrand who said, "There is one person wiser than Anybody, and that is Everybody." So there is one sponsor for any piece of newspaper writing more authoritative for prestige than any name however famous, and that is the composite of many personalities making the quality and flavor that have come to be recognized as distinctive, worthy of the reader's attention.

The decade of years from 1872 to 1881 was a period of stimulating prosperity for the four-page *Sun*. The price of print paper was low, the consumption was relatively scant owing to the size of the journal, and the liberal salaries which Dana was the first of eminent editors to accord were well within a steadily increasing income. At the time of Dana's death in 1897 Hazeltine pointed out the undoubted fact that no other man in journalistic power had ever done so much to establish new and higher

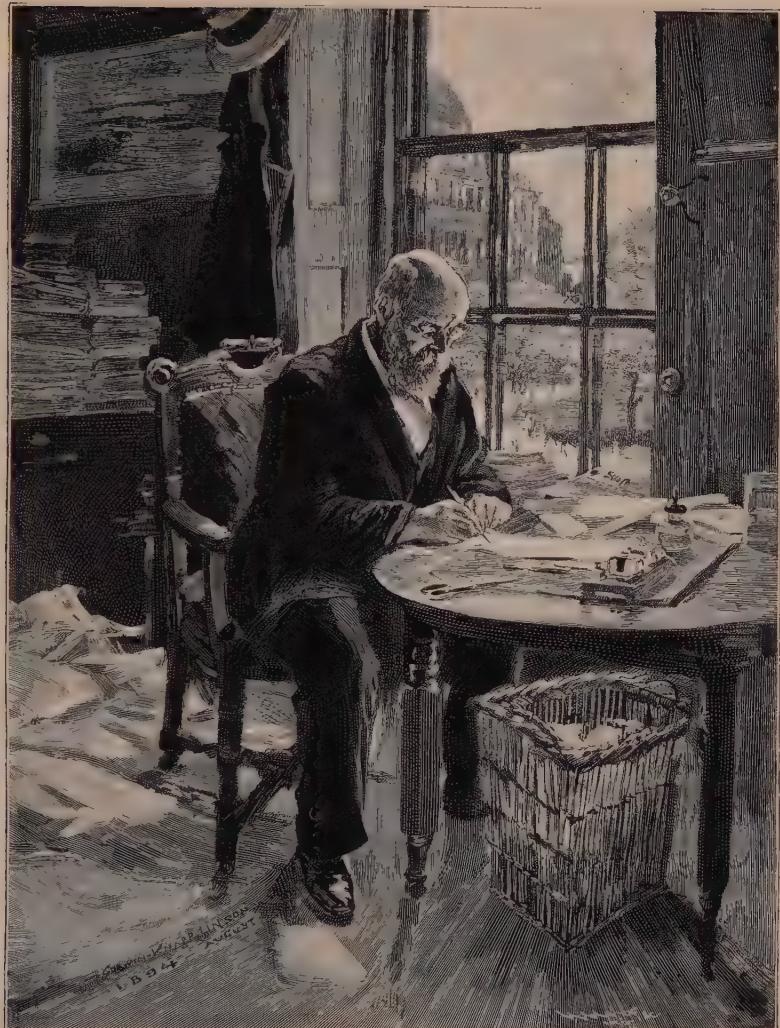
standards of remuneration for good work, or to encourage his fellow-workers by systematic recognition of quality. That was a just observation. Dana of *The Sun* paid his helpers salaries sometimes amounting to from four to ten times the highest pay he himself had received on the *Tribune* a few years previously. In 1851 Greeley's salary had been \$50 a week, Dana's \$25, Bayard Taylor's \$20, and George Ripley's \$15. The influence of his generous policy in this respect is still felt beneficially in a profession which may have forgotten to whom the impulse was originally due. Dana unhesitatingly shared the prosperity that came to him.

During the period referred to the dividends of The Sun Printing and Publishing Association ranged almost continually upward from twenty-eight per cent to fifty, with an annual average of thirty-six per cent. The returns for advertising were almost a negligible item then in the earnings of the concern; so much so, indeed, that for years Dana cherished the idea of rejecting advertisements altogether and depending upon income from circulation alone. To the newspaper publishers of to-day this early dream of his must seem fantastic, but it was nevertheless seriously entertained and frequently discussed. The vision dissolved only when the enhanced cost of white paper from the mills and the expansion of pages invited by the public appetite for quantity, especially in the Sunday editions, with the competition of esteemed contemporaries to meet this growing demand, and the sudden development of department-store advertising, all conspired to shape the Brobdingnagian format.

But the fact remains that with a comparatively slim advertising patronage *The Sun* in a dozen years yielded dividends amounting to fourfold its entire invested capital. By an agreement with the editor, if I remember the terms, the profits over twenty, or perhaps twenty-five per cent, were divided equally between himself individually

and the stockholders including himself, thus adding largely to his personal income from an enterprise to which his faith had clung from the beginning. The journalist whose pay under Horace Greeley had never exceeded \$2,500 a year was enabled for the first time to gratify his taste for generous living. He bought Dosoris Island, connected by a short bridge with the Long Island shore at Glen Cove on the Sound, and made it not only a place of beauty but also a notable arboretum of the rarities of foliage. In his town house in upper Madison Avenue the fine examples of the Barbizon masters, the "Danse d'Amour" of Corot, "Le Marais aux Grenouilles" of Diaz, Millet's "Turkey Herder," "Rousseau's "Hay Field," and Daubigny's "On the Oise," formed a small but exceptionally representative collection. He had also his Courbet and his Ziem, the splendid "Bucintoro." His porcelains of the different Oriental dynasties were known by connoisseurs to be unrivalled then in America except by the Walters ceramics in Baltimore. He gathered these objects of art with knowledge, with taste, and with keen zest of acquisition and possession. He was an admirable host and entertained freely. However, the untidy editorial room at the corner of Nassau Street and Frankfort, where perhaps he was happiest, took on no adornment except as it grew to be more and more the headquarters of an *esprit de corps* without many counterparts in newspaper history, and the resort of peculiar and distinguished people.

In its heyday of enthusiasm for universal interest *The Sun* possessed an unattached staff—so to speak—of contributors and regular visitors of a very special sort. Outside, they were sometimes described as cranks or semi-crank. Inside the office they were more respectfully regarded as gentlemen whose genius manifested itself unconventionally. Mr. Dana's fondness for these harmless, amusing eccentrics was almost juvenile in its inward zest, but his attitude toward them was invariably that of dig-



Reproduced from an engraving by Henry Wolf after the painting by Corwin Knapp Linson
DANA IN HIS LITTLE CORNER ROOM

nified and punctilious courtesy, such as he would accord to a cabinet officer or an ambassador; and so they all came to love him and the paper.

To hurry over some of the lesser oddities: I recall the former *Sun* compositor, otherwise entirely sane, who believed that a vast treasure, like a Captain Kidd deposit, was concealed somewhere in the walls of the old Tammany building. He appeared regularly for years, by letter and sometimes in person, to argue the folly of continuing to attempt to make money by publishing a newspaper when wealth beyond the dreams of avarice was within easy reach if he were permitted to demolish the structure on a fifty-fifty arrangement with the stockholders. Then there were the periodic visits of the shabby, patient little old gentleman who came to the gate to renew the offer of his manuscript poem for \$500; he would make a low bow when informed that pressure on space prevented the purchase, politely replying, "Having been an editor myself, I can understand the conditions. I will return when your columns are less crowded with ephemera. Meanwhile you may assure Mr. Dana that my epic shall not appear in any competing publication."

There was the geometrical and metaphysical inventor of the great system of Magic Reciprocals. This philosopher obtained results by lining and cross-lining large sheets of drawing-paper with a ruler and red ink, dividing his squares into triangles and subdividing the triangles again and again with diagonals determined by mathematical co-ordinates, the exact principle of which was never revealed to any of us. The general effect of the complex cross-hatching was pleasing to the eye, like lathe work in the finest bank-note engraving; but the neatness of mere mechanical execution was forgotten when the inventor explained the significance of the magic reciprocals thus obtained. One sheet refuted Hegel, another knocked evolution into a cocked hat, a third cloudy reticulation

in red ink disclosed the true inwardness of *Cosmos*. Mr. Dana would listen attentively to the demonstration for a quarter of an hour or so, and then turn to his pile of exchanges. I never knew what became of the inventor and his hundreds of pregnant charts, but have a faint recollection that he once said the reciprocals were protected by patent or copyright law.

George the Count Joannes, counsellor of the Supreme Court of New York, historian, Shakespearean scholar, tragedian, valiant theoretical swordsman, and man of many other accomplishments, was a star figure in Dana's staff of pet cranks. His photograph, showing a most melancholy visage, occupied a place of honor on the office mantelpiece, alongside of a portrait of Bismarck. The Imperial Count Palatine himself used to appear frequently and was received with the ceremony befitting his rank and personal distinction. Sometimes his errand was to enlist *The Sun's* support in defense of his title, or to announce that he was about to challenge his latest detractor to mortal combat; for there were those who offensively proclaimed that the nobleman was plain George Jones, formerly proprietor of an obscure cigar shop, and that the principal incident in his career at the bar was an indictment in Boston for barratry. The threatened duels never to my knowledge occurred, for though the count came in boiling with indignation and breathing against his defamers a vengeance to the death he would retire much mollified when Mr. Dana requested him to postpone the affair until he had written at space rates this or that item of local intelligence; contributions which duly appeared under the heading, "Specially reported for *The Sun* by George the Count Joannes."

I always suspected Mr. Dana of financing the memorable appearance of the count in the character of *Hamlet* at the Academy of Music in April, 1876. Edwin Booth's interpretation he regarded as inadequate. About the same

time the count's most hated rival and enemy, Doctor S. M. Landis of Philadelphia, author of "The Insane Lover; or, the Fate of the Libertine" and the impersonator of the part of the *Fiend* in a great original drama called "The Torture of Innocence," undertook to show the public that the *Prince of Denmark* was not merely demented, but a subject for the violent ward. Miss Anna Dickinson, too, was essaying *Hamlet* with intelligent intentions but insufficient physical underpinning. It was reserved, however, for the Count Palatine to administer the needed lesson to Booth:

NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC

"Non Sanz Droit"

[Not without Right]

Shakespeare's armorial motto, granted by Edward IV to Shakespeare's ancestor, for bravery on the battlefield.

The Centennial Year Celebration
of
Shakespeare's Birth - Day,
Monday evening, April 24, 1876.

Testimonial Benefit

to

THE COUNT JOANNES
of the New York Supreme Court, Historian, etc.
who on the above occasion will impersonate

HAMLET

As illustrated more than One Hundred Times in the
United States, England and France.

After the Tragedy
An Independent Speech
By the Beneficiaire.

Other than that of the star the list of dramatis personæ includes no names which I now recognize, except those of

Mr. P. S. M. Munro, the *First Grave Digger*, and Madame J. H. Siddons, the *Queen*. As sword play was one of the strong points of the count's *Hamlet*, his programme carried the subjoined explanation:

Note: The celebrated Fencing Scene in this Tragedy is with the "Sword and Dagger"—the two weapons specified in the challenge—and this fact authorizes the use of the left hand to seize the right arm or wrist of an adversary. Before the combat actually commences, there will be introduced what are generally termed the Salutes, or *les Graces de l'Epée*—*i. e.*, the graces of the sword. I have deemed it necessary to make this note, as many persons consider the Salutes as beginning the combat, whereas the latter is quick, while the former is the reverse.—J.

May I find room, also, for the names of some of the officially invited guests? They vividly recall the past:

His Excellency General Grant, President of the United States, and Lady.

Their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Brazil.

The Governor General of the Dominion of Canada—the Right Honorable the Earl and Countess of Dufferin.

The Chief Editors of the City of New York and Ladies.

His Excellency the Governor of the State of New York.

Sir William Thornton, British Minister, and Lady Thornton.

His Honor the Mayor of the City of New York.

The British Consul General at New York.

Chief Justice Waite of the Supreme Court of the United States, as Chief of the Judiciary.

The Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, Attorney General of the United States, as Chief of the Counsellors-at-Law.

His Eminence John McCloskey, Catholic Cardinal Archbishop of New York.

The Right Reverend Horatio Potter, Protestant Bishop of New York.

The Chief Rabbi of the Hebrew Synagogue of New York.

Eli Bates, Esq., chief of the Fire Department of New York City.

The General Commanding the New York Regiments.

The Admiral Commanding the New York Naval Station.

William Cullen Bryant, Esq., Representative of Poetry and Literature.

Peter Cooper, Esq., Philanthropist and *Pater Urbanus*—venerable "Father of the City."

The Honorable Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, President Shakespeare Statue Committee.

The Sculptor Ward, Author of the Statue.

The President of the Historical Society.

The President of the National Academy of Design.

Respectfully,

GEORGE THE COUNT JOANNES,
Imperial Count Palatine, Historian,
Counsellor, etc.

The Six Stage Boxes will be reserved for the Official Guests.

The six stage boxes, I think, were vacant, and I, as the representative of one of the "Chief Editors of New York and Ladies," was the only official guest. I found the count at the wings behind the curtain. His make-up was that of a most dismal *Hamlet* with frizzled ringlets dyed blue-black. He wrung my hand quite affectionately, called my attention to the fact that Miss Clara Morris was really in front in the audience, and resumed his instructions to a perspiring and imperfectly educated *Ghost*, a person with a pronounced Irish brogue who persisted in wiping his forehead with the corner of his shroud and practising an exaggerated stride much like the German goose-step or the piaffing of a trained circus horse.

"Man! Man!" pleaded the count, "Never mind the heat. So! Here! This way! Glide as I glide, thus, when you cross the stage."

When the curtain at last went up for the second scene and *Hamlet* appeared leaning pensively on the shoulder of his page, the audience burst into hilarious applause, which the count acknowledged by advancing to the footlights and bowing thrice so low that his curls hung perpendicular. There were moments during the performance when the count's perturbation was visible. The second time the

Ghost appeared he forgot part of his cerements and walked on jerkily in tight-fitting underwear of drab cambric. When the count came to the passage, "By Heaven! I'll make a ghost of him who," etc., he drew his shining sword and struck an attitude so fierce that the spectre backed incontinently off the stage with his sceptre at carry arms, in spite of loud encouragement from the spectators. The *Polonius* of the evening had difficulty with his eyebrows, which continually needed pulling down; and when the audience shouted "Louder, *Polonius!*!" or "*Polonius*, pull down your eyebrows!" he smiled placidly and pulled them down according to orders.

The duel with *Laertes*, however, went off splendidly. The count was at his best in the Salutes or *graces de l'épée*. It was long after midnight when in response to loud calls, such, perhaps, as Edwin Booth never heard from any audience, the star of this grotesque performance appeared before the curtain to apologize for the weakness of his support and to dwell at considerable length upon his own experience in Shakespearean interpretation and in the practical application of the principles of jurisprudence. As temporary spokesman for the Chief Editors of New York and Ladies, I was able to assure George the Count Joannes that I should remember his *Hamlet* as long as I lived.

When I saw the captivating *Hamlet* of John Barrymore not many months ago my thoughts went back not so much to the Count Palatine in the Academy of Music as to a yet earlier and almost equally absurd performance in the Park Theatre in Broadway below Twenty-second Street in November or December, 1875. Mr. A. Oakey Hall, formerly Tweed's mayor of New York and a member of the distinguished law firm of Brown, Hall & Vanderpool, aspired at that time to distinction on the stage. In collaboration with some literary men—rumor pointed to William Henry Hurlbut as one of them, if memory

serves—he wrote a melodrama entitled "Crucible," in which figured a forged document, a court scene, the unjust conviction of an innocent man, the mental sufferings of a jail experience, a deaf and dumb boy, and a number of other ingredients which I don't recall. William Stuart—bless his lovable soul!—produced the melodrama at the Park, with Oakey Hall in the leading part. He enacted the mental sufferings of the hero with somewhat more of intensity than of artistry. I was present at a matinée given on an off day so that the regular profession could attend. The theatre was full of the best-known actors and actresses of that generation, and they witnessed the ex-mayor's efforts with characteristic politeness but obvious amusement. Just in front of me in the orchestra seats were a young and very handsome couple, who occasionally commented on the performance yet seemed much more concerned with each other than with anything doing beyond the footlights. Their frank devotion interested me so that when we came away, after Mayor Hall's triumphant vindication in the last act, I asked Heywood of *The Sun* who they might be. "Why," he said, "that's young Maurice Barrymore with Georgie Drew. They say they are going to get married."

Of all the twisted intellects in *The Sun's* crankdom George Francis Train was easily monarch. When I first knew him, in 1878, this Boston-born man of dynamic genius, world traveller, amazing orator, prolific author, banker, railway financier, promoter of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, organizer of the Credit Mobilier and Credit Foncier, and former owner of half the land where Omaha now stands, had withdrawn from ordinary relations with human beings and was devoting himself to self-evolution toward universal dictatorship by a process comparable to that of Saint Simeon the Stylite on his pillar or a silent contemplator of Buddha. According to his theory his soul was a battleground, with the "psychos"

and demons contending for supremacy. Sometimes the psychos had the better of it, sometimes the demons gained a temporary victory and set him back. His faith in ultimate success, however, was unshakable, and when that arrived he was to be the autocrat of human affairs, the absolute master of life and death. Barring this illusion of megalomania which was typified by his institution of a chronology dating events from 1829, the year of his own birth and denoted by P. E., or Period of Evolution, instead of the old Anno Domini, his uncommon mind was as clear as a bell, as keen and vigorous with regard to matters of detail as when he ran an important banking-house in Australia, or was the pioneer of street railway improvements in the European capitals, or manipulated millions in the early transcontinental days.

It was then several years since Train had abandoned a mansion on the Cliff at Newport to take possession of a bench in Madison Square, at the east side near Twenty-fifth Street. Here he sat evolving, day after day, season after season, in winter wearing a fur-trimmed overcoat and a somewhat mature tall hat and in summer protected by a white umbrella. He slept, if he ever slept, at the Ashland House near by in Fourth Avenue. He lived mainly on peanuts, regarding that nutriment as fittest for psychologic development. He read the papers with unabated interest in the news of the time, politics, finance, science, poetry. His favorite was *The Sun*. He sometimes appeared in the office, for he had known Dana for twenty years, but more frequently communicated his ideas and criticisms on postal cards scrawled over at lightning speed in red and blue; he used a bi-colored pencil sharpened at either end, alternating color according to his æsthetic impulse or desire for emphasis. I have dozens and dozens of these singular missives. Except as to the main hallucination, they are full of sense, wit, and facile expression.

George Francis Train on his bench—a seat always re-

spected by the other squatters inhabiting the square—was for years a familiar figure to passers-by. A robust body was his, a leonine head, complexion tanned to the claro-colorado shade by constant exposure to the sun and in strong contrast with the whitening hair that sprang up in curly clumps like the massive locks of Greek statuary, giving the effect of a photographic negative. He sat thus isolated in the midst of a throng, for he had conceived the idea that contact with adults was detrimental to evolutionary progress, and for the most part he recognized no friends except the park sparrows and the children who flocked about him and loved him with their instinctive perception of amiability in disguise. We lived near by in Madison Avenue and my own little boy was one of the philosopher-recluse's frequent companions.

Partly on this account, partly because he had learned accidentally at *The Sun* office that my month and day of birth coincided with his, though he was the senior by nearly a quarter of a century, I came to be a notable exception to Train's general policy of exclusion; but mostly because of a suggestion of mine which struck him as helpful. One day in June, 1878, we had a talk during which he freely confided his ambitions and hopes.

"I myself am nobody," he said, "except so far as I am absorbed by the Universal. I am the needle moved by psychologic currents—do you see?"

"How do you expect to control people and events when you come to be Dictator?"

"By the psychologic twist, of course."

"Excuse me"; I asked, "but what is the psychologic twist?"

Mr. Train extended his brown hand and firmly grasped the handle of an imaginary key. Then he turned his hand slowly from the wrist as if the key moved with difficulty owing to rusty wards. His face meanwhile wore an expression of great determination and concentration. "That's

the psychologic twist," he explained, "When I put that twist on anybody he's helplessly subject to me. If I keep on twisting he's a dead man. When I put the twist on any combination or movement of men their plans cannot succeed."

"How do you feel when you are putting on the twist?" I inquired.

"Oh, it's purely involuntary on my part. I don't feel it at all. It requires no effort of will."

"What will the Dictatorship be like?"

"It will be a pure autocracy of love. That expresses it exactly—a pure autocracy of love. Everybody will think as I think. It's going to be a matter of worship, you understand."

"Of worship? Worship of whom?"

"Why, of Me. The people are going to worship me when I get to be Dictator. They are beginning to do so already."

"Shall you cherish any ill will against those who deride you now?"

"Not the slightest. They are not to blame. They deride me only through ignorance."

"Shall you establish yourself at the White House?"

"I think not. I shall undoubtedly make my headquarters on this same bench and absolutely govern 45,000,000 people from Madison Square."

"How long shall you hold the Dictatorship?"

"It will be perpetual, or practically perpetual. I don't expect to die for 200 years. My idea is that red blood like this is good for at least 200 years."

Mr. Train exhibited his tightly clenched fist and then opened it suddenly. Where each finger tip had pressed against the palm was a round white spot, defined with extraordinary clearness. In a second the blood rushed tumultuously to the surface, and the round spots glowed like ripe strawberries. I never saw such blood.

"I don't care anything about the Dictatorship," he

continued. I keep saying I will give it up, and keep trying to give it up, but it's no use. The individual, you see, can't struggle against the Universal."

"Are you sure you are right in your expectations?"

Permit me to assure you that I am a
Crank & I am able to know what I am doing.
I am not a Psycho Trust or a Sun office E.P.M. or
C.D.D. But one or both
are pulling me through this!
— If New York will pay two
for one honest talk in a lecture
of course they must pay
two cents in Sun! as possible
as Sunshine am I that
On Double Sun One (Sun
examinations) by six months
on "T'ch" daily
Geo. Favers Dean

CITIZEN TRAIN ASKS FOR A JOB

"Perfectly sure. I can no more make a mistake than I can do wrong."

"Can't you do wrong, Mr. Train?"

"No, it would be impossible."

"Isn't that the same as the dogma of infallibility?"

"Why, yes," he replied, speaking as if a new idea had occurred to him. "It is the same as the dogma of infallibility, isn't it?"

"Now," said I, "tell me how far you have progressed. How long before you expect to be completely evoluted?"

"The Dictatorship," he answered, "is pretty near now. Look for great things within sixty days."

"But in so important a matter," I persisted, "we want to be scientifically exact. Saying we let complete evolution be represented by one hundred, how far do you think you have evoluted already?"

The man on the bench did not answer hurriedly, but devoted a few minutes to careful introspection. "I should say," he remarked after a pause, "that I had almost turned sixty. Yes, I will say about sixty."

"But if it has taken you forty-nine years to evolute to sixty, it must be a good while before you reach one hundred."

"Oh, that doesn't follow," he quickly replied. "You know it is a continual struggle between psychology and demonology. If I can master demonology the process will be very rapid. What sets me back most is intercourse with adults."

With George Francis Train's permission I printed the interview of which the foregoing was the substance and the next day received this letter:

June 7. P. E. 49.

CITIZEN E. P. M.—You have made your election sure! Truth always wins. You can draw at sight on the Dictatorship. That is, you become a part of it, as all do who accept the Universal. Splendidly done! The diagnosis is accurate. Think of it! The first three decades, scientifically considered. I read you *under the ink*. True to yourself, you could not be false to me. To me,

did I say? I mean to the Universe. . . . All will now go well in the future, but *don't see me again.* I will talk with you through the baby [meaning my little son]. Keep this letter. It will sell for \$1,000 in another decade, for I shall soon stop writing to anyone. You may show this to Mr. Dana.

G. F. T.

Thus began a correspondence perhaps as strange as any that ever took place between a candidate for Dictator and the modest inventor of a scale for measuring advancement toward absolute power. My suggestion of the percentage method fastened itself upon Train's imagination. He came to regard me not only as the confidant of his hopes and plans, but also as the special monitor of his progress. For eight or ten years he used to submit at short intervals his postal-card statements of exaltation or grievance and his optimistic estimates of evolutionary status. For example, once when he fancied Mr. Dana had dismissed him a little abruptly:

DEAR CITIZEN OLD FRIEND E. P. M.: Don't be surprised at anything I may do. I know I hold the power of Life and Death but never use it but to do good. I cannot do wrong. You remember Mr. Dana came in and my audience lasted about *two minutes!* (My six calls since *Sun* was launched were usually under ten minutes, as I was bred a business man and never bore editors.) There are several ways of closing interviews. Some take out their watches. Some stand up while visitor is chaired. Some take up their letters. I waited till he had run through his mail before conversing. Then came the old smile—"What can I do for you? Certainly I'll print it." Then he whirled around and I said "Good morning."

Psycho-meter is at 95, (your scale) as shown by C. A. D.'s behavior and the enclosed from P. T. B[arnum]. G. F. T

I am ashamed to say that sometimes I found amusement—it took so little then to amuse!—by putting the psychologic twist on the psychometer and setting it back arbi-

trarily in order to depress his soul. So I would write him in his own post-card style:

CITIZEN G. F. T.—The demons are massed at the end of the hawser. Two weeks ago, though not at 95, you were very near 90. Only ten between you and universality! Your misstatement that Mr. Dana turned his back on you with impoliteness puts you down to 62, with a prospect of dropping to 50. I am watching! It will be uphill work to recover. You don't know it, but I do. You will know it by and by. I deplore your awful retrogression but shall continue the record with scientific impartiality.

E. P. M.

This would bring a submissive rejoinder.

DEAR E. P. M.—How in thunder do I know that you are not right? If so, how can I help it? You or I, or both, are going to die. *Quién sabe* which? My evolution is as strange to me as to you. We are making history.

G. F. T.

Madison Square.

One of his notes in bold blue recalls a memorable evening with the Clover Club at the old Bellevue in Philadelphia. The spirit of Torquemada hovered as usual over the hospitable board. Moses Handy presided with his diabolical refinements; under the assaults of Governor Bill Bunn, Megargee, Doctor Bedloe and their experienced shock troops of torment, two senators and three representatives in Congress sank to their seats with intended remarks but half delivered; the accomplished maître d'hotel, afterward the Mr. Boldt of the Waldorf-Astoria, carried his infant daughter, little Miss Clover, around the table and presented her to each of her numerous godfathers, and Dion Boucicault flattened himself against the wall in pretended terror while John McCullough the tragedian recited from his abysmal larynx the Mad Poet's verses on "The Rum Hole":

"Ha! see where the blazing Grog Shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness swell.

How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years,
The horrible Light House of Hell."

Perhaps I am confusing the incidents of more than one night at Clover, but at any rate Train was there, as a fellow guest and speaker, once when I escaped with my own life and sanity. I introduce his note immodestly, merely as a certificate of former powers of endurance:

Dear EPM,
You did the speech up brown.
They could not Clove you down
the liveliest of our young Pressmen.
George Francis Train.

DEAR E. P. M.—You did the speech up brown. They could not Clove you down, the liveliest of our young Pressmen.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

The singular thing about this singular relation with a monomaniac and megalomaniac of indubitable genius was that however wantonly I treated his self-esteem by marking him down on the scale he never questioned the ratings I gave him. George Francis Train's personal vanity was colossal. I possess photographs he sent me at different times registering not less than forty-six distinct poses. In one of the best of these pictures he wears his fur-trimmed overcoat and firmly grasps a diploma-like roll inscribed "Dictator." In another, quite as characteristic, nine children are piling upon and around him and one

little girl is wearing his tall silk hat. Within his controlling delusion he was canny enough. He was frequently on the lecture platform with his blackboard and machine-gun oratory, explaining the state of the nation to large audiences all the way between New York and Seattle. When I asked him how he reconciled these public appearances with his policy of no intercourse with adults, he said:

"I always put some children at the front and talk to *them*. I talk loud to them and everybody in the hall will hear me."

II

In contrast with the mild eccentrics appearing in the foregoing gallery were the sages and statesmen who were fond of *The Sun* and revolved with more or less regularity in nearer or remoter orbits within its system. Among the very first, not in order of time but perhaps in purely intellectual interest and influence on my own habits of thought, I should put Goldwin Smith.

Twenty years before the question of continued avoidance of entanglement in European affairs became a foremost issue in our national politics, and then with reference to what was but a small cloud on the horizon, Goldwin Smith wrote from his study in The Grange at Toronto to the editor of *The Sun* these words of private warning:

I see it stated that a party in the British House of Commons is looking forward with confidence to the accession of the United States to an Arbitration Treaty.

Your Government ought surely to be cautious in assenting to any treaty by which the United States would renounce the advantage of her superior force and abdicate her position as the *tutelary* Power of this continent, placing herself on a level with the weakest community as a suitor before the tribune of some European government.

You see how much is involved. Arbitration is a very good thing, when questions such as can properly be settled by it arise; but *abdication*, it seems to me, is not so good.



GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN AND HIS ASSOCIATES

This letter is not only characteristic of Goldwin Smith's grasp of essentials and unsurpassed clarity of literary expression; it was also a singular prevision at long range of the vicissitudes the policy laid down in Washington's Farewell Address was fated to undergo. The date, August 2, 1895, is four years ahead of the first conference at The Hague, when the American delegates insisted on incorporating in any international engagement the famous provisos that have kept intact to the present day the Monroe Doctrine as a guiding principle.

Goldwin Smith's relations with us were intimate during many years, both while Mr. Dana lived and afterward. His contributions were frequent, sometimes editorial but oftener signed or initialled. When Cornell University, the American alma mater of this remarkable Canadian-Englishman, asked me to make for its library a bibliographical note of Professor Smith's writings in *The Sun* and the files were searched for that purpose we were astonished at the volume of the list that went to Ithaca. Fortunate, it used to seem, the newspaper which with its own proclivities well recognized nevertheless commanded the intellectual respect and unmercenary attentions of a mind so fastidious, a volunteer contributor possessing every desirable quality except, perhaps, full sympathy with the humorous aspects of existence. I preserved many personal letters from him, indicating constant friendship for the paper and unaltered preference for its columns as the vehicle for his essays, theological, philosophical, and political. That lovely little book of mellow thought "No Refuge but in Truth" was made of some of these; and he wrote:

The Grange, Toronto, Nov. 27, 1908.

DEAR MR. MITCHELL: I send you herewith the little selection of letters reprinted from *The Sun*. If they find readers they will probably be condemned as heretical. But I hope nobody will find in them anything that can be condemned as irreverent or

bringing any discredit in that respect on the journal in which they had the honour to appear.

Yours truly,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

This most valuable of journalistic associates, with the scholarly knowledge that distinguished him as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, with a personal experience running back to the revolution of 1850 in that university, with habits of thought at once candid and controversial, with a literary style of crystalline charm, was actually afraid at times that his contributions to a New York daily newspaper might be regarded as intrusive. "Have you had enough of me?" he would ask, over and over again, to which my reply would be, "*The Sun* can't have too much of you." "I have always valued the opening you have given me. It is better than any which a theological or philosophical journal could give," he wrote in 1908, after a score of years of association with our fonts of type. "You have been very good," he wrote in 1904, "in allowing me so much space in your columns." In 1905: "Your letter is extremely gratifying to me, my dear Mr. Mitchell. I began to fear that I was getting too prolix, and that your readers, especially your business men, might think me a bore." The same year, on the currency question: "The little tract on 'False Hopes,' to which you do me the honour to allude, was written, as you have seen, twenty-five years ago. But it might be recast so as to be of some use. I may be apt to take rather a literary view of the matter, but I cannot help thinking a few simple truths in a very plain way might be of use at the present crisis. And I think if you encourage me I should be inclined to make the attempt. Could people possibly have gone on giving birth to such wild schemes of inconvertible currency if they had known what a bank bill is?" Again in 1905: "If you accept this letter, would you see any objection to accompanying it on your own part with a few

editorial words testifying, as I hope you truly may, that I have said nothing irreverent or calculated to offend the feeling of any one, however orthodox, who admitted the right and necessity of free thought in religious matters? I have been grossly misrepresented here." The next year: "If I intrude too much on your columns, I trust you will always exercise your editorial discretion." In 1908: "Once more accept my best thanks. If chance ever brings you this way and your old correspondent is still alive, I hope you will give him notice of your coming." In 1909: "I hope I am not sending *The Sun* too many letters. You will always use your discretion in accepting them, and be sure that an old journalist understands an editor's necessities." And on March 31, 1910, when Goldwin Smith was in his eighty-seventh year he wrote me:

Whatever may be said about me in the Press, and though I have the best advisers and friends around me, I feel that my state is still doubtful and I do not wish to go out of the world as a reputed enemy of religion. This leads me to address to you one more letter, not a very long one, and to feel that its appearance as early as it would be convenient to you is on my own account to be desired. Accept at the same time my hearty thanks for the freedom of expression which *The Sun* has allowed me and for the courtesy and kindness which I have always received at your hands.

That was the last year of a long, and to me highly valued, association and correspondence. On April 4, 1910, he wrote, by the hand of his accomplished and faithful secretary, Mr. Arnold Haultain:

Accept my hearty thanks for your kind letter. I heard Ingersoll. He was extremely clever, but he did little good and has left little trace. . . . Thanks to the skill of the physician here, Dr. Grasett, I have pulled through a pretty desperate illness. I am lame, however, for life.

And ten days later:

Pray give Mr. De Casseres's letter. I can hardly hold my pen,

but I will try to write a very brief and perfectly courteous answer.

Finally, on April 18, with trembling signature:

I am with difficulty recovering from an accident so terrible that it was followed by more than four days of total insensibility, while for some days following I was unable to recognize my own house [household ?]. A skilful physician has pulled me through, whether for my entire advantage is not so clear. You will therefore not be surprised if I am compelled to decline entrance into a serious controversy and obliged to confine myself to a necessary disclaimer.

Accept at the same time my cordial thanks for the courtesy with which I have been treated by *The Sun*.

Goldwin Smith died on June 7, 1910, less than fifty days after his hand had signed what was probably the last document of a long lifetime devoted to an honest and searching but always reverent inquiry into the problems of man's existence and man's destiny. He called it guessing at the truth. He claimed at the end no conclusion more solid than that which scattered like the spoorndrift of belief when he wrote at eighty-five in *The Sun*:

Is there or is there not after all something in human nature apparently unsusceptible of physical explanation and seeming to point to the possibility of a higher state of being? Evolution may ultimately explain our general frame, emotional and intellectual as well as physical. It may in time explain the marvels of imagination and memory. It may explain our aesthetic nature with our music and art. It may explain even our social and political frame and our habit of conformity to law. But beyond conformity to law, social or political, is there not, in the highest specimens of our race at least, a conception of an ideal of character and an effort to rise to it which seem to point to a more spiritual sphere?

This brief account of Goldwin Smith's relations with *The Sun* would be incomplete without some reference to

the marked unpopularity he incurred in Canada for a time by his advocacy of annexation to the United States. His was an attitude inspired by a perfectly honest but mistaken notion of manifest destiny. It was a project intrinsically hopeless, and it won him many hard words and neighborly shrugs of the shoulder in his adopted home. To Dana's mind, characteristically receptive of bold novelties when conceived intelligently in prospectus, the idea of the political union of the two great North American English-speaking peoples was fascinating.

This was in the middle and late eighties. The project of annexation was taken up vigorously by Mr. Dana and a few other public men of prominence on this side of the line. It came near to being a definitely organized movement of propaganda and for action. Mr. Dana's lifelong friend General James Harrison Wilson is one of the few survivors of those who hoped then, with Goldwin Smith, for the obliteration of our northern frontier. He engaged in a debate on the question, at Philadelphia, I think, and made a speech on the thesis that in the Peace of Paris and by the Treaty of 1783 our claims to parts of what is Canadian soil were defeated by the intrigues and contentions of France and Spain, neither of which really wanted us to have Canada. General Wilson's point was that the States were entitled in equity by right of joint conquest during the Seven Years' War to a fair share of Canada, that the States would have got it in the treaty of partition if our allies had stood by us, and that as between England and ourselves her title was tainted and we were justified in setting up a claim after the lapse of years.

The exact merit of the argument for annexation from the American side is no longer a matter of importance, for the movement is nigh forgotten; and in the Dominion it never had and never could have had much respectable strength outside of Goldwin Smith's advocacy. Yet there was a time in 1884 when *The Sun* and others were engaged

The Grange, Toronto, March 4, 1869

Dear Mr. Mitchell

You cannot have failed to mark the late Intercolonial
party is doing its utmost in all ways to estrange Canada from the
United States and make her to feel Britain. No American Government
sarely cannot desire to second the Imperial design of one of its
commercial policy or in any other way.

I come to Canada believing, as almost all our public
men in England, including poor Disraeli, did, that independence
was the ultimate destiny of the Colonies whom disillusions in the
case of Canada were I saw how totally deficient in capacities
her territory was and how strong, compare with the same hostility,

to the Grand Chancery Court and your portfolio to those
elements come to fighting and hostility and be soon abated.

Mr. Secretary as the additional work of Standard with Pugnacious
dictates by nature to rarely declined by reason of the ultimate
removal of Mr. Sigismondi speaking soon on this Continent. His visit becomes
your property. in case of a forcible detachment or the independence
of Japan and further China. If not he would be the object of an
imperial日本の天皇 who will present him on his return
instead of a banishment abroad & another and very harshed step.

The last Imperialist course is an annulment of franchises from
all his Colonies & Islands where they will no doubt be preserved
Very truly yours

Goldwin Smith.

in a systematic effort to commit influential American politicians and editors to the scheme. Charles Emory Smith, I remember, attended an annexation meeting but declined to speak. Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, elected that year to the United States Senate, and incorrectly credited with aspirations to the Democratic nomination for President, wrote cautiously from Cleveland when approached on the subject of annexation: "It would be sufficient for me to say that I am not and shall not be a candidate for the Presidency; therefore my opinion can be of no importance. Yet if I had formed an opinion I should not hesitate to express it. In fact, of late years the matter has not been discussed and there has been no occasion for considering it." And so, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the few American proponents, the movement gradually faded out of sight.

Goldwin Smith's own sentiments were recorded in a letter to me a quarter of a century later. He wrote on March 4, 1909:

I came to Canada believing, as almost all our public men in England including even Disraeli did, that independence was the ultimate destiny of the Colonies. I was disillusioned in the case of Canada when I saw how totally deficient in compactness her territory was and how strong, compared with the general population, was the French element. Compared with your population the French element would be trifling and probably would be soon absorbed.

As surely as the ultimate union of Scotland with England was dictated by nature is the ultimate union of the English speaking race on this Continent. It will become more pressing in case of a formidable development on the side of Japan and perhaps China. It will be greatly to the advantage of my own country, which will thenceforth have on this continent instead of a precarious outpost a natural and very peaceful ally.

Possibly the friendliness between Mr. Dana and Mr. Goldwin Smith—a relation it was my fortune to inherit in a moderate degree—was due as much to their dissimi-



GOLDWIN SMITH IN HIS STUDY AT THE GRANGE,
NOVEMBER, 1909

larities as to their likenesses of mental temper. Dana's mind was optimistic, opportunist, vehement, easily assimilative of new opinions, sometimes cocksure at the very first call. Goldwin Smith's mind—in some respects the more arid—was ascetic in its habits, critical rather than enthusiastic, prone to doubt rather than to ready acceptance. It is a curious fact that in their earlier phases of development both of these great journalist-publicists were deeply interested in the doctrines of socialistic philosophy. Dana's Brook Farm experience, his sympathy for the political transcendentalists of 1848, his flirtation (like Greeley's) with Fourierism as translated to America by Albert Brisbane and others, are too well remembered to require recital. He went so far, indeed, in the direction of anarchistic teaching as to expound, defend, and even commend the ideas of Proudhon, the most violent of the Besançon School, in a series of articles over his own initials in the *Tribune*, afterward revised by C. A. D. and reprinted in 1849 in William Henry Channing's weekly paper, the *Spirit of the Age*.

On the other hand, Goldwin Smith told me once that he had been very intimate with Louis Blanc in London and had discussed socialism with him in the most amicable manner; that he had friends also in Mazzini and the advanced Italian Liberals; and that Giuseppe Garibaldi was on the point of becoming his guest at Oxford when the general was suddenly and strangely expelled from British territory.

How little of that misconception of Canadian destiny is now remembered in Canada! With what different feelings from those entertained in many quarters in the eighties of the last century do the people of Toronto, for instance, view the memorial to a great intellectual personality that stands in the shape of the beautiful gray old Manse in the heart of that metropolitan city!

CHAPTER IX

POETS, CASUALS, AND NOVELISTS

I

WITHOUT intention to make a catalogue of the interesting people who came regularly or occasionally to the editorial rooms of *The Sun*, with more or less definite relationship to the establishment, I shall indulge in a few selected recollections.

In the earlier years Dana's friends of the *Tribune* period were familiar visitors, but not much known to me. Paul Du Chaillu, somehow suggesting Phil Sheridan, supercharged with the vivacity of friendly good nature, not then completely exonerated from the suspicion that he evolved the gorilla from his inner consciousness, was on terms of such intimacy with the Danas as to consider himself almost as one of the family. Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of Sienkiewicz and a linguist said to enjoy speaking acquaintance with more than half a hundred languages, used to come to discuss the obscurer dialects of his prodigiously comprehensive vocabulary; Dana sent him later to explore the Gaelic folk-tales in the fastnesses of Galway and Sligo. The celebrated Chevalier Wikoff, who had managed Fanny Ellsler in America and had attempted to block Barnum's enterprise with Jenny Lind,—Wikoff, journalist, diplomat, secret agent, man of many adventures,—came once to see Dana, I think in 1880; I wish I had scrutinized him for a picture in memory's gallery.

There was Laurence Oliphant, whom I remember distinctly: the type of the tall courtly Briton, bred in the diplomatic service as private secretary of Lord Elgin both in Canada and in China. He was reputed to have put

through the trade and fishery treaty of 1854 by a liberal dispensation at Washington of what Horace Greeley once called "both wine *and* champagne." He was nearly killed by hostile natives while chargé d'affaires in Japan in 1861, figured for some years in Parliament, and resigned to come to America to join Harris's Brotherhood of the New Life in Chautauqua county, New York State. When I met him through Mr. Dana this distinguished gentleman had rasped the sensibilities of New York society by publishing his "Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy," a satire mordant and artistically conceived. His "Dollie and the Two Smiths" had also made the best of such humorous literary material as there may be in community-matrimony of the loose-jointed sort. He was then, singularly enough, engaged in the promotion of emigration to Palestine. Oliphant gave Mr. Dana a colored lithograph of his pet colony at Haifâ. The picture hung on the wall of the editor's room as long as I occupied that apartment. The view became as familiar as that from *The Sun* window alongside it, but when I visited the eastern shore of the Mediterranean I was unable readily to identify the exact location under Mount Carmel. Altogether, Laurence Oliphant's was one of the strangest of the many strange careers of vagrant intellectuals of great ability. After his secession from the Brotherhood of the New Life, Oliphant wrote to Dana:

I am more than ever convinced of the truth of the effort in which I have been engaged for the last sixteen years, which after all did not depend upon any one personality, and I shall never regret my connection with Mr. Harris—though we did not see things from the same point of view latterly. I do not take a despairing view of the divine forces in nature being applied in a regenerative sense to humanity; indeed, my recent experiences have been most encouraging, though it has not been wonderful that the general public should think that we have abandoned the movement because of our separation from one man to whom they insisted we were irrevocably attached.

I prefer, however, to leave to time the explanation which I think it will furnish.

The world is full of dual personalities, but it is not the easiest thing to define the triality which included within a single cranium the practical diplomatist of the reciprocity negotiations, the acidulous satirist of "The Tender Recollections" and of "Dollie and the Two Smiths," and the idealist who labored for sixteen years in a spiritualistic community to weld the philosophy of Plato with the doctrines of Swedenborg and the sociology of Fourier.

Those corner windows overlooking the City Hall plaza, with Broadway in the background and the multitudinous, variegated traffic of Park Row swarming directly beneath them, framed hundreds of pictures that do not fade. The odd little occurrences, as anybody rash enough to attempt reminiscence speedily discovers, persist even more clearly than the most imposing pageants. How could I ever have dreamed, for instance, that it was to be my privilege to behold, from the third story of the ancient Tammany Hall, a cobra hunt such as Rudyard Kipling would have given his left ear for the opportunity to observe and describe? Yet there it was, one fine afternoon, right before my eyes. The large hooded reptile, escaped somehow from Holden's zoological emporium up Chatham Street, approached John McComb's beautiful City Hall by the route frequented by Brooklyn aldermen and distinguished guests of the municipality. Newsboys, bootblacks, public officials, and wayfaring citizens scattered in dismay. The "sparrow cops," as the gray-coated park policemen of that day were called, were stupefied into inertness; they simply did not understand the procedure for the arrest of a big snake without a warrant. Meanwhile the fugitive East Indian glided its way into the jungle of shrubbery that then clustered about the east end of the building. There it was lost to view but not forever. Presently a pursuing

force of animal experts came clamping down the street, armed with stout clubs and equipped with capacious bags of canvas. They beat the bushes, alternately advanced and retreated as the fugitive cobra-di-capello wriggled its way from one leafy fastness to another. At last, by the exercise of technical skill of which I do not possess the secret, Holden's people bagged the serpent and bore it back in triumph to enforced companionship with monkeys, parrots, canary-birds, and goldfish. It was an exciting hunt; could it have been an advertisement?

A spectacle likewise unique in metropolitan history but producing a thrill of quite another sort was afforded to my window by the remarkable land parade of the sailors and marines from the foreign warships assembled in the North River for the Columbian celebration of 1892. That was before the edge had been taken off the strangeness of such association by the joint march of the Powers from Tientsin to Pekin during the Boxer troubles; long before the Great War made it an every-day thing to think of international military co-operation. Here for the first time in the streets of New York were Americans, Britons, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Japanese, amicably together under arms; and as platoon after platoon carrying the several flags and tramping to the music of the several national airs swung out of Broadway into the plaza and marched straight toward my window the sensation was different from anything in experience; it was significant and unforgetable.

Innumerable processions were among the sights now spoken of: parades of the National Guard, of the police, of the firemen; cortèges of gaiety and of sorrow; countless retinues escorting celebrities to the steps of the City Hall to be welcomed by an oratorical mayor; fantasies in the earlier years and Thanksgiving Day target parties with the invariable Nubian lugging the water-pail at the rear. And all this but a few hundred feet from the place where

I had climbed the tree to see Prince Albert Edward ride by in 1860.

There, too, was the best possible point of view of the crowds on the nights of Presidential elections. There have been twelve such nights during my relationship with Printing House Square, not to speak of the minor contests for governor or mayor. Before the centre of election-night population moved farther up-town the throng facing the bulletins exhibited by the *Times*, the *Tribune*, *The Sun*, and the *World* sometimes filled the street and the side-walks and the park itself across to Broadway. The largest crowds and the most exciting incidents I remember in this neighborhood were in 1876, the Tilden-Hayes year, and in 1884, when Blaine and Cleveland ran so closely together in the returns. It was extremely impressive to look down upon the sea of upturned eager faces and hear the citizens shout themselves hoarse when the magic-lantern reporter announced a Democratic gain of five in the Nineteenth Assembly district, or to witness the wild enthusiasm when the joyful news was flashed that returns from twenty-three election districts out of 778 in Michigan gave Blaine a plurality of 206 votes.

Enjoyment of this quadrennial spectacle was somewhat tempered by the awful sense of responsibility attending it. For the fellow citizens waiting for the result were also expecting to read the next morning properly jubilant or not too discouragingly disconsolate comments on a result that was at the time of writing yet in the lap of the gods. The craft has no more exacting, exasperating task than to formulate on imperfect information at midnight or thereabouts remarks that must go to the press hours perhaps before conclusive news arrives, and that will be read in the light of statistics yet unknown or events impossible of prevision. Two or three closely contested presidential elections have made better men than myself prematurely bald.

One of my most poignant memories is of such a midnight when there came from Lord Northcliffe up-town a message asking that some English friends of his be received at the office. They filed in, ten or a dozen society men and women, all in evening dress. After a word or two of polite apology they solemnly arranged themselves in a semi-circle facing my desk and silently but intently watched me as I struggled with the situation; silently, except for now and then a serious whisper one to another. It was a sort of slumming party of Londoners, come to study the workings of the editorial mind in New York during a political crisis. After perhaps ten minutes of decorous and discreet observation, they gracefully expressed thanks for the opportunity, and filed out again on tiptoes.

Is it a wonder that the window from which so much was beheld during so many years seems to my memory like a periscope? I look through it again in imagination and see the venerable Peter Cooper, stooping a little, spectacled, his cheek and chin whiskers blowing, his right arm hugging the annular air-cushion he carried with him for comfort. Peter Cooper will thread his way cautiously across the street among the horse-cars and mount the stairs slowly to our office. He will deposit his air-cushion and then himself upon the rush-bottomed chair at Dana's elbow and tell my chief how he suggested cables for the street-railway system. It is 133 years since this first citizen of New York came to town. He was three years the senior of William Cullen Bryant. He was just a little older, at the time of which I speak, than Chauncey M. Depew and Charles W. Eliot are in this year 1924.

After Peter Cooper's day John Bigelow became by general recognition the first citizen of New York. He was Dana's senior by less than two years, and great friends they were. Mr. Bigelow's interest in Tilden, in the Tilden foundation for the Public Library, and in all matters concerning the city he loved and the country he served

brought me into not infrequent contact with him after Mr. Dana's death. Once, I remember, he besought aid in blocking a foolish plan to remove the City Hall to the site of the old Croton Reservoir at Forty-second Street, and thus make room for a vast municipal building in the park down-town. John Bigelow foresaw the use of the reservoir site for the united Astor, Lenox, and Tilden institutions. Andrew H. Green, the father of the Greater New York, was another of *The Sun's* friends who plotted with the newspapers for large public ends; like Tilden's, his manner of approach was a bit furtive or slantindicular, so that one who did not know him well might suppose him engaged in an unholy conspiracy when his purpose was really noble and unselfish.

Looking down again from the window, I see Miss Middy Morgan, with the frame of an Amazon and the sweetly bland face of a baby, striding along Park Row in cowhide boots on her way from the cattle-yards to the *Tribune*. She was a better judge of horned beasts than Greeley. The first and most capable woman reporter of the live-stock mart, she shared with Mrs. Emily V. Battey of *The Sun* the honor of being the pioneers, so far as I am aware, of that extensive and important reinforcement which has made working journalism bisexual. Not far behind Middy Morgan, perhaps, Doctor Mary Walker would pass by; a good sincere woman, if an unsuccessful reformer, braving the derision of the thoughtless with the courage of her trousers. One day I looked down upon a gun-carriage stopped by a blockade of traffic right under the window at the Frankfort Street corner. The gun-carriage conveyed the coffin of General Joe Wheeler of Alabama, gallant, peppery little soldier of the Confederacy and of the Union, who had always been a welcome visitor to the room where I stood. Another day at the same spot a crowd had gathered around a halted barouche of ceremony containing Li Hung Chang, a statesman elongate

enough in person to have come from a dime museum, and cannily serene of countenance. Li Hung Chang promptly engaged in conversation with a lady on the curb, no doubt demanding, as was his habit, exact particulars concerning the date of her birth. Do people yet remember the amazing hoax perpetrated by a vagabond Bohemian who fabricated the "Memoirs of Li Hung Chang" with such wicked skill as to deceive sinologists and to induce that wary diplomat, the Honorable John W. Foster, to furnish an introduction to the book? It was an imposture ranking in audacity, though not in ingenuity of detail, with George Psalmanazar's "Formosa."

Portraits of personages of note, views of jubilees, celebrations of patriotic or political joy and solemnizations of sorrow, great fires, mighty explosions, tornadoes tearing the heavens above, would overlay each other in palimpsest fashion could those often grimy panes have been sensitized to capture the impressions. Once I saw a dead man hanging limp directly opposite me in the maze of wires strung along the tall telegraph poles; an unfortunate electrician caught at work there by a fatal current. I saw his mate pulling on rubber gloves as he climbed up to risk the same fate while extricating the body. Once on a Sunday afternoon I jumped for safety into the deep embrasure of the window where the exchange newspapers were always piled. It was on the occasion of the only earthquake that ever shook Manhattan in my time; I feared the imposing stones and heavy printing furniture overhead might come crashing through upon me as I sat at Dana's desk.

Whitelaw Reid, tall, well groomed and gloved, jauntily swinging his cane or umbrella, was almost daily the object of observation from above as he crossed Park Row and steered for Ben Franklin's statue on his daily course to the *Tribune's* door. He was all journalist then—at the high-water mark of newspaper efficiency, with a distin-

guished career of avocations, social, political, and diplomatic, opening before him. Then perhaps a few minutes later Dana would heave in sight, a shorter and ruggeder figure, head slightly bent forward, hands in his overcoat pockets, stalking toward his workshop as if pushing against atmospheric pressure. For years the two neighbor editors were on terms of anything but amity, but I am glad to record the fact that toward the end of Dana's life there was no contemporary for whom he had greater esteem than for Mr. Reid. Their professional intercourse became a series of mutual bows and pleasing smiles.

I think it was in the autumn of 1876 that Mr. Dana brought Joseph Pulitzer to my desk and introduced him as a St. Louis journalist who was aiming at relations with *The Sun*. Mr. Pulitzer had come east to make two speeches in the campaign for Tilden and Hendricks, and incidentally to look over the newspaper field with the firm conviction that his opportunities lay latent in New York. This was nearly seven years before he acquired Jay Gould's stock in the *World* through the fruitful option which inseparably connected his name with that great journal. But at the time now spoken of Pulitzer's idea was to start a German edition of *The Sun*, in competition with Oswald Ottendorfer's *Staats-Zeitung*. He proposed to edit such a German edition under the ownership of The Sun Printing and Publishing Association, himself translating the news and editorials and adding such matter of local German news as would be of interest to New York readers of that race. He was very earnest, very confident of success, very intelligent in his exhibit of the particulars he had worked out in advance. I am not aware that this project and application have ever found a place in newspaper history, but the statement is in exact accord with the facts.

For reasons not concerning the Dana estimate at that time of Mr. Pulitzer's abilities, the proposed enterprise

of a German *Sun* was not undertaken. Temporary employment was given him, however, as a semi-editorial correspondent during the crisis of the electoral dispute of 1876 and 1877. The letters he wrote from Washington to *The Sun* were noteworthy for quality and insight. When he reappeared in New York as proprietor of the *World*, I am sorry to say that Mr. Dana's prognosis was unfavorable, and its expression somewhat ungracious. His prediction as to the life probabilities of the paper's new management would read queerly now alongside the record of a wonderful achievement of fearless independence and unimpaired energy under physical conditions such as no other editor ever endured and conquered. "The Story of a Page," by Mr. John L. Heaton, a veteran of that same page, and the account by one of Mr. Pulitzer's secretaries of that journalist's life on his yacht, interested and indomitable in sickness and blindness, are documents no newspaper man can read without admiration.

My pleasant connection with the advisory board of the Pulitzer School of Journalism in Columbia University has brought me into contact with two of the founder's sons, neither of them born till years after I met their father in *The Sun* office, each of them now the head of an influential newspaper. The last view now to be described from the already overworked window of old took in as from a gallery the ceremony that marked the completion of the edifice with the gilded dome on the site of French's Hotel, with Joseph Pulitzer presiding and his little boy of five handling the significant trowel. And I am told that the same trowel was used by the same hand at the laying of the corner-stone of the new *Post-Dispatch* building in St. Louis.

Down on *The Sun* steps at this corner of Nassau and Frankfort there flourished for many years a merchant from Sicily or Calabria who regarded himself as a staff attaché of *The Sun*. His name, of course, was Tony. Mr. Dana

used to delight to stop and talk with the vender about his wares and Italian politics. One morning the editor came up-stairs and reported with glee this interview:

“Well, Tony, how’s business?”

“Vara bad, Mr. Dana, vara bad. Maka da mon on de peanutti, lose him all on de dam banan.”

“It is not an uncommon experience in newspaper finance.” remarked Dana.

II

In his younger days, the days of Brook Farm and transcendental yearnings and association in *The Dial* and *The Harbinger* with Emerson and Margaret Fuller and Thoreau and the Ripleys and Christopher Cranch and Jones Very, and later on the Boston *Chronotype* with Elizur Wright, the insurance expert, Mr. Dana used to write poetry and even print it. Some of his highly respectable verses are still within reach of the explorer; for example, his “*Via Sacra*,” ending with the couplet:

But oh ! what is it to imperial Jove
That this poor world refuses all his love ?

Naturally none of the rest of us would ever have dared to do it, but the elder Bartlett, whose status exempted him from discipline, found a certain pleasure, half humorously, half affectionately malicious, in inserting extracts from these early effusions in leading articles when the editor’s back was turned. So Dana would pick up his own paper at the breakfast-table and encounter something like this at the head of the editorial columns:

The White House evidently believes that the gods on high are in anguish over its insolent defiance of moral principle, “but, oh !” as the poet has beautifully expressed it,

. . . “what boots it to imperial Jove
That one poor mortal scorns his mighty love ?”

There is ground for suspecting that the variations from

the original text were provocative, intended to draw fire from the poet's pride of authorship, but I cannot say whether the experiment ever succeeded. Dana stopped producing verse many years before I knew him, but he kept on reading, criticising, admiring, editing, and enjoying poetry as long as he lived. Few men's appetite for the rhymed and the rhythmmed expression of beauty or humor has been robuster or more comprehensive; few men's taste more catholic and discerning; few loves more genuine. His "Household Book of Poetry," compiled in 1857 and twice revised and enlarged, in 1866 and in 1882, long held a foremost place among such anthologies. I was near him at the time of the last revision and it was a joy to watch his own joy in the job. A characteristic thing was the sense of participation that accompanied his appreciation. His impulse was to better a line or substitute an apter word when his judgment saw clearly the opportunity; just as if he had been editing an anonymous poem submitted for publication in the newspaper. It was more than once my modest function to help stay the hand that would have altered (and no doubt improved) the accepted version of a classic.

So wide was his interest in the outgivings of Helicon that the favorite poems of Mr. Dana would make a long catalogue. As often as of any other, perhaps, did I hear him speak with enthusiasm of Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum." To the students of Cornell University, seeking to learn from him how a newspaper man was made, and in proof that the newspaper poetry of that day was as good as it ever had been, he recited from Charles Hopkins Clark's Hartford *Courant* the hexameter verses portraying a gang of Italians digging a trench under the supervision of an Irish boss:

Yonder one pushing the shovel might be Julius Cæsar—
Lean, deep-eyed, broad-browed and bald, a man of a thousand;

Farther along stands the jolly Horatius Flaccus;
Grim and grave, with rings in his ears, see Cato the censor.

On the side of the street in proud and gloomy seclusion,
Bossing the job, stood a Celt; the race enslaved by the legions,
Sold in the markets of Rome to meet the expenses of Cæsar.
And, as I loitered, the Celt cried out: "Warruk, ye Dagos!"
Meekly the dignified Roman kept on patiently digging.

Such are the changes and chances the centuries bring to the nations,

Now the Celt is on top, but Time may bring his revenges
Turning the Fenian down, once more to be bossed by a Dago.

Then from *The Argonaut* of San Francisco, always like the Boston *Evening Transcript* and a few other papers, a prized and preferred source of supply in the incessant hunt for "Poems Worth Reading" in his Sunday's *Sun*, Mr. Dana read Will H. Thompson's "High Tide at Gettysburg," printed originally in the *Century* in 1888, after having been amended in some respects by the author, at a suggestion from Richard Watson Gilder. "As long as such things can be produced in the newspapers of the country," Dana said to the Cornell boys, "there is no danger that the love of art and beauty or the spirit of patriotism can die out." In a letter to Thompson at Seattle he had already expressed his admiration of "High Tide at Gettysburg" by referring to it as "the noblest battle poem of our day or perhaps of any day."

It is not surprising that the grand army of newspaper and magazine poets should have concentrated upon *The Sun* with productive vigor. There was no trace of literary snobbery in Dana's attitude toward them. Established reputations and extreme obscurity were judged by the same standards of content and form. In a certain sense, for twenty-five years at least, he did all an editor could do

to make Parnassus safe for democracy. My humbler station was at the gateway. None the less, I absorbed in years enough of the fundamentals of his poetic policy to codify them thus in 1896:

Technical merit, smoothness of form, propriety of rhyme and rhythm, united with conventionality of sentiment, are qualities that fill the waste basket and expand the office cat's midst.

Ideas that count in verse, as elsewhere, are the direct products of the imagination and not of the memory.

A person not endowed by nature with originality of imagination may be very intelligent and mentally capable in other respects, but he or she is never intelligent enough to understand really what originality is in others.

It is a prouder achievement not to have written any poem at all than to have written six thousand and sixteen poor ones.

Letting the inkstand alone sometimes amounts to positive genius.

Those who are able to produce poor poetry, and know it, and whose friends know it, who yet refrain from exercising their acknowledged powers, enjoy the unqualified approval of the nine Muses.

Honor and success and joy to all *The Sun's* poets! The two-cent stamp is indispensable for the return of the unavailable poem.

The mere enumeration of *The Sun's* staff of poets, during forty or fifty years, ranging chronologically from the time of Walt Whitman and Ella Wheeler, afterward Mrs. Wilcox, down to the recent days of Edith Thomas and Clinton Scollard, would occupy pages. I can only arrest the illustrious procession here and there, at points taken almost at random.

The Good Gray Poet I came to know, and that not very well, in consequence of some rather callow observations semi-editorially printed in 1881. The occasion was the appearance of the first collection of Walt Whitman's poems that had ever borne the imprint of a distinguished

bookmaking house, namely James R. Osgood & Co. of Boston. My review brought this note the very next day:

431 Stevens street
Camden New Jersey Nov. 20 '81
Deepest thanks to the Sun
& the writer of the notice about
me, Nov. 19 - Should like this
card conveyed to E P M -
Walt Whitman

431 Stevens street,
Camden, New Jersey, Nov. 20, '81.
Deepest thanks to *The Sun* & the writer of the notice about
me. Nov. 19. Should like this card conveyed to E. P. M.
WALT WHITMAN.

I remember how astonished I was at the time at this upheaval of gratitude from the depths. I had thought that my remarks in regard to certain aspects of "Leaves of Grass," already deplored by Ralph Waldo Emerson and thousands of others, were sufficiently conservative to be obnoxious to Walt. My surprise is not lessened now when I refer to the long-forgotten article. I discover that while recognizing dimensions that nobody now questions and reporting that in public view he was "either a colossal genius or an immense windbag," not only did I dwell on his "egotism that reaches the verge of sublimity . . . even to the final audacity of a comparison of his mission with that of Jesus Christ," and on his personal impatience of even discriminating eulogy, but I also went so far as to institute an elaborate comparison of his rhetoric with that of Ossian-Macpherson: thus, for instance:

OSSIAN

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers !
Whence are thy beams, O Sun ! thy everlasting light ? Thou
comest forth in thy awful beauty ; the stars hide themselves in
the sky, the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western way ; but
thou thyself movest alone.

WALT

Thou orb aloft full dazzling, thou hot October noon ! Flooding
with sheeny light the gray beach sand, the sibilant near sea
with vistas far, and foam, and tawny streaks and spreading
blue ; O sun of noon resplendent ! my special word to thee.

Perhaps it was the comparison with Ossian that pleased him ; very likely nobody had ever made it before, and the parallel was much to Walt's advantage. Perhaps it was because I styled Walt Whitman's poetry the Poetry of the Future ; for this was forty-three years ago.

At any rate, the poet of the future was already his own press agent. He was accustomed to send to the paper contributions accompanied by reference paragraphs purporting to be written by the editor. This sample is entirely in his own handwriting :

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—To-day is the anniversary of President Lincoln's birthday. If he had lived till now he would have been 66 years old. We call attention to the vivid account, given in another column, of the actual scenes of the assassination, written at the time by Walt Whitman, and now first published.

Bright fellows, *The Sun* poets, vitalized in memory as their shadow shapes pass by ! There was H. C. Bunner, editor of *Puck*, one of the inimitable originals, delicious in verse or prose. When *The Sun* retaliated on the worthy Mr. Cowles of the Cleveland *Leader* by classifying him as "the most hebetudinous crank anywhere within the bounds of latitude and longitude," thereby incidentally

publish on Saturday, Feb. 12.

Abraham Lincoln. — To-day is the ~~60th~~ anniversary of President Lincoln's birth-day. If he had lived till now he would have been 66 years old. We call attention to the vivid account given in another column, of the actual ~~scenes~~ ^{at the time} of the assassination, written by Walt Whitman, and now first published

putting into the dictionary a needed and useful but never overworked adjective, Bunner at once uttered a threnody in thirteen stanzas, of which these are three:

"Oh, put me away in a graveyard cool,
Amid verdure damp and dank;
For I am the man whom Dana called
A Hebetudinous Crank.

I should like to call *him* an isotherm,
And a fulminiferous plug;
And bring the blush of binomial shame
To his antiphlogistic mug.

But I know that I never, no never on earth
Can rival that awful word—
The meanest and newest and cussedest cuss
That mortal ever has heard."

John Kendrick Bangs (may he be happy across the Styx! Is it possible that he was sixty when he died eighteen months ago?) sent trial balloon after trial balloon from Columbia College down to Printing House Square, making landings such as few freshmen achieve. Frank Saltus, the gifted brother of the gifted Edgar, was perhaps in his day the holder of the record, if both quality and quantity of verse are taken into account. Another Edgar, Edgar Fawcett, he of "Fantasies of Passion," was prolific of ephemeral rhymes and always anxious for pseudonymity, lest his dignity as a novelist should be injured. Poor Marc Cook of Utica, "Vandyke Brown," his frail frame wasting almost visibly and his spectacled eyes growing feverishly brighter while his pen poured forth gaiety and sentiment; he was pathetically hopeful as he wrote in the Adirondacks his last book, "The Wilderness Cure for Consumption," a treatise all too promptly reviewed by Death. Frank Dempster Sherman, gentle and noble; Cy Warman and that other consular poet, George Catlin; Eugene Field, of course; Joaquin Miller of the Sierras, who on Rousseau's isle, on Rousseau's ground, stirred his cocktail 'round and 'round; Richard Kendall Munkittrick, an *Ariel* incarnate in Bohemia; and Maurice Francis Egan, critic, Minister Plenipotentiary, Poet Plenipotentiary, who saw beauty everywhere and found humor everywhere except in the circumstances of Doctor Cook's advent at Copenhagen. These are some of those, gone now, whom it was my pleasant fortune to know best and who for years helped to prove the great newspaper value of one of the non-essentials of journalism.

Egan was invited by Theodore Roosevelt to choose between Portugal and Denmark. His career of eleven years in diplomacy justified the appointment. He was one of the group of newspaper or magazine trained ministers and ambassadors which in my time has included, among others, John Hay and Walter Hines Page and George

Harvey at London and Robert Underwood Johnson and Richard Washburn Child at Rome. Egan held his post at Copenhagen not only during Roosevelt's term but also under Taft and Wilson; and he declined an appointment by President Wilson to go to Vienna as ambassador. I linger over a memory that is dear to me by coincidence and by association. Our birth-dates varied by just two months, he being that much the younger, and we stood side by side at Columbia University when President Nicholas Murray Butler bestowed two degrees of Doctor of Literature. Throughout a long span of years Maurice Francis Egan's friendly letters were welcome stimulants. Here is one of many, written while it was yet uncertain whether this country would ever enter the World War:

American Legation, Copenhagen, January 31, 1916.

MY DEAR MR. MITCHELL: I salute you and yours with all the best wishes of my heart and I congratulate you on living in a time and in a country where you can be quite sane without being looked on as remarkable! I wish I could have a talk with you, so that I could find out what you think about the future. The war is very near to us here; for a time we were not quite sure but what the English would send a fleet down the Storebelt and precipitate the arrival of a German army corps in Jutland. But the most amazing thing in my experience is the impression of the American who comes to us for services, which we gladly render, and who still thinks that real war is an impossibility, and that America has only to do "something," but *not* to fight, in order to settle the whole affair. . . .

"The Maiden and the Troll" [a poem of Egan's] looked very well in print. I think I owe some of your kindness to me to the fact that you are carrying on Charles Dana's traditions. . . .

Yours very sincerely,

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Like Bunner, his associate and chief on *Puck*, Munkittrick was for a time a neighbor of mine in New Jersey. Unlike Bunner, who wrote in his "Short Sixes" and other tales of suburban life and people with an understanding

never surpassed for sympathy and humor, Munkittrick was an unsatisfied commuter. One day he came to the train at Hoboken with a countenance aglow with enthusiasm. I asked what great good fortune had befallen. He told me he had been witnessing a personal encounter of the most gory description between two longshoremen at the corner of West Street and Christopher. "Talk about your Jersey suburbs!" he exclaimed, "Why! this was an epic. It was a saga. It was poem incarnadine. I just stood there and thickened up!" When he moved from Glen Ridge to another town I inquired how he liked it. "Oh, well enough, I suppose," he said, "but I wish to thunder the number of souls there tallied with the figures of population." On a Sunday morning we walked together up Barclay Street from the ferry. The thoroughfare was clear of people far ahead, except for an Italian woman in a bright red shawl, evidently an immigrant just arrived. She was kneeling in the middle of the sidewalk, her hands clasped and her lips moving. When we reached her we found that the shrine of her devotion was the window of one of the commercial establishments where are displayed life-size effigies of saints and other ecclesiastical properties. Barclay Street people have informed me that the incident is not unique. It touched Munkittrick's sense of the idyllic. He spoke of it with genuine feeling, and he wrote:

Dreaming of ilex bowers
Beyond the purple brine
Once more she sees the flowers
 Bloom at the wayside shrine.
And, while the mad crowd jostles,
 She, with a visage sweet,
Prays where the bisque apostles
 Are sold on Barclay street.

Of that esteemed staff of poets who joined often or occasionally in the making of the old *Sun*, some of the

survivors still cultivating the fields of wit and sentiment as of old are Edith Thomas and Clinton Scollard and Joseph I. C. Clarke and Thomas Augustine Daly, a quartette of veterans of justly earned distinction; Don Seitz, incomparable bard of the buccaneers; Arthur Chapman, who told where the West begins; M. W. Pool, otherwise known as "Maurice Morris" than whom no contributor ever supplied more of the wit that savors common sense in metrical form; and McLandburgh Wilson, the little lady whose name, Elaine, is less known than the unsexed signature rightfully belonging to her just the same. She was the faithful, the indefatigable, the always acceptable producer of that which gave pleasure to our readers; and delighted I was when I heard that her poem on "Rheims Cathedral" had won over all British or American contestants the prize offered by *The Bookman* of London.

Forty-one years ago *The Sun* received by mail some verses called "Solitude," beginning, "Laugh and the world laughs with you; Weep and you weep alone." The verses were printed on Sunday, February 25, 1883, and paid for at the newspaper rates then prevailing by a check for \$5 to Ella Wheeler, a Wisconsin farmer's daughter living in the small village of Johnson Centre. Notwithstanding the high visibility of the reflections in "Solitude" and its somewhat commonplace sentimentality, the piece attained a vogue which must have surprised its writer. It was widely copied, the title to its authorship was long and fiercely disputed by the partisans of another claimant, and for a score of years or so perhaps no contemporary production was more frequently quoted than were its opening lines.

So unexceptionally proper were the perceptions of "Solitude" that I was astounded at the appearance of a volume in which it was tucked away inconspicuously at the rear while there boldly paraded at the front certain "Poems of Passion," like street-walkers pushing ahead

of the respectable feminine bourgeoisie on the pavement. Much water has gone under the mill since then, and there is no intention to discuss the points of view as to the limits of the permissible in the public expression of erotic detail by really good women. But no American woman had then gone farther than this little girl from Johnson Centre. It was a sapience purely literary; that was evident enough. The farmer's daughter had certainly absorbed Swinburne through the "Laus Veneris"; she had probably studied physical aspects in Dante Gabriel Rossetti; she had possibly read Gautier in translation.

I wrote thereupon an editorial article called "The Immodesty of Certain Female Poets," with extensive extracts and specimen passages of aphrodisiac phraseology. "We are happy to believe," the article said in conclusion, "that all the poets of this category are excellent persons in private, and that they rejoice in the esteem of their mothers, sisters and friends; yet they try to persuade the general public that they are very loose fish indeed."

That was the origin of the former fame of the so-called "Wisconsin School of Female Poets." The incident is of interest now mostly as a measure of distance. Was it Doctor Johnson, or another, who said that all descriptions of manners require notes for the next generation? The point is that this exhibit in 1883 of the nouns of anatomy and the adjectives of emotion was actually believed to have been fabricated for sensational purposes. My old friend Edward Stanwood, then editor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, wrote me:

A few days ago an able but superannuated journalist sent me the recent article in *The Sun* on amorous female poetry, asking me to copy it. I answered him that I thought the supposed extracts were all concocted in *The Sun* office. He does not believe it. He says: "My opinion is that Mr. Dana wrote the article himself and I feel confident that he would not have done so except on satisfactory grounds." For my own satisfaction—

perhaps also to write to him—will you tell me which of us is right?

As a comment on this I append the letter that came afterward from the young lady we had attempted to rebuke:

Please accept my thanks for all your excellent advertising of my book. You have helped me very much. Your very kind and shrewd article has brought me letters from all parts of the country. With sincere thanks, yours,

ELLA WHEELER.

And yet the young Poet of Passion was as dead wrong about the motive as Edward Stanwood was about the facts. Afterward she came east and became the centre of a literary cult, establishing a *salon*, which I never attended, but of which Julian Ralph gave me an engaging account. She scrapped her Swinburne, married a Connecticut gentleman, and lived a long life of admirable wifehood. Mrs. Wilcox produced through the years a vast volume of decorous and morally irreproachable verse that cheered and helped thousands of readers; for in the mart of poesy the intellectuals are by no means the only seekers and consumers of wares. Even J. Gordon Coogler, a pioneer poet of a different section and a very different sort, whom Kingsbury discovered and encouraged for full a decade of years, expressed this thought yearningly in his immortal rhyme:

“Alas for the South! Her books have grown fewer—
She was never much given to literature.”

Of Ella Wheeler’s first visit to New York I retain a distinct recollection. She came forthwith to *The Sun* office, a demure and rather unsophisticated little lady in the garments of her zone. She said nothing about roses and raptures, but was inquisitive about street-car lines, and manifested an almost childish eagerness to be directed

safely to Coney Island, in order that she might as soon as possible behold its wonders.

III

Harold Frederic was a reporter or sub-editor on a Utica newspaper when I made his acquaintance. He was then acting as the local news correspondent of *The Sun* at space rates. One of his first attempts to shed the pinafore of routine was an elaborate piece of dramatic criticism which he sent down to us in a bulky envelope. Edwin Booth had been playing a one-night engagement at the opera-house and Harold Frederic had perceived how great a part *Iago* was and had written three or four columns about it for his New York newspaper. It was an ambitious and serious performance, worthy in some respects of the future author of "The Damnation of Theron Ware" and "Illumination," but of course lacking the aptness of proper occasion for such an essay. "How sorry the poor fellow will be," said Dana when I had reported, "to hear we city folks don't appreciate his discovery of Booth and of Shakespeare."

Frederic was nobly and finely in earnest in whatever he did. By courageous work and a persistence that was perhaps fortified by some deficiency of humor in matters of perspective his powerful talents forced the way to recognition here and in England. He climbed from Utica to the editorship of the Albany *Evening Journal* when Charles Emory Smith went to the Philadelphia *Press* on his road to the Russian embassy and the cabinet; Frederic was afterward appointed as London correspondent of the New York *Times*. He came to see me before he sailed, I suppose as to a veteran cosmopolite and globe-trotter whom he knew to have travelled twice to Europe. His main anxiety was about the etiquette of the steamship, not at all about his press functions after landing. He wanted to know with how much he would be ex-

pected to fee the table steward, the room steward, the bath steward, and so on; and the inexpert advice he received was noted carefully in his memorandum-book.

I never saw him after that. He wore a long green over-coat that made him look like a cucumber and was uncouth and awkward. On the other side soon after arrival his remarkable performance during the great cholera epidemic in the south of France gave him immediate prestige with his employers and in the profession; while novel after novel established his literary fame. I have been told by Londoners that before his death near the end of the last century Harold Frederic had come to be regarded there as an accomplished club-man, somewhat of a *viveur*, and a facile conversationalist.

Henry James, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Rudyard Kipling were contributors to *The Sun*, but without opportunity of personal contact on my part. I have related once before how Mr. Dana, in 1877 or 1878, originated the now familiar idea of syndicated newspaper fiction. He purchased stories by Bret Harte and such eminent writers and shared expenses with other selected journals, distant enough to be non-competing. Also, I have told how one of these stories, "Georgina's Reasons," by Henry James, appeared in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* with title extended in the fashion of the bold headliner so as to read: "Georgina's Reasons: Henry James's Latest Story; a Woman Who Commits Bigamy and Enforces Silence on Her Husband!"—all this, no doubt, to the queasiness of an author so fastidious as to literary form.

Stevenson's South Sea letters, or many of them, were first printed in the newspaper of which I have been so long speaking. So was Kipling's "The Light That Failed." I have recently seen it ranked by some critic as the author's best work, although that is a judgment in which I suspect neither Mr. Kipling nor the reader of these memories is likely to concur. The only letter I find from Kipling is

one that was intended for publication, direct or indirect. It was written from his place in Sussex in 1910 and stated that the lines, "The toad beneath the harrow knows," etc., appearing as an introduction to "Padgett, M. P.," in the "Departmental Ditties," were not quoted from any one but were composed by himself. To that information he added a request that *The Sun* deny with emphasis a story that he once worked as a reporter on a San Francisco paper. "There is not a single word of truth in the tale, from beginning to end," he wrote, "outside the fact that I was once in San Francisco."

William Dean Howells I came to know quite well long after the Dana era. We shared with the Harper establishment, under Colonel Harvey's administration, the privilege of publishing some of Mr. Howells's charming notes of travel. The association became more or less personal. He used to visit the office, and I treasure not less the memory of the talks with him there than the possession of the letters he wrote me from time to time. Some of these refer to kindred memories of interesting places, in Spain and elsewhere abroad; some were designed, in the kindness of his heart, to promote the journalistic fortunes of friends and protégés of his. His interest in the newspaper craft and its craftsmen dated back to the days when he was a printer-journalist in Ohio. The exceeding generosity of his judgments when friendly interest was involved is seen in notes like this:

MY DEAR MR. MITCHELL: I really don't see why I shouldn't send you this letter of ——'s. As you may long ago have inferred, I value highly the queer literary quality I find in him and not in others. His last paper seemed to me as down-to-the-ground as Hardy's or Phillipotts's rustic life. Do let me hear from you. Yours sincerely,

W. D. HOWELLS.

130 West 57th street, April 28, 1910.

The only time I ever knew Howells to swoon slightly in the gracefulness of his expressions concerning newspaper

men was at a dinner of the old Fellowcraft Club, away back in 1888. The insecurity with which he sometimes spoke when on his legs in public made him seem to refer to his somewhat unpleasant *Bartley Hubbard* in "A Modern Instance" as a type of the profession to some of the representatives of which he was then addressing his remarks. But that hiatus of tact was manifestly unconscious and therefore unintended. Of the other letters mentioned, here is one:

November 14, 1912.

DEAR MR. MITCHELL: Since I came home I have met many another Spanish traveller and they have all been of your mind and mine about the Spaniards: simply, they love them. How do we have such an infernally wrong idea of them? It long antedates the beneficiaries of our Monroe doctrine. And what a lot of good books there are about Spain. I shrink from adding to the number. Yours sincerely,

W. D. HOWELLS.

While recalling some of the novelists who used to help from outside to make *The Sun* readable it would be a real sin to overlook those who actually nested there. For a long time the city rooms of both the morning and evening editions were somewhat of a preparatory school for writers of fiction. Among those who were thus graduated, upstairs or down, into book-cover literature were Richard Harding Davis, whom I remember as the youth who artistically composed and was accustomed dismally to render his dirge-like music for Kipling's "They're Hanging Danny Deever in the Morning"; Lawrence Perry, David Graham Phillips, Jesse Lynch Williams, Samuel Hopkins Adams, that clever girl Dana Gatlin, and Edward W. Townsend, who created "Chimmie Fadden," went to Congress, and wrote "Fort Birkett" and other capital tales. All of these were *Sun* reporters, and good reporters too. James Luby, whose novel "The Black Cross Clove," fastened itself on me when I read it, because of its skilful

interweaving of the spirit and sentiment of natural scenery with the thread of romance, came from the old *Herald* but was long of *The Sun*. And among those of us who became successful playwrights were Franklin Fyles, Albert E. Thomas, and Don Marquis.

A less happy career in fiction-writing was that of "Doctor" John Wood, already mentioned as the Great American Condenser of verbal surplusage. Wood's cherished ambition was to produce a political novel based on Tammany methods. Not many of his newspaper associates were admitted to knowledge of this secret aspiration, but the "Doctor" used to read chapters of the forthcoming book to Amos Cummings and myself at Amos's house at or near Varick Street, in the heart of the West Side district which afterward maintained Amos in Congress. I vaguely remember that "Doctor" Wood's plot concerned the performances of an organization called "The Grand Central Council of Political Reform." The novel never reached the printer. The author would revise the manuscript over and over again, each time finding something new to cut out; and before the process of elimination was completed to his own satisfaction the poor fellow perished tragically at one of the North River piers on a winter night.

After Bret Harte's migration to the East he was a frequenter both of the columns and of the easy chairs of *The Sun*. He wrote sketches, burlesques, and stories which were first published in that paper. His "Thankful Blossom," the tale of Morristown in Revolutionary times, was running as a serial in December, 1876. He used to come often to read his proofs or collect his checks, or merely to chat. A dapper, debonair, medium-sized person of easy manners, good looking without striking personality, scrupulously attired, as if he deemed correct neckties a needed apology for his years in the rough-and-tumble West, affable in the extreme; yet there was some-

thing indefinable which made one wonder. I have heard others who knew him better, both in Germany and in England afterward, speculate concerning that elusive "out"—that something which could not possibly suggest itself, for instance, in the case of Mark Twain or of Eugene Field.

Perhaps there is some indication of characteristics in a letter to Mr. Dana, after Harte had become United States Consul at Crefeld. The chirography is as neatly microscopic as Field's, but more fluid and less downright:

Crefeld, November 24, '79.

MY DEAR MR. DANA: I have just received yours of the 4th inst.—only *twenty* days from New York. But probably you send via the Cape of Good Hope, in which case it was a quick passage.

Thank you for your sober second thoughts regarding the amount paid for "Peter Schroeder." He translates into French admirably in the *Figaro* and there is much more in him than you saw.

In a few days I shall send you proofs of another story *longer* than the "Twins" ["Twins of Table Mountain"] entitled "Jeff Briggs' Love Story." It is a pure California idyll with a dramatic snap at the end. It ought to reach you before Xmas, and would I believe make a capital Xmas supplement for you. But I cannot, alas! forecast your criticism or your judgment any more. I knew the "Twins" were good, yet I was quite prepared to have you snub 'em. I believed in Peter, too.

I send this to forewarn you that you might arrange for the coming of "Jeff Briggs" if you like him.

Yours always, dear Dana,

BRET HARTE.

I saw in the London *Daily News* that John Hay had succeeded Seward! Since then I sit in trembling expectancy for *The Sun* of the next day.

B. H.

However, Bret Harte was a most agreeable companion, and I was delighted when he came to sit in my room and

talk. Two of his stories I remember, for the simple reason that I have told them often, but not in print.

At a dinner in New York a lady was lamenting to him the dearth in America of material for romance.

"You know, Mr. Harte," said she, "that in England, where I have spent considerable time, every glade, every dell, every crag has its legend. I assure you, Mr. Harte, that you really have no conception, unless you have spent considerable time in England, as I have, of the amount of romance you find there ready-made everywhere."

"I suppose so," said Harte.

"Why, I was stopping at a country house in Warwickshire where the whole estate was crowded with legends. They took me out and told me legend after legend. They had a ruined tower on the place and they called it Sir Wilfred's Curse. Just think of that, Mr. Harte, isn't it delightful? Sir Wilfred's Curse, and right on your own estate! We haven't anything of that kind over here, Mr. Harte."

"Oh yes, we have, madam," suggested Bret Harte (as he told the story). "Right here we've got McComb's Dam."

Another yarn of his: When he was editing a little paper in a mining settlement in California the wife of the leading citizen died and it became his duty to write an editorial obituary. This he did quite to his satisfaction, concluding the eulogy with the remark, "She was distinguished for charity above all the other ladies of this town."

"I dropped into the office later," said Bret Harte, "to look at the proofs. I found that the intelligent compositor had made me say, 'She was distinguished for chastity above all the other ladies of this town.' I crossed out the insulting s, put a big query mark in the margin and went home. To my horror in the morning I read, 'She was dis-

tinguished for chastity (?) above all the other ladies of this town.”

But of those who came into and went out of the corner room where Dana sat, none was surer of a gracious reception than the nuns who arrived periodically in couples to collect for their poor. They had free entrance always. The boldest office boy at the gate outside would never venture to question them. The sisters came in, got their dollar or two, had a few moments of amiable conversation and departed smiling.

Mr. Dana was proud of his friendly relations with the Catholic Church and its hierarchy. He had been received warmly at the American College in Rome, although not of the faith, and at the Vatican. He had talked Dante with Leo XIII and found his scholarship congenial. I think Dana felt sure the sisters must understand something of all that, and he welcomed their visits accordingly.

Two of them came in when I was in his accustomed place soon after his death in 1897. The elder I had seen there many times before. I gave them the usual dollar, but she paused as if surprised and looked around the room.

“Where is that old man,” she asked, “that would be sitting at this desk?”

CHAPTER X

THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE WHITE HOUSE

I

DANA's turn against the Grant administration was perhaps as important a single event as ever occurred in the relations of American journalism with American statesmanship. Its consequences reached far and lasted long. It was several years before my connection with *The Sun* began that this intrepid step had been taken by one who, half a dozen years earlier, had done so much to secure the retention of Grant in high command at the critical time of the Vicksburg campaign, when the General's detractors were clamoring for his removal on account of alleged habits of intemperance. Unquestionably, the reports made from Vicksburg by Dana for the eyes only of the Secretary of War and the President, setting forth the conclusions reached by personal observation at the front, were of prime influence upon the subsequent history of the Civil War. Dana had advocated the election of Grant to the Presidency in 1868, he had written in collaboration with General James Harrison Wilson a campaign biography of the successful military leader, and had accompanied his civil career for some distance as friend and supporter before the break came.

Not always is it the easiest thing in the world to diagnose the underlying motives of editorial policy. Just as we often judge a man more by his necktie than by his mathematics or moral philosophy, so is public criticism prone to seize upon some crude and obvious circumstance as the authentic explanation of newspaper behavior. I remember

that Dana used to relate with delight some of the discussions of fundamental principles and transcendental origins that took place in the old *Tribune* office when the members of that extraordinary staff were not pressed for copy for the composing-room.

"Don't you believe in first great causes?" demanded George Ripley once of William Henry Fry, Greeley's musical critic and the author of several symphonies and operas, besides a treatise on artificial fish breeding.

"Yes," said Fry, "Y-e-s, I suppose so. Back of Everything, there must be some Damned Thing or Other."

So, back of the apparently sufficient reasons why an independent newspaper, controlled by spunk and pluck, like Dana's, should oppose an administration honey-combed with scandals, and this notwithstanding his previous relations with General Grant, some of those who deplored the political course of *The Sun* were sure that it was inspired by the personal disappointment of an office seeker.

Dana's services to the country, to the party, and to Grant, the hero of the war, certainly entitled him to gratitude and recognition, whether or not he actually aspired to federal office after he had bought *The Sun*. Cases are not wanting in journalistic experience either where an editor has manifested an exaggerated view of his own individuality as a political force or where personal antagonism has determined public policy. To some extent human nature is always the "some damned thing or other" which Fry discerned behind everything else. Yet I am aware of no evidence sustaining a charge, once generally accepted by those who cared to think that way, namely, that Dana applied to Grant for the collectorship of the port of New York in the spring of 1869 and that his application was rejected, Moses H. Grinnell and afterward Thomas Murphy being preferred to him for the post. Whether he might have been collector if the office had

been offered to him it is now of course impossible to say, but that he never asked for that office is certain, both from his own statements and from that of his lifelong friend, General Wilson, who as a member of Grant's staff met Dana first at Vicksburg in 1863 and who at this writing in 1924 survives, in fine old age, at Wilmington, Delaware, the last of the larger West Point men figuring in the armies of the North. General Wilson says in his "Life of Charles A. Dana":

So far as I know, he was never an applicant for that, or any other office. The action which I had taken with General Rawlins in his behalf was entirely on my own responsibility, in the interest of General Grant and his Administration.

Rawlins, General Wilson explained, "requested me to inform Dana that he was to have that place, and this was without qualification or condition. Feeling that it was a wise decision, I made haste to communicate it both by letter and in person. Inasmuch as Rawlins was at that time seeing Grant daily and discussing every sort of question with him, except such as were personal to himself, I assumed that they had considered and decided upon Dana's appointment together and that Rawlins had full authority for the assurance he had authorized me to give to Dana." Whether this nomination was in fact decided upon at Washington and reconsidered, or whether there was a misunderstanding somewhere and a premature announcement, General Wilson's testimony shows that Dana had not put himself in any position to incur the humiliation of the disappointed office seeker. Indeed, a fortnight later, Secretary Boutwell was urging Dana to accept appointment as appraiser and Mr. Dana was politely declining on the ground of more important duties in his newspaper office.

All this business of custom-house offices seems small enough at long-distance view, but for many years it was

used persistently to discredit the disinterestedness of Dana's exposures of the myriad scandals developing during the first and second terms of Grant. The large gifts of money or real estate to the new President by men after-

*Just we make up
Garfield's De Golyer record
in a fitful & effective style.*
C. C. D.

A SPECIMEN MEMORANDUM

ward chosen for cabinet places or other high office, the navy and post-office frauds, the facts leading to the impeachment of Secretary Belknap, the carpet-bagger infamies at the South, the District of Columbia Ring, the Whiskey Ring, the Credit Mobilier, and the President's lack of sensitiveness to the character and conduct of many of his chosen associates afforded Dana a field which *The Sun* explored vigorously and urged on the public conscience with incessant and often merciless iteration.

In these investigations, as in other matters, Dana's chief adviser was the elder Bartlett, and his principal agent the Washington correspondent of *The Sun*, A. M. Gibson, a man who combined in a remarkable degree the newspaper instinct and detective ability of a high order. Gibson was afterward a trusted agent of Tilden during the complications following the electoral count of 1876. He went later, I think, either to Brazil or the Argentine, and I lost sight of him. It was during his management of the Washington bureau that I first came to know

and esteem a young journalist there employed, my good friend and the friend of hundreds of newspaper men, Doctor Talcott Williams, now the director emeritus of the School of Journalism in Columbia University.

That Grant, in many respects, made a failure of civil administration is not now likely to be questioned seriously. Dana's campaign against the evils and mistakes of those eight years counted vastly for the purification of the political atmosphere, and was, on the whole, the most noteworthy achievement of his journalistic career. *The Sun*, when I joined it toward the end of Grant's second term, had become the leader of the opposition, probably the most widely read and most widely quoted newspaper in the country.

Before the procession moves on, however, I ought to say that in no instance do I recall a word from Mr. Dana's mouth, even in the freedom of private conversation, that implied any essential departure from the estimate he had formed at Vicksburg and afterward of that soldier's personal character, brave, modest, honest, and lovable. The fierce indignation was bestowed upon those surrounding the President whom Dana believed to be using his simplicity of soul and loyalty of friendship for their own corrupt purposes. He never seemed to tolerate injustice, big or little, to the general himself. I remember how quickly he hauled up somebody who was narrating what purported to be certain remarks of the President, thickly interlarded with oaths. "Stuff and nonsense!" said Dana, "Don't tell me you ever heard a word of profanity from Grant's lips. He didn't!"

When the exposure and prosecution of the Whiskey Ring thieves was at the focus point of public attention, Mr. Dana sent me West to talk with a certain scoundrel who had figured conspicuously in the St. Louis conspiracy to defraud the revenues. The information came through Ex-Senator John B. Henderson of Missouri, who had

helped to prosecute the thieves, but had been removed from office for a speech which seemed to reflect on Grant. Two or three hundred officers of the Government had been indicted in consequence of the efforts of Secretary Bristow and his solicitor of the treasury, Bluford Wilson, and some of them were convicted and sent to prison. One of the whiskey convicts was John McDonald, the man I was seeking. He was now out of jail, in destitute circumstances, living in a small town in Wisconsin, where he had married about a month before the woman known in the whiskey fraud cases as "Sylph." McDonald professed to have in his possession documentary evidence that would carry the guilt into the White House and even beyond Private Secretary Babcock. He was willing to sell this information to *The Sun* for a considerable price, exact figures not specified. "I don't believe him," said Dana, "but better go out and see what he has got."

I made the trip to St. Louis, where I talked with General Henderson, and then to Milwaukee and by slow train in the dead of winter a hundred miles or so to a town named Berlin, where McDonald and "Sylph" were abiding. The thermometer was below zero and I was sitting over an incompetent little wood fire in a back room of the dismal local hotel when the man came in and began to enact a most ridiculous farce of mystery and impudence. He was bitter against those who had escaped while he, as he declared, had suffered for them. He had proof, he said, that box after box of expensive cigars used to go directly from his gang in St. Louis to Grant, with a thousand-dollar note folded neatly between each layer of tobacco. His papers were in safe deposit in a western city. He would disclose the evidence for a hundred thousand dollars, payable strictly in advance; and a lot more of revelation of that texture.

The point of the story is that when I got back to New York and reported that there was nothing up there in

the Arctic zone but matter for laughter Dana expressed both amusement and sincere satisfaction. "I thought as much," he said, "Go down and tell Bristow about it."

The secretary of the treasury had resigned not long before from the cabinet and was occupying a law office in lower Nassau Street. He had broken the gigantic conspiracy of distillers and government officials and yet had been accused by Grant (to General Plaisted, the Republican member of the House investigating committee) of running for the Presidential nomination as a reformer—"as a reformer," Grant grimly remarked, "of *my* Administration." Bristow listened with great interest to the story of McDonald's "revelations." "Let no guilty man escape," Grant had once written to his secretary of the treasury before they broke apart.

II

While I have from infancy a faint, half-ascertained recollection of the burning of a Catholic Church at Bath, Maine, during the Know Nothing riots in Franklin Pierce's Administration, and distinctly remember many events in the terms of Buchanan, Lincoln, and Andrew Johnson, newspaper connection with political history begins with Grant's second term, as has just been related. From that starting point it takes me through the years of Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, Cleveland again, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, and thus to Coolidge—thirteen Presidential terms, during which the office was held by twelve different individuals as President. These I am going to touch lightly, and only as personal memories that seem of interest are implicated.

Tilden was an occasional, though in proper person not a frequent, visitor to the office during the campaign that resulted, as *The Sun* stoutly believed, in his election as President to succeed Grant. The characteristic attitude in conference of that great political philosopher and past-

master of political detail was not such as to indicate either the dimensions of his intellect or its really human and even humorous perceptions. He would sit on the edge of his chair, leaning forward slightly, and mysteriously whisper communications that might refer to literature or art or the wine cellar or the dogs at Greystone but sometimes seemed to an unhearing onlooker as if they must be sinister suggestions for the overthrow of the Republic. The drooping eyelids that half-veiled the gray-blue pupils gave his countenance an expression of exceeding sagacity; Oscar Underwood's eyes have somewhat of the same quality, though otherwise he does not bear a physical resemblance to Tilden. Dürer's little etching, "The Peasant at Market," is a capital likeness of him. The Democratic candidate of 1876 suffered in his sixties a partial paralysis of the left side, which made him look older than he was. He was slow of movement, unimpressive of utterance, deliberate in his judgments, unexcitable of temperament, capable of absolute personal detachment even from a situation that greatly concerned himself, capable likewise of momentous decision, though his characteristic phrase when such matters were put up to him was the half-audible "I'll see you later." Those who knew him best, like John Bigelow, Andrew H. Green, Francis Lynde Stetson, and Abram S. Hewitt, appeared not only to trust him, but also to love him, though Hewitt, always the victim of dyspepsia, was sometimes inclined to impatience with him. In the uncertainties following that memorable election day, however, hundreds of thousands of Democrats came to think of Tilden, first of all, as a whisperer and a procrastinator.

It is not remembered, perhaps, by everybody that although Mr. Tilden was graduated from the castellated New York University in Washington Square he had been for a time a member of the famous class of 1837 at Yale, and that Evarts, Chief Justice Waite, Benjamin Silliman,

and Edwards Pierrepont were among his classmates there. Poor health took Tilden away from New Haven and transferred him later to the other institution. I suppose there was no time when he could have been considered a robust man, a circumstance that made the more remarkable his abundant if quiet energy in the practice of the law, his triumphant leadership in the prosecution of the Tweed ringsters and their corrupt accomplices on the bench, his overthrow later of the Canal Ring and the accomplishment of innumerable reforms in the State Government; to say nothing of the creation of a political machine which for thoroughness of organization and effective superintendence of the minutest particulars has never been surpassed.

When in the early morning after November 7 the Republican leaders had admitted Hayes's defeat and had gone to bed, and *The Sun* and all but one of the other morning newspapers were confidently announcing Mr. Tilden's election, John C. Reid, the news editor of the *New York Times*, an indomitable manipulator of election returns, ciphered out from the latest bulletins the bare possibility that if South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana could be counted for Hayes the result would be thrown in doubt. The incident is well known; it is mentioned here as perhaps the most sensational illustration in all history of the influence an obscure newspaper desk can exert upon the course of national events.

Reid rushed up-town to Republican headquarters, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There he found William E. Chandler, secretary of the Republican National Committee, just back from New Hampshire, whither he had gone to vote. They went up-stairs together and pounded at the door of the chamber in which Zach Chandler of Michigan, chairman of the National Committee, was sleeping the beauty sleep of the disconsolate. Half awake, Zach came to the door in his nightgown and was told of the possibili-

ties of the situation. Later, Grant was reached in Philadelphia by way of Jay Gould's private wire and promised troops if needed to secure "a fair count" in the disputed States. And at that point began the train of audacities, contests, Returning Board performances, visiting statesmanship, legislative expedients and legal arguments which ended with the eight to seven vote of the Electoral Commission and the seating of Mr. Hayes.

John Reid was always well satisfied, I imagine, with his early morning work on November 8. Such was not the case, however, with the other pioneers in the enterprise. Two years later Hayes's policy of conciliation in the Southern States, otherwise fruitful of lasting good, had alienated the stalwarts who maintained that by upholding the Democratic Governments in these disputed States the President whom the Returning Boards and the Electoral Commission had put in the White House was virtually discrediting his own title. William E. Chandler issued his famous pamphlet, "Can Such Things Be and Overcome Us Like a Summer Cloud Without Our Special Wonder?" He attempted unsuccessfully to procure an outright repudiation of Hayes by the Republican State Convention in New Hampshire in 1878; all that he got was a modified approval of Hayes's good intentions with silence as to his past acts. I went up to this Concord convention in forty-below-zero January weather; and I remember the wintry excursion with especial pleasure because it was then I first made the acquaintance of Solomon Bulkley Griffin of the Springfield *Republican*, whose friendship has accompanied me now for near half a century. Mr. Griffin refers to this meeting in his engaging book, "People and Politics," published last year. As for William Eaton Chandler, he talked with me then, as often afterward, with the utmost candor; at times almost with tears in his eyes. I am sure I am not misrepresenting his sentiments two years after the electoral count when I say that

the memory of his share in it had for him the bitterness of gall. Other prominent Republicans, Tom Reed of Maine, for example, expressed themselves in private about President Hayes in terms that would scarcely bear reporting; and the Chandler whose Christian name was Zachariah was once heard to measure his disappointment and disgust in this declaration:

“If I owed the devil a thousand liars and he wouldn’t take Hayes and give me a receipt in full, by heaven, I’d go into bankruptcy!”

From beginning to end the passions stirred by that controversy and by the reciprocal accusations of fraud and bribery exceeded anything else within the narrow range of my experience. It seemed during the weeks following election day and before the adoption by Congress of the Electoral Commission expedient that the country was at the edge of civil strife. It seemed that Mr. Tilden had only to wink his eye, had only to lower slightly that always drooping but sagacious lid, to start the traditional hundred thousand Kentuckians with the gallant Watterson in command a-marching against the Federal troops to seat the Democratic candidate. In justice, however, to Watterson’s common sense, it should be remembered that in a letter to his paper from his post as a member of the House of Representatives on January 5, 1877, he explained that what he called for was merely “the presence of at least ten thousand unarmed Kentuckians” forming part of a body of “a hundred thousand petitioners” to present peacefully a memorial to Congress. After the decision had been rendered, and Judge Jeremiah S. Black had uttered his historic warning that “Justice travels with a leaden heel, but strikes with an iron hand” there were thousands of good citizens who refused, like *The Sun*, to recognize the legitimacy of Mr. Hayes’s title to the Presidency. Dana never spoke of him in his paper as “President Hayes”; always as “the Fraudulent President.”

His picture was printed with the word "FRAUD" branded in capitals across his brow. It is related in the biography of Nathan Clifford by his grandson Philip G. Clifford that the eminent jurist who as one of the five Justices of the Supreme Court presided at the sessions of the tribunal and voted with the seven against the eight always "considered Mr. Hayes to be a usurper and never entered the White House during that administration. "R. B. Hayes," wrote Parke Goodwin, Bryant's son-in-law, for years a Republican, "commonly supposed to mean Rutherford B. Hayes, clearly means Returning Board Hayes. Let *The Sun* fasten the name on him."

In the calmer view of the long afterward, it became possible even for ardent supporters of Tilden's cause to admit that the outcome was on the whole for the good of the country; that Hayes filled the office with honorable purposes and reasonable capacity. But while the result was uncertain there were a hundred varying views of Tilden's duty, just as there are still dozens of conflicting opinions about his attitude in the time of stress. So dispassionate an historian as James Ford Rhodes concludes that Tilden "did not rise to the emergency"; that "he was entirely lacking in both the physical and moral courage needed in a leader during the turbulent times which succeeded election day." On the other hand, it might be held that Tilden was lacking neither in exalted patriotism when he refrained from sounding a summons that would mean physical strife, nor in sagacious prevision if, in fact, he looked forward to a satisfactory conclusion, in forms of law, by a tribunal in which Justice David Davis might reasonably be expected to cast the deciding vote; yet he did not commit himself to the method of settlement finally adopted. Who can say what was the truth of the matter? The two things certain are that Tilden did not act as a man of different mould might have acted under the circumstances, and that Tilden lost.

A rather amusing incident illustrating the dangers of premature announcements of editorial policy may be recited here. That distinguished constitutional lawyer, George Ticknor Curtis, the biographer of James Buchanan and of Daniel Webster, and the author of many weighty treatises on legal subjects, was our frequent visitor and voluminous contributor at this time: a stoutish gentleman with gray side-whiskers and a preoccupied, portentous air of gravity and dignity. He was known to us as the producer of a serial entitled "A Life That Was as Beautiful as It Is Interesting." I forget now just whose life it was; some estimable French lady of the eighteenth century, if I am not mistaken. At any rate, her life ran on in prodigious paragraphs column after column and week after week in the Sunday paper, until Amos Cummings suggested that the title be changed to "A Life That Is as Unnecessary as It Is Everlasting."

When the Tilden-Hayes crisis occurred, Mr. Curtis came promptly to the front as a volunteer pilot through the dense fog encompassing the Constitutional, legal, and legislative questions concerning the count. About a fortnight after election day Mr. Dana caused some consternation among the Tilden lawyers by printing as a leading editorial a two-column article declaring the Constitutional inability of Congress to "go behind the returns" no matter how fraudulent the returns might be. Now this happened, unfortunately, to be a declaration for the precise theory which the partisans on the Eight-to-Seven Commission used some months later to count Mr. Tilden out and Mr. Hayes in. It was a positive committal to views which *The Sun* itself most vigorously combated in the later stages of the controversy. This editorial was written in the same stately, solemn rhetoric which had characterized the "Life as Beautiful as It Is Interesting." Naturally, Mr. Dana could not foresee the future trend of discussion, and sometimes he was liable, anyway, to be unduly im-

pressed by pretentious Constitutional profundity. But that mistake was not repeated; the line of "you can't go behind the returns" argument was abandoned.

The explanation of the incident came after Tilden's death when an admonitory letter to the candidate from August Belmont, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was found, by John Bigelow, I think, among the Greystone archives.

"I will never," said Tilden once in *The Sun* office, "be a party to any course which will array my countrymen in civil war against each other." It was with him a question of moderation and dignity—of temperament. Another temperament might have produced a different result. It is not without interest to speculate now on the outcome had Theodore Roosevelt, for instance, been in Samuel J. Tilden's place, with Tilden's votes and with Tilden's belief in his rights. Would Roosevelt have been seated? And would there necessarily have been bloodshed before he was seated?

It was during the debate in the Senate on the Electoral Commission measure that I met for the first time one of the most picturesque figures in American political history, Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts. The acquaintance had long been desired on my part in the interests of curiosity and anthropology. I used to see in Boothbay Harbor and elsewhere along the Maine coast his schooner, the famous *America*, formerly the yacht that won the cup in the English Channel, when there was "no second, your Majesty." While I was at Bowdoin there floated down from the neighboring institution at Waterville, afterward renamed Colby University, traditions about General Butler's career when a student there, twenty-five years earlier. Butler was studious in a few respects but in none more diligently than in his avoidance of the requirement of compulsory attendance at divine service. At last the president summoned him and demanded an explanation.

"Why do you persistently and apparently maliciously withhold your presence from chapel and church, Butler?" he asked. "Tell me frankly, as friend to friend."

Young Butler assumed the forensic attitude. "Since you put it that way, doctor," he replied, "I may state that I have been examining the statistics of salvation and find that only one soul in about 175 can hope to be saved. I ask, what use for me to attempt? I invite your attention, both as a mathematician and as a theologian, to the fact that there are less than a hundred and twenty souls in all Waterville College."

After the Presidential vote of 1876 General Butler, a staunch Republican and an acute lawyer, was reported to believe that Tilden had been fairly elected and ought to be seated. This report of his convictions was abundantly confirmed by his subsequent utterances in public on the subject, made too late, however, to aid in preventing what he afterward denounced as a crime.

I was sent to Washington to procure from Butler, if possible, a legal opinion on some aspects of the situation and to offer him, in the professional way, a fee of \$2,500 therefor. I found him in the evening at his office on the first floor of the grim granite fortress-looking building across from the House wing of the Capitol. He had been delving into a pile of law papers and was leaning back in his swivel chair. The summit of his extremely bald brow glowed in the gaslight. He received me kindly and as we talked twisted around and around the unlighted cigar he held between his teeth. The cigar was always there and generally in active rotation, but then or afterward I never saw it inflamed.

"You'll see how it is," he said. "I'd like to oblige Dana, but I can't accept the check or give an opinion for publication. I'm a private citizen engaged in law practice just now, but I'm also a member-elect of the next House. I've been applied to by both sides to take part as counsel

but have declined any retainer as I may have to pass on these proceedings officially after the fourth of next March. You see how it is?"

The cigar was going rapidly around and he was evidently deriving pleasure from his intercourse with it. "Yes, I'd mightily like to oblige Dana——" and then, abruptly, "I wonder if he understands how Conkling really feels?"

Then he conversed about other things. He began to discuss Mr. E. L. Godkin of *The Nation*, his inveterate enemy and his opposite in all habits of mind and manner. "When Godkin was starting his pernicious weekly," he said, "he went around to all the old Abolitionists to get subscriptions to his stock. He came to me, for one. He told me he intended to publish a journal for the education and elevation of the emancipated and enfranchised negro slaves."

General Butler was either regarding me with a benevolent smile or was gazing admiringly at an engraving of Chief Justice Marshall, hanging on the wall at an off angle of sixty-five degrees. I imagined he winked just then, but it was always hard to speak with positiveness about his ocular demonstrations.

To change the subject from Godkin and *The Nation*, I asked if it was true that he, General Butler, had once been seen standing on the front steps of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, shooting tigers with a revolver. The reference was to the crazy hoax, perpetrated by the New York *Herald* in the fall of 1874, about an escape down-town of the wild animals in the Central Park menagerie. Butler's heroic conduct had been thus alleged.

When I got up, saying I was going over to the Capitol, he was laughing about the tiger in Fifth Avenue. "Come back here at about eleven," said he.

I returned at that hour and he asked for the news of the situation. I told him what I had observed from the

Senate gallery. Morton of Indiana, old "Sitting Bull," had just finished a speech against the Electoral Commission bill; So-and-So was speaking, and so on.

"No, no! I don't mean that," he said, with the utmost seriousness. "I mean what's the news from Springfield."

I couldn't for the life of me understand what the news from the Connecticut Valley had to do with the electoral contest. He saw I was puzzled.

"Springfield," he said, "Springfield, Illinois. That's the place you want to watch."

Everybody understands it now, but how many observers perceived then, as clearly as General Butler did that night, that the great national question was working itself out at that remote State capital? The Electoral Commission bill was on its way to enactment. It was reasonably certain, with the Senate Republican and the House Democratic, that the ten members from Congress would tie each other in the new tribunal on a partisan vote. There were sure to be two Republican and two Democratic Justices selected from the Supreme Court and the final decision would rest in the personality of the fifth justice, the super-referee of the whole case. The choice of Justice David Davis, generally classed as independent with leanings toward the Democracy, seemed inevitable. Mr. Tilden's friends had faith in David Davis. But the election of a senator was on in the Illinois Legislature. There had been a long deadlock; and in the end, as it turned out, the deadlock was broken by the election of Justice Davis to the Senate on a combination of Democratic and Independent votes. Davis wanted to get off the bench and back into politics. He escaped at the last moment the big responsibility that was ahead for the fifteenth man, Justice Bradley assumed it, and his was the eighth of the eight votes that prevailed. Butler's strabismic vision had seen early and had seen remarkably straight.

For four years *The Sun* loaded on poor Mr. Hayes,

officially and personally, all the obloquy it conceived to be justly due to the beneficiary of a crime against representative government. I am going to speak here of but one incident of that unpleasing period; it has some of the elements of humor.

Mr. Hayes appointed as his private secretary a Western clergyman, or ex-clergyman, a Reverend Mr. Rogers. Rogers appears to have been a worthy but uncommonly ingenuous gentleman. When the attack was at its fiercest and the vocabulary of dispraise at its hottest there came in the mail a naïve appeal, on White House stationery and officially signed by Rogers, for a deadhead copy of the valued journal "for use in the Executive Mansion." From some men this would have been a charming stroke of ironical indifference, but the application was made by the private secretary in all the innocence of a thrifty purpose. Isaac England, the publisher, brought the letter up-stairs and passionately inquired what should be done.

"Write him politely the truth," replied Dana, "that our rule is to issue no unpaid copies. Then have his letter framed and hung up in the business office to certify our standing with the present administration."

III

Election night of 1884 stands out in retrospect more distinctly and more dismally than any other in the long series. This is for a reason of which I may speak perhaps without impropriety, though it has not the remotest connection with the defeat of Brother Blaine or the narrow triumph of the resolute gentleman from Buffalo.

From *The Sun's* windows that evening I watched awhile the ocean of excited faces in Printing House Square and heard the wild cheering over the early bulletins and the caricature cartoons projected in the lack of even insignificant news. Then, knowing I must be back by eleven to write the leader as best I could, I edged my way through

the crowd and went up-town to the specialist who by appointment was to sit in judgment upon me.

He was a most conscientious and thoroughgoing practitioner. He thumped and auscultated and pried into the innermost secrets of anatomy and thwacked knee-caps for reflex action and queried and investigated heredity as far as I could help him, almost back to old Firstcomer Experience Mitchell, who arrived in the ship *Ann* in 1623 and married at Plymouth the no doubt charming and presumably robust daughter of Francis Cooke of the *Mayflower's* passenger-list. This examination lasted for half an hour or so. Then the arbiter sat back in his chair, looking rather grave, while I sat trembling. He reflected for a few minutes before pronouncing sentence:

"There is but one thing for you to do. You must go out to Colorado. Live as much as possible in the open. Avoid mental effort. Sheep-raising would be excellent."

"But," I stammered, "that is breaking my entire career—I should throw away—I think I am doing fairly—I am fond of the work—I have a family—"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders; that was his reply.

"Supposing," I persisted, "I should take the chance and keep on here and not go to Colorado?"

"Since you want a frank answer"—he had the air of one who was indiscreetly pushed—"you might perhaps live ten years of progressively decreasing vitality and increasing misery—a wretched existence."

There was nothing more to be said. I paid and departed and made my way back through surging black clouds of dismay to *The Sun* office. The crowd outside was denser and more vociferous. It was a very close election. Several States were yet in doubt, but the result was apparently to be determined by the New York vote. Chester Lord, accomplished news editor in numerous ways but in none more accomplished than in the organization of quick and accurate service between the ballot boxes and the print-

ing-press, came in to say that to the best of his belief New York and the country had gone Democratic; and so I wrote the leader in that sense that night, with the fateful stethoscope still searching my soul.

The next morning when Mr. Dana came down-town he did not appear to be greatly distressed by the probability of the election of Cleveland, whom he had opposed for reasons which it is unnecessary here to analyze; nor elated by the defeat of Blaine (whom he opposed but in a way secretly loved always), a defeat compassed by the Mugwump defection, the Coney Island frauds, and the efficiency of the Reverend Doctor Burchard; nor again by the conspicuous failure of his support of Ben Butler as a *pis-aller* candidate on a platform of administrative reform with green-back-labor declarations which Dana would scarcely touch with tongs; an enterprise which was to impair the political prestige of *The Sun* considerably for several years to come. All these things upset Mr. Dana not in the least that morning, as far as I could see; but he did exhibit a genuine and kindly concern when I told of my interview with the doctor.

"Don't dream of quitting," he said, "till Austin Flint has overhauled you. Better go right up there now. I'll give you a letter to him and I'm sure he won't overcharge."

Doctor Austin Flint the senior was then seventy-two and at the top of his profession. He had been one of Mr. Dana's most intimate friends in Buffalo when the future editor was working as a clerk in the grocery and general store of his uncle William and the young doctor was beginning his brilliant career of practice and medical precept and authorship. Both were members of the Coffee Club, an association of ardent young fellows who met weekly to read poetry to each other and settle the great questions that were stirring in philosophy, politics, or religion. It was Flint who steered Dana to Harvard in 1839. The tall, courtly physician, with neatly trimmed

side-whiskers and bright, serene eyes that radiated mellow wisdom, received me pleasantly, and after an inquiry about his old friend bade me strip. He then put me through about the same experience as that of the night before, but I cannot recall that he asked a single question, certainly none about ancestors or "tendencies." I told him of the previous examination, without mention of a name, and of the conclusions pronounced. Once more it was my privilege to see how expressive silence and the shrugging of shoulders could be when executed by medical authority.

"I am going to give you a quinine tonic," he said, and that was all.

On next page in facsimile is the little life-saver that was his alternative to the prescription of exile upon a Colorado sheep farm for the remainder of existence and the abrupt relinquishment of the hopes of years. Doctor Flint's treatment may be of interest to readers of the medical persuasion, if I am fortunate enough to have any such.

I have affectionately kept the prescription for forty years; it has proved good diagnosis and adequate therapeutics for at least that space of time. Nevertheless, so lasting is the effect of an impressively delivered medical opinion that I felt easier when the ten years originally allotted to me for miserable existence had at last expired. I have dwelt, perhaps unduly, on this personal incident, not only because it was a determining point in the course of one life, but also because there may be something in it for others who are suddenly halted at an unexpected fork in the road.

Heaven bless the optimists! in Doctor Flint's profession and in every other, in the pulpit, in the sanctum, and at the speakers' table after the half-cups are filled; for it is the optimists who keep the world a-going. Doctor Flint lived two years after that consultation so important to myself. His son, Doctor Austin Flint, Jr., long afterward became a friend and until his death in 1915 was a valued

contributor to *The Sun*, when I edited it. There is a third Austin Flint, also a distinguished physician, to whom I have thought I should like to tell, if I ever had the oppor-

A
I will sleep fit.
So and onward fit.
Caligraphy fit
for fit
Tolle sharp fit
morning & night.
A. Flint

tunity, the story of what his grandfather did for me on that election morrow. And to draw yet a little further upon good-natured tolerance of retrospective sentimentality, I am going to record the coincidence that within a negligible number of hours of my relief from profound

depression and my release from Colorado and sheep raising there was born in Pennsylvania, just beyond the Delaware, the child who as wife and companion was to make happy the afternoon and evening years.

Two days after the 1884 election I was back at work, writing of causes, as the files show, in this not too gloomy fashion:

How far may the course of political events, the fortunes of great parties and the destinies of a nation be influenced by a single word, spoken by one fatwitted individual?

Six days before election day a Silurian or early Palæozoic bigot, the Rev. Samuel D. Burchard by name, completed an alliteration that swelled in his foolish mouth by presenting Mr. Blaine as the enemy of "rum, Romanism, and rebellion."

Was there not enough in this one word Romanism to turn the votes of two or three thousand men from Blaine to Cleveland?

But for Austin Flint, senior, would there not have been enough in that first doctor's one shrug of his shoulders to have turned my pathway two or three thousand parasangs away from the course it was taking?

IV

Everybody who knows the yesterdays of American politics is aware that the effective factor in many capital events, such as Presidential nominations and Presidential elections, was the bitter personal feud between Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine, persistent for a score of years and producing consequences often but dimly traceable to the origin. This enmity prevented the nomination of either Blaine or Conkling at the Cincinnati convention of 1876, where both were candidates and where Mr. Hayes became the compromise. On the seventh ballot Blaine had lacked but twenty-eight votes of a majority. In 1880 at Chicago Blaine's chances for the nomination

were annihilated by Conkling's third-term movement for Grant. Appomattox and its famous appletree did the job. Garfield and Arthur went in turn to the White House and the Stalwart-Half Breed war was on, fierce within the party. Again in 1884, when Blaine received the nomination and led a campaign of unparalleled enthusiasm among his sincere partisans, he was defeated by the turn of just 525 votes in the great State where Conkling was the Republican magnate. These facts are among the desiccated common properties of political history; it is one of the commonplaces of political history to say that the personal hostility existing for almost a quarter of a century between Conkling and Blaine kept one or the other and perhaps both of these able statesmen and brilliant leaders out of the Presidency.

Not so well remembered is the inconspicuous starting point of it all. In the House of Representatives in 1866 Roscoe Conkling moved to strike out from a military reorganization bill a section continuing the office held during the war by Provost Marshal General James B. Fry and giving him permanent rank as brigadier-general. In framing this provision the Committee on Military Affairs had acted upon a recommendation from Lieutenant-General Grant, who designated Fry as the man best fitted by his war experience for the post.

On the floor of the House Mr. Conkling attacked Fry with violence, discrediting his integrity, accusing him of having protected rascals in his bureau who were his favorites and friends, and disclosing altogether an animus which there was little attempt to conceal. Mr. Blaine, at the moment a sick man, defended Fry both as a friend and as a member of the committee reporting the bill. He caused to be read and incorporated in the record a retaliatory letter from Fry. In substance, the provost marshal general charged that Conkling's course was determined by previous unfriendly relations with himself

and his bureau; that the New York congressman had been active in preventing the prosecution of bounty-money frauds in the Utica district while exceedingly energetic in pursuing and punishing other frauds in the Elmira district, away from his home constituency; and, what was more interesting to me afterward, that through his intimacy with Dana, then assistant secretary of war, Roscoe Conkling had procured his own appointment as special judge advocate and his investment with extraordinary powers for the investigation and prosecution of bounty frauds in western New York, a function that brought to his pocket a federal compensation of \$3,000 in defiance of law prohibiting members of Congress from taking double pay in government employ.

As to Dana's part in Conkling's extraneous law practice, that feature of the Fry charges vanished promptly. It was shown that although the assistant secretary wrote the formal orders of appointment and authority he did so by the secretary's instruction; Mr. Stanton's testimony was clear to that effect.

The episode was inflammatory, but no more so than hundreds of others that have heated up the proceedings of Congress. Fry remained in the army for fifteen years thereafter, serving with distinction as adjutant-general in the Pacific, the South, the Missouri, and the Atlantic divisions until his retirement in 1881. Roscoe Conkling lived a life singularly free from suspicions of pecuniary guile, and till he found his death summons in the snow-drifts of the great blizzard of 1888 was justly regarded as one of the cleanest of politicians; "too proud to steal" would have been the tribute of his worst enemy. The Conkling and Blaine-Fry controversy of 1866 would be worth scarcely a line to-day but for the long lasting consequences already indicated.

As the debate grew hotter and hotter the interest centred not on Fry but upon the two contending Republican

statesmen. It was a duel of aspersion, in which were illustrated the respective methods of two great masters of offence. Conkling's weapons were sarcasm, the sneering indifference of loftily assumed superiority, the epithets of a wit that bites but does not cause mirth. Of such sardonic appellations he displayed always a rich store when his vanity or dignity was injured. President Hayes was "That man from Fremont," President Garfield was "That man from Mentor," President Arthur was "That prize ox in the White House," George William Curtis was "That man-milliner," Governor Cornell was "That lizard on the hill," Secretary Folger became "That ancient mutton chop." It may seem that the Folger phrase belongs in the category wherein humor is an element; but not so. It was a sneer, superciliously intended to ridicule but not provocative of humorous reaction on the part of the bystander. There was no special reason why Judge Folger should be described as an ancient mutton chop, except such as was afforded by the shape of his whiskers and by Senator Conkling's contempt for him; and that doesn't make one laugh. And back in April, 1866, during the Fry encounter, the New Yorker's expressions of contempt for his adversary could not have gone very deep beneath the Maine man's skin:

The Speaker.—Does the gentleman from New York yield to the gentleman from Maine?

Mr. Conkling.—No, sir. I do not wish to have anything to do with the *member* from Maine, not even so much as to yield him the floor.

And a few minutes later:

If the *member* from Maine had the least idea how profoundly indifferent I am to his opinion upon the subject which he has been discussing, or upon any other subject personal to me, I think he would hardly take the trouble to rise here and express his opinion. And as it is a matter of entire indifference to me

what that opinion may be, I certainly will not detain the House by discussing the question whether it is well or ill founded, or by noticing what he says.

The italics, of course, are here supplied, but no typographical expedient can convey the tone of one of Mr. Conkling's utterances of this sort. Note the difference when Mr. Blaine, ill enough that day to have been in bed, rejoins:

As to the gentleman's cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large minded gentleman is so wilting; his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut—

It is unnecessary to go beyond the turkey-gobbler strut to the oft quoted Hyperion-to-a-satyr comparison between Henry Winter Davis and Roscoe Conkling. It wasn't the Hyperion-satyr that sank in. The secret of the penetration of the return shaft is not in wit or in contemptuous sarcasm but in the humorous perception of barnyard truth, in the instantaneous picture of the caruncle-like curl upon the statesman's brow, the majestic self-complacency of attitude, the haughty stride. The turkey-gobbler did the business. It was never forgotten or forgiven. There is a philosophy of objurgation as well as of logic or rhetorical style. If Blaine had merely called Conkling a turkey-buzzard his lifelong ambition to be President might have been gratified and history would have been changed.

I first met Mr. Blaine in Boston in 1871, through my superior on the *Daily Advertiser* the late Edward Stanwood, his relative by marriage and subsequently his biographer in the American Statesmen series. The interview was casual; naturally it should have left no impression on Blaine's memory. Several years later he made a speech at a Republican rally at South Paris, Maine, where I

happened to be for the day. I have forgotten the subject of his remarks and remember only that he referred to a former Minister Plenipotentiary from Russia, I think, calling him "Mister" Poletica. It struck me as odd and pleasingly affable that Blaine should use the democratic instead of the formal title in speaking of this foreign dignitary. Somehow it made the world seem small and cosey. I can still visualize his engaging countenance as he uttered again and again the words "Mister Poletica."

After the speeches Mr. Blaine beckoned to me, greeted me by name and incidentally recited with exactness the place and circumstances of our previous meeting when Stanwood was present. This wonderful faculty of identification, accurate even in the confusion of a multitude of faces, he exercised throughout his life under far more difficult conditions than those of which I am speaking. It enhanced the charm of his magnetic personality. Other statesmen have possessed in some degree the same winning talent; Colonel Roosevelt, for example, though in his characteristic desire to be good fellow and old friend with all his well-wishers Roosevelt was at times suspected of consulting, at least figuratively, a shirt-cuff memorandum before producing the name of the voter.

That same day I was introduced to Hannibal Hamlin, Lincoln's first Vice-President. He was attired in the antique blue swallow-tail, with big buttons, which entered into his scheme of bodily decoration on afternoon occasions of ceremony. Hannibal Hamlin mistook me for a resident of Oxford county, and with the amiable humbug habit of many years wrung my hand warmly and affectionately inquired for the folks at the farm, and no doubt for the cows and ganders. This trick of pretended remembrance is a venial sin with politicians and head waiters, great and small, no more damning than some of the amenities of polite society. But Blaine never needed to resort to faked recognition; and his extraordinary gift

was one of the explanations of the genuine enthusiasm with which millions marched under his banner, shouting lustily:

Blaine ! Blaine !
Blaine of Maine !

Naturally, I can draw no comparison of his hold upon the affection of his followers with that of Henry Clay, but with those who believed in Blaine the personal devotion exceeded in ardor and spontaneity of demonstration anything evoked during my time by any other political leader, except in the case of Theodore Roosevelt and perhaps in the case of Woodrow Wilson's short-lived popularity in France and Italy.

There have been delivered few finer eulogies than that which Mr. Blaine pronounced before Congress in memory of President Garfield. Even a closer view of the warmth of his sentiments and the felicity of his phrases is afforded in the private letter written when accepting Garfield's invitation to be his secretary of state:

I accept it as one of the happiest circumstances connected with this affair that in allying my political fortunes with yours, or, rather, for a time merging mine in yours, my heart goes with my head, and that I carry to you not only political support, but devoted friendship. . . . However much, my dear Garfield, I might admire you as a statesman, I could not enter your Cabinet if I did not believe in you as a man and love you as a friend.

Blaine was never a hypochondriac, though for years he was at times a self-torturer with apprehensions concerning his physical condition. As often occurs to temperaments that watch too closely the pulsations, there were other times when he probably overestimated his vitality. How far the fluctuations between confidence and fear may have affected his decisions could be known only for certain to the devoted family that watched over him.

Mr. Blaine was, obviously, the logical candidate against Grover Cleveland in 1888. His letter to the chairman of the Republican National Committee declining to have his name considered by the convention that year, for reasons "entirely personal to myself," was dated at Florence, Italy, on January 25. He had gone to Europe to better his health. Later, his health was improved. In June, at the time of the convention, when he was visiting Andrew Carnegie in Scotland, and travelling with him just then in the north of England, his canny host went so far as to authorize the publication in *The Sun* of a statement, written out by himself, saying: "If the Republican party finds it cannot agree upon a leader, and then calls upon its former leader to lead again, it goes without saying that it would be his duty to do so, and Mr. Blaine has never failed to do his duty." It is probable that this statement, authorized by Mr. Carnegie, but not purporting to be indorsed by his guest, was merely the expression of individual hope; but it encouraged some of Blaine's friends in the convention to keep his name in the balloting and they persisted in voting for him despite his repeated declination. On the third ballot he had thirty-five votes and the tide was rising to forty on the sixth ballot when Captain Boutelle of Bangor read this conclusive cable from Edinburgh, dated June 24: "I think I have the right to ask my friends to respect my wishes and refrain from voting for me." Nevertheless they still kept on, in dwindling numbers, till Harrison was nominated on the eighth. Thus strangely did Blaine reject a possible nomination and possible election. Conkling, out of power, had perished just two months before.

Some years later in Milan, where one of my family was ill, I made the acquaintance of Doctor Fornoni, an Italian physician educated in London. He had attended Mr. Blaine during his sickness at the Hotel Cavour. Fornoni had conceived for his patient an admiration great in

every respect, as I inferred from what he said, except as to his ability to withstand the intimidating effects of severe but not serious indisposition. In coming down into Italy through the St. Gothard, the doctor told me, Mr. Blaine had insisted on standing without an overcoat on the rear platform of the train, and the transition from the warm atmosphere of the tunnel to the colder air beyond had given him a chill and a weakening set-back in general condition. He was much depressed about himself when in north Italy. Here, again, we have subject for speculation about the potency of the most trifling incidents in the shaping of political history.

Harrison, like Garfield, owed his election largely to Blaine's influence. Like Garfield, he recognized the fact by making Blaine his secretary of state. There was no lack of vigor, certainly, in the administration of foreign affairs during that term, notable for originality of initiative and resolute spirit throughout. Personal relationship with the President became strained toward the end, and in a letter couched in studiously curt phrases, in marked contrast with those wherewith he had merged his political fortunes in Garfield's eight years before, he withdrew his political fortunes from Harrison's and entered the field to contest with him the nomination in 1892.

The relations between Dana and Blaine had become very cordial. Ben Butler was no longer within range of vision as a possible alternative to support of Cleveland. That Dana was considering the idea of giving Blaine the unqualified adherence of his paper is indubitable. The two matters, however, that caused him most concern at this juncture were the Republican policy bolstering negro domination in the South, renewed odiously by the Lodge Force bill of 1890, and the state of Mr. Blaine's health, about which disturbing reports were in circulation.

For years and years, Dana had fought the traditional Republican policy of federal interference designed to

cancel the intelligent white vote in the southern States. This had been perhaps the issue of all issues nearest his heart since the days of reconstruction. In what was Mr. Blaine's last important contribution to political discussion, an article published in the *North American Review* for October, 1892, only three months before his death, he wrote:

The most remarkable thing in the Presidential canvass of 1892 is the manner in which, in some sections of the country, all other issues have been put out of sight and the Force bill alone brought into prominence. The author of this policy is Mr. Charles A. Dana of *The Sun*, and it is a great tribute to his zeal and ability that such a result should have been achieved. . . . The continued solidity of the South, if such a result can be accomplished, will be primarily the work of Mr. Dana alone.

Fidelity to previous conviction on the negro domination question and the renewal of the issue with Blaine's approval enabled Mr. Dana to do in 1892 what he had not done in 1888, that is, to support a Democratic ticket with Mr. Cleveland's name at its head.

As to the other question, the important question of Mr. Blaine's life-expectation, as insurance men would put it, a leading Democratic newspaper in July, 1891, when Blaine was yet in the Cabinet, had gone so far in political sensationalism as to print, as coming from "a friend of President Harrison" in Washington, the statement that to his personal knowledge "Mr. Blaine's ailment is Bright's disease in the second stage and passing into the third." The disease, continued the statement, "is firmly established and is incurable." There was printed in full-faced type what purported to be the results of a chemical and microscopical test showing Mr. Blaine to be a doomed man.

The next step in this unparalleled campaign of newspaper pathology was to submit the alleged analysis in

Mr. Blaine's case to about twenty prominent physicians and to obtain from them opinions as to what such an exhibit indicated. They all concurred, though some of them pronounced the publication a shameful proceeding. For instance, Doctor Biggs: "Chronic Bright's disease in an advanced stage. There is no question of what the fate of the patient will be"; Doctor Valentine Mott: "It seems like an impossibility that a man could be in the state indicated and live." The hideous symposium was continued in a page full of cabled interviews, on Bright's disease in general, with physicians and professors of medicine in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Lyons, and Rome. "If Mr. Blaine is Indeed a Sufferer," said the headlines, "Their Opinions Will Be of Great Value in Behalf of the Famous Statesman."

Mr. Blaine was at Bar Harbor and in his indignation at the perpetrator of this journalistic outrage he appealed to Mr. Dana on July 29, 1891:

You do not know [he wrote] how infamous the —— is. The whole of the "Result of Analysis" which it gives is false and forged. I have never had a single return which did not say: "No sugar, no albumen, no casts," and I have had them only from authority of the highest character.

I have not the slightest touch of Bright's disease.

Mr. Dana asked me to go down to Mount Desert, not specially with regard to the state of Mr. Blaine's health, but to see how freely he would talk about the general political situation and the prospects of the coming campaign. I went to my last interview with that most interesting man accredited by the note here subjoined.

The Sun, New York, August 3, 1891.

DEAR MR. BLAINE: The bearer of this note, Mr. Edward P. Mitchell, is my near assistant and most confidential friend. He can be relied upon in every way, and trusted with anything.

Yours sincerely, C. A. DANA.

Mr. Blaine was then summering at "Stanwood," his villa near Bar Harbor. As it happened, the letter was not needed or delivered, and it has remained in my possession. Mr. Blaine welcomed me to "Stanwood" in his habitually charming manner. He insisted on waiving all the customary immunities of an invalid for the benefit of his guest. He talked with unrestrained frankness for several hours altogether, avoiding no subject, speaking freely of every aspect of the situation. Of President Harrison he had nothing but good to say. Of the Force bill issue I have mentioned as being so near to Dana's heart he spoke with candor as to its effect on the solidity of the Democratic South and disclosed sentiments that were far from satisfactory to my principal of *The Sun*. About an attempt in New York to enact a certain Republican gag-law experiment—a measure now forgotten but at the time of great concern to *The Sun*—he expressed his thorough disapproval, but did not wish his opinion published, as Dana had desired, on the ground of political etiquette, it being a question local to New York.

Mr. Blaine's interest in everything seemed unabated, his grasp of ideas unimpaired. I thought he conversed with a little less verve than formerly, but there was no marked sign of enfeeblement. I thought, too, that his face was grayer, and the familiar puffiness beneath the eyes much more pronounced than when I had seen him last. But he positively reiterated, over and over again, the assertion that he was getting better daily, that there had been no diagnosis showing Bright's disease, and that the published analysis was false and infamously forged. At his suggestion and request, on returning to the city I wrote and the paper published an editorial of which this was the substantial passage:

The exact truth about Mr. Blaine, as we understand it, is that he is neither in a precarious physical condition nor in mid-

summer politics. He is the doomed victim of no organic disease that medical vigilance has been able to detect. He is still his physician's patient, in the sense that he receives calls from that gentleman and much good advice about his daily regimen; but Mr. Blaine is quite clear of the apothecary. He is growing stronger every day.

I believed all that then, and am half-inclined to believe still, that it was true at the time of writing. There could be absolutely no doubt of the good faith of Mr. Blaine's self-delusion, if delusion it was. Yet sometimes when I remembered what Doctor Fornoni had told me in Milan and considered the other evidences of Mr. Blaine's chronic anxiety about his bodily symptoms I have wondered whether the pious fraud of concealment was practised upon him for his good by those in medical command.

For, after being nominated at Minneapolis by the eloquent Wolcott of Colorado and receiving nearly 200 votes on the first and only ballot, to be beaten in the convention by General Garrison, who in turn was defeated by Cleveland at the polls; and after engaging with loyal if diminishing powers in the canvass, up to November, Mr. Blaine died two months later at Washington, without having quite reached his sixty-third birthday, just eighteen months after the brutal circulation of the Bright's disease story. Ben Butler, at seventy-five, had died also in Washington sixteen days before him.

Good or bad but never indifferent, beloved or detested but never ignored, there are personalities so vivid, there is vitality so intense that, as Motley said of Henry of Navarre, at the mere mention of the name the figure seems to leap out of the past, instinct with vigorous life.'

CHAPTER XI

ISSUES GREAT AND LITTLE

I

THE more or less renowned pronouncement of William O. Bartlett that Winfield Scott Hancock was "a good man weighing 250 pounds" appeared in *The Sun* on Monday morning, October 19, 1880, after the unexpected and disturbing reverses which the Democratic cause had encountered in Ohio and Indiana. Dana, I am quite sure, had not seen this phrase until it occurred in his types. I am equally confident that if he had seen it he would not have changed it, much less have cut it out of the manuscript. For Bartlett's Ben Franklin-like independence and humor his appreciation was always sympathetic, as it was in the case of every other writer with individual qualities however unlike his own. *The Sun* was an independent newspaper, not a Democratic organ. Up to the time of the Cincinnati convention it had hoped and worked for the renomination of Tilden and for a campaign waged on the issue of the wrongs of 1876. When Tilden's positive declination made this impossible, Dana would have preferred to Hancock Senator Bayard or Samuel J. Randall, particularly the latter, perhaps, for Speaker Randall was one of his most admired political friends. But his support of Hancock from first to last was spirited, loyal, and incessant. That gallant soldier and honest gentleman received nowhere sincerer tribute than *The Sun's* for his purity, his patriotism, and his ability; and after this 250-pound utterance the efforts of the paper were redoubled to help carry New York for the Democratic ticket.

I am speaking of this because the oft-quoted phrase re-

lating to avoirdupois has so caught the imagination of political historians that it has come to be treated almost as an attempt to knife the candidate in deliberate treachery. That idea is nonsensical, as the context shows. The "good man weighing 250 pounds" was not Tilden or a Tilden, it was true, but he was presented in the same editorial article as "pure, patriotic and good, a fit man to be President." The reference to weight was a stroke of Bartlett's characteristic playfulness, partly veiling disappointment, it is true, but in no way disloyal and, in fact, merely repeating previous good-natured references to Hancock's giant frame.

From both Bayard and Randall Dana had approving letters as to the course of *The Sun* during the Hancock campaign. Senator Thomas F. Bayard wrote on September 20, 1880, when sending some inside information about the abuse of federal power by subordinates of the Department of Justice and by John I. Davenport, the United States commissioner and supervisor of elections:

I draw your attention to Woodford's violation of Devens's order in a circular of intimidation. Read fully the testimony of Mosher, the deputy of Davenport. If your blood does not boil when you are through I mistake you greatly. The prevention of voting by intimidation was the object and it was very successful. Can we not stop it this fall?

Randall wrote in the same sense, over and over again. The unholy use of the War Department's troops and the machinery of the Department of Justice for intimidation at the polls under the successive Force bills which buttressed negro domination at the South was the thing surest to make Dana's blood boil, as Bayard surmised; and this was one of *The Sun's* foremost and most special issues in Presidential elections from 1876 to 1892, and in many State elections both South and North, and in the attempts in Congress, successful and unsuccessful, at unjustly

coercive legislation down to the time of the Lodge Force bill of 1890. One of Randall's letters on the subject in July, 1880, ends as follows:

I was made happy by your recent escape from danger and death.

Your friend,

SAMUEL J. RANDALL.

The reference is to the burning of the *Seawanahaka* in Hell Gate, June 28, 1880, when fifty or more persons perished in the flames or were drowned after jumping from the flaming boat. Mr. Dana was accustomed to take the *Seawanahaka* to Glen Cove every afternoon in the summer months. On the day of the disaster he was occupying a stateroom in company with Thomas Hitchcock, S. L. M. Barlow, and one or two other commuters. Those who were saved owed their lives to the captain of the steam-boat, who had the presence of mind to run it upon the sunken meadows near Ward's Island. When Dana reached the office after his narrow escape he printed this characteristic editorial:

Every boy should learn to swim.

Every girl should learn to swim.

Closely associated with the "No Force bill; no negro domination" issue was that of carpet-bag government in the Southern States. A precious lot of rascally adventurers migrated from the North to take advantage of the opportunities which the incapacity of the newly enfranchised race offered to the unscrupulously astute. For years *The Sun* fought these scoundrels and exposed their crimes. Its sympathies were strongly engaged and its efforts were untiring in behalf of the respectable people and intelligent voters beyond Mason and Dixon's line, the helpless victims for years of one of the most infamous combinations

of ignorance and guile that ever blotted civilization. I have forgotten many of the facts and most of the names so familiar during that period, though it seems as if I must have written columns enough on the subject to stretch half-way to Columbia, South Carolina. One Southern governor of the carpet-bag régime, however, I remember distinctly, partly because he was about the most despicable of the crew and partly because he came north to *The Sun* office professing repentance and anxiety to assist in the work of revelation and purification.

It was a singular case, that of Franklin J. Moses of South Carolina. He himself was not a carpet-bagger. On the contrary, he belonged to one of the fine families of that very fine State. His father had been Chief Justice of the Supreme Court there, a jurist of eminence, always loyal to South Carolina and its people. All of Frank Moses's connections were such as to safeguard him in an honorable career. He went into politics with the carpet-baggers and bribers of the negro legislator's votes and became governor. He was a figure in the orgy of corruption and peculation that lasted beyond his term and down to the days of Wade Hampton. The South Carolina Ring thieves stole railroads, the tax-payers' money in the treasury, the tax-payers' money in the tax-payers' pockets—everything in sight that they could lay their pre-hensile fingers upon. They issued series after series of corruptly authorized or entirely fraudulent bonds, which their agents in New York disposed of by millions to confiding investors. All this is part of the financial history of reconstruction and *The Sun* was doing its best in 1877 and 1878 to bring the facts to daylight.

One day in February, 1878, ex-Governor Moses came unannounced to the office and indirectly announced his readiness to assist in the exposure of his former accomplices. The consideration for his services was left to us. He was a middle-aged person of gentlemanly appearance,

heavy brown-gray mustache, hair somewhat prematurely silvered, elusive dim eyes, and with the faculty of suave conversation uncommonly well developed. I talked with him a couple of hours then, and on several occasions subsequently. He told much that was useful, many things that were confirmed by information from other sources, and some things that manifestly needed confirmation before acceptance at par. I recall his story of the signing of several hundreds of thousands of dollars of fraudulent conversion bonds during the administration of his predecessor Robert K. Scott, the first Republican Governor of South Carolina. Scott, who had been a major-general of volunteers in the Union Army, was described to me by Moses as a man by no means corrupt at heart but weak and pliant, and subject alike to alcoholic and female allurements. He was in New York City when the ringsters urged upon him the immediate issue of this particular batch of bonds. The governor hesitated, demurring to the proposal to bring the great seal of South Carolina to New York, and protesting that he had already been inveigled into illegal acts connected with previous issues. Thereupon the conspirators furnished him with an opinion from the attorney-general that the operation of the great seal outside of the State of South Carolina would be a perfectly legal proceeding. They sent for Cardoza, the State treasurer, who hastened to New York bringing the instrument with him, introduced the governor to Pauline Markham, then a somewhat noted or notorious figure upon the burlesque stage, and promised that lady a percentage commission on all the bonds she could induce the governor to issue. The transaction was completed in Scott's room in the old St. James Hotel, at Broadway and Twenty-fifth Street, with the governor well soaked in liquor, the great seal working as willingly as if it were yet in Columbia, and Miss Markham counting and neatly piling the bonds as they came into her hands.

Such was the account of this unique factory of State insecurities given me by Governor Scott's successor in the chief magistracy of South Carolina. Scott should have been gratified by the certificate of his generally good though not very robust moral intentions, for no more finished villain than Moses ever existed in or out of the picaresque novels. At the very time he was assisting in the purification of the politics of his native State the detectives were after him for crimes of incredible baseness. He had deserted his wife and daughter of seventeen to live with a prostitute. He had returned to his mother's home at Sumter, and while winning back for the moment the tolerant affection of his family by professions of reform had used the lull to steal from the wardrobes and bureau drawers of his mother, his wife, and his daughter property said by them to be worth \$2,000. He had fled with his household loot to sell or pawn it in New York, where he proceeded to swindle every former friend or acquaintance within reach of his tongue. And not long afterward I received from the former governor this whining communication, pencilled in jail on half a sheet of soiled note-paper:

RESPECTED SIR—In the bitterness of despair I ask you to come and see me and listen to my story. Out of the thousands who I have helped not one will remember now a ruined man. The good that I have done my fellow man will far outweigh the evil. I am alone in this great city with none to help or assist. I only ask you to listen and to judge. Will your humanity lead you to come? You helped me once [I think I had lent him \$5.] when all others failed. Most resp'y

F. J. MOSES—in the toombs.

II

One explanation of *The Sun's* break with Cleveland after assisting him from Buffalo to Albany is thus set forth in Alexander's "Four Famous New Yorkers," the

fourth volume of "The Political History of the State of New York." The experienced author is speaking of one of the governor's generally recognized traits of character:

He did not trouble himself much about the amenities. His friends sometimes thought him too negligent of the art, for after he had carefully determined upon a policy, he betrayed a spirit, somewhat arrogantly, perhaps, that no political or social influence could affect in the slightest. . . . Such inflexibility often cooled the good will of men and sometimes created deeply rooted enmity. Very early in his gubernatorial career this was illustrated by his failure to appoint upon his staff, at the personal request of Charles A. Dana of the *New York Sun*, an officer well known and liked in National Guard circles. . . . To his intimates such apparent snubs often seemed as needless as they were unaccountable.

Another observer, Mr. George F. Parker, author of the "Recollections of Grover Cleveland," a friend and associate who, like Robert Lincoln O'Brien, now the accomplished editor of the *Boston Herald*, enjoyed for years both the opportunity and the capacity to study at close range the intimate anatomy of that really great man's nature, has expressed his most characteristic idiosyncrasy in six words: "He was simply built that way." Mr. Parker has related that Cleveland would not meet editors or others unless he had business with them, and that he went out of his way, with apparent deliberation, to make an enemy of one great editor by refusing to nominate a suggested worthy man to a purely honorary place in the militia.

Personal misunderstandings between editors and statesmen are sometimes most potent shapers of editorial policy. This will continue to be so, I suppose, as long as editorial frailty continues to resent inexplicable rebuff cantankerously administered by a political beneficiary. It took years for people to perceive that when Mr. Cleveland did such things he did them simply because "he was

built that way." The millennium must arrive before even the intelligent editor can hope to understand that when the office is gained the obligation, such as it may have seemed, is cancelled instanter, and human nature becomes the monopoly of the more or less idealized politician. And Mr. Dana had known the politics of Abraham Lincoln.

The request for the appointment of Colonel Franklin Bartlett of the Twenty-second Regiment to the new governor's staff was relatively of such small importance in itself as to be negligible in estimating motives, whether the appointment was made or courteously withheld. If granted, it could not have been supposed to involve the slightest embarrassment to Mr. Cleveland in any matter of policy. The indication of attitude and temperament and manner of refusal was what counted to a sensitive mind; and, as I have tried to explain before, Dana's *Sun* was then and always a newspaper independent of party discipline. His habit was to give a thousand times more than he asked. His personal requests to politicians in power were few and far between; invariably, to the best of my recollection, in the interest of some friend and never for himself or his paper. A memorable case in point was his intercession with Senator Platt, some months before his own death, to permit the confirmation of Theodore Roosevelt's appointment by McKinley to be assistant secretary of the navy. Dana's influence with Platt was decisive and it determined a subsequent career. How well I remember Roosevelt's visit to the office of *The Sun* when he came, modestly and properly—was it to ask Mr. Dana for the benefaction or to thank him for it afterward?

In that day there may have been editors—I used to dream of such—taking themselves as seriously with regard to the welfare of the Commonwealth as did that poor, devoted, patriotic lunatic who for years was permitted by the institution authorities to man the pathetic little

fort with wooden guns at the Hell Gate end of Blackwell's Island, and to imagine that the safety of the mighty metropolis beyond depended on his military vigilance. Dana, to continue the phrase, wasn't built that way. He had a reasonable portion of *amour propre*, strong prejudices that were lasting when aroused, and capacity for going miles out of his course in order to serve a friend in matters big or small. It is quite true, as Job Hedges has observed in his very sane treatise on "Common Sense in Politics," that while "theoretically the press is an impersonal instrument, actually it reflects the opinions and wishes of the individual who owns it. Somewhere back of the title-page is an ownership traceable to a human entity."

Throughout President Cleveland's two terms *The Sun*, though in a manner personally disaffected, was one of the strongest supporters of his policies when it believed those policies to be right. Its non-partisan support was notable in many instances; among others, Secretary William C. Whitney's reconstruction of the navy, an achievement that counted heavily ten years or so later in the war with Spain; the boldly patriotic treatment of the great railroad strike engineered by Debs and the consequent riots at and near Chicago in 1894, a deed of true courage on Cleveland's part that stamped out the fires of incipient Bolshevism in America; and the splendid handling of the Venezuela controversy by Cleveland and Richard Olney, renewing the vitality of the Monroe Doctrine. These national services received ungrudging praise. On the other hand, the general tariff policy of Mr. Cleveland's administration was opposed by the protectionist *Sun*, as were also his fortunately unsuccessful efforts to block manifest destiny in the matter of Hawaiian annexation. *The Sun* had supported Cleveland for reelection in 1888 and Mr. Dana voted for him then. "He has given us," he said to a Chicago reporter, "a conservative and on the whole a good administration. There are some things, of course,

which I don't like about it. I do not believe that free trade will benefit the country or the Democratic Party. I do not believe in free trade at all."

I am dwelling, perhaps unduly, upon the variegated treatment of the statesman by the newspaper during the fifteen years between his election as governor in 1882 and the end of his second Presidential term in 1897. For that space of time he was the most conspicuous citizen of the United States. In justice both to statesman and newspaper I hope it will be remembered, by those who care to remember these ancient relations at all, that in every case where a question of serious policy was involved the course of the newspaper, for or against him, was probably just what it would have been had Mr. Cleveland figured as the constant friend of the editor of *The Sun* instead of having invited antipathy at the outset by going out of his way with apparent deliberation in the manner described by Mr. Parker.

On the other hand, no portrayal of the journalist about whom I have written so much would be complete without recognition of the fact that a good part of the more jocular criticism regarded then and afterward as the inspiration of personal pique was independent of any such sentiment, being suggested or permitted by *The Sun's* characteristic habit of discovering subject-matter for humorous discussion even in the deeds and sayings of its most esteemed. Once again, Dana was built that way. To *The Sun* the man in high office was never superhuman, exempted from ordinary criticism by an idealizing transformation the moment he was sworn in, or, if he chanced to be on the other side, demoted to the place of last surviving descendant of Cain and the worst of the line. The "Stuffed Prophet" episode, wherein that epithet struck the imagination and entered the vocabulary of a great many people, formed an exception to the general rule of good nature in badinage. The phrase occurred first in an editorial

retaliation for a venomous and entirely unfounded charge attributed to the President in an interview with him published, apparently with authority, by another New York newspaper: the charge that Mr. Dana's paper had been so malignant and unscrupulous as to attack Mrs. Cleveland. There was not the shadow of truth in such a charge and it stirred a natural indignation. As I recall the incident, doubt was thrown subsequently upon the correspondent's exactness in reporting Mr. Cleveland's words, and there was then an affidavit of accuracy—a situation not unfamiliar to most newspaper editors.

In general, however, the editorial attitude toward Mr. Cleveland personally is illustrated by an editorial I have just come across. He had gone South in December, 1894, with Bob Evans on the tender *Wistaria* to inspect lighthouses and to shoot ducks, and had made at one of the landings in South Carolina a speech characterized by the somewhat elephantine rhetoric and insecure syntax of which he himself once said, as reported by George Parker, "No, I have no style. I simple say what is in my mind and seems to be necessary at the time, and say it in my blundering way, and that is all there is to it." Here is a passage from the editorial article on the speech which has been mentioned:

It would have driven the late Goold Brown crazy, but that is not Mr. Cleveland's affair. Consider next the President's allusion to Southern hospitality, and the strikingly original thought which follows. "I have always esteemed Southern hospitality the more," he says, "because I have felt it was the underlying principle of American citizenship." No wonder the gentlemen of the Winyah Indigo Society applauded the sentiment. No other American statesman ever sounded so deep as that in the depths of our political philosophy.

"It is well for the occupant of this high office," continued the President of the United States, "to honor and meet with the people of our country, for it is only thus that the close bond of sympathy can be obtained which will enable the Chief

Executive to mete out equal justice to high and low, rich and poor, as he is called upon to do." The language and the view taken of the constitutional functions of the executive are alike confusing at first glance, but they become clear as crystal when we remember Haroun-al-Raschid and likewise bear in mind the underlying principle of Southern hospitality.

Thus splendidly ends the voyage of the *Wistaria* for the inspection of lighthouses and underlying principles. The honest, ruddy face of Fighting Bob must have glowed with genuine pleasure as he assisted his precious charge down the steps of the Winyah Indigo Hall at Georgetown and back to the buffet car.

This does not strike me now as particularly vicious. If that lucifer of a critic Professor William Lyon Phelps had happened upon these utterances by a President of the United States would he have written about them in a very different spirit, however much better his writing about them would have been?

As the years passed, the earlier habits of thought about Grover Cleveland faded in *The Sun* and there was left a growing admiration of the larger traits of his character, rugged honesty of purpose and action, incomparable industry in the public service, political courage dauntless in any crisis. When he died at Princeton in 1908 and the time came for comment on a finished career, it was gratifying to be able to say, after reviewing that career:

In other days the ideas of Mr. Cleveland and those of this newspaper with regard to many things were notoriously not in accord. This circumstance possibly makes it proper to say now what it will always be pleasant for us to remember, namely, that the personal breach ceased to exist years ago, and that *The Sun* has long numbered Grover Cleveland among its constant readers and faithful friends. Peace to the ashes of the good man and great leader, and may the generations hold his name and the memory of his deeds in just and high esteem!

And it was pleasant, also, that no more cordial message of appreciation should reach the editor of *The Sun* than

that which came from the one who had been nearest and dearest to Mr. Cleveland.

III

The "Policy of Infamy" was the not too temperate name bestowed in 1893 and 1894 upon the administrative efforts to reverse the policy which under Harrison had shaped events toward the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. I am inclined to the belief that there are few Americans, whatever may have been their opinions at the time, who regret to-day that Mr. Cleveland and his Secretary of State, Mr. Gresham, and his "Paramount Commissioner," Mr. Blount of Georgia, did not succeed in crushing the life out of the young republic which was afterward to become this nation's indispensable outpost in the Pacific and toward Asia.

When President Cleveland, under the impulse of Secretary Gresham's feud with Harrison, and in a degree against the wiser counsels of Attorney-General Richard Olney, sent to Congress his famous Hawaiian message of December 18, 1893, explaining his previous withdrawal from the Senate of the Foster-Thurston Treaty negotiated by his predecessor, impugning the honesty of Harrison's course, and proposing the overthrow of the new republic and the restoration of the absurd Queen Liliuokalani, one of the reasons alleged for the course was that the proposed annexation "contemplated a departure from unbroken American tradition in providing for the addition to our territory of islands of the sea more than 2,000 miles removed from our nearest coast." How queerly that argument reads in the daylight of 1924! Of the general policy outlined in the message I wrote, among other expressions:

Never before has an American Executive undertaken to stamp out republicanism and set up monarchy in any part of the world. Never before, we believe, has an American President issued orders for the assassination of a free and successful Govern-

ment. Never before has any officer of this Government undertaken, upon his sole responsibility and without consulting Congress or the people, to decide the destiny of a foreign country in diplomatic relations with ourselves. Never before has a President invited or commanded his Cabinet advisers to assist him in the odious business of setting up a rotten and broken throne. Was there no American spirit in the Cabinet when this policy of infamy was decreed?

My own interest in the politics and other affairs of the Pacific had been stimulated by an enduring friendship with Harold M. Sewall of Maine, whose consular and diplomatic career gave him on the further side of the globe an experience in some respects unique. Sewall is of the family of great builders and owners of clipper ships that formerly carried the American flag all over the seven seas. Born in Bath, he is the son of the late Arthur Sewall who figured on the Democratic ticket of 1896 as a conservative counterweight to Bryan. From the Harvard Law School he went to Liverpool as vice-consul, and thence to Samoa as consul-general. At Apia he was the neighbor and frequent companion of Robert Louis Stevenson, then living at the Vailima place; of this interesting association amid unconventional surroundings Sewall has told me much. He was the friend of Seumanutafa, the noble savage by whose aquatic valor the lives of many American sailors were saved when Apia bay was occupied by German, English, and American war vessels and the historic hurricane of March, 1889, scattered them and drove our *Vandalia* and *Trenton* on the reef. Sewall, though the political protector of Malietoa, under the terms of the Berlin treaty, was also the admirer of the high-minded Mataafa, Stevenson's candidate and the target after Malietoa's exile of German intrigue during the international complications resulting from the policy of Berlin, then looking so sharply to Germany's colonial future. And it is Sewall's distinction to have been the minute-man in the

first important conflict of American interests and rights with the ruthless German programme of aggressive penetration that reached the world over and was checked only thirty years later. It was practically to maintain our interests in Samoa that the *Trenton*, *Vandalia*, and *Nipsic* were at Apia, observing the German ships that were practically there to contest those interests when the great hurricane wrecked or dispersed all alike.

Consul-General Sewall resigned his office and left his party because the Democratic Administration at Washington, lukewarm in Samoa as afterward in Hawaii, failed in support of his efforts. When Harrison came into office he sent the young diplomat back to Samoa, and one result was the acquisition of Pago-Pago Bay. In 1896 Sewall voted against his father for Vice-President, with full paternal acquiescence and approval. McKinley made him Minister to Hawaii.

Another friend whose career in the Pacific strengthened personal interest in the "sons of the missionaries," as Mr. E. L. Godkin of *The Nation* and of the New York *Evening Post* was accustomed somewhat superciliously to style the Americans in Hawaii, was Francis M. Hatch. He had been a sophomore at Bowdoin College when I was a senior there. Hatch went out to Honolulu after his graduation and became an international lawyer and a diplomat of merit. He was a pioneer of Hawaiian emancipation from monarchy, Minister of Foreign Affairs in President Dole's administration, minister and envoy of that transitional republic to Washington, one of the signers of the treaty of annexation, and justice of the insular Supreme Court by President Roosevelt's appointment. He died recently. Those who are curiously inclined about the early aspects of judicial eminence may discover in John Clair Minot's "Tales of Bowdoin" a picture of Justice Hatch in sophomore's war paint, seated alongside his classmate Chief Justice Andrew Peters

Wiswell of the Supreme Court of Maine, who in his turn is adhering closely to a human skeleton enthroned upon a bass drum. It happens, likewise, that another Bowdoin jurist, Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller of the Supreme Court of the United States, was celebrated in youth for his songs of revelry and particularly for his achievement in making "Phyrne" rhyme with "divinely" in a certain masterpiece of Anacreontic verse; just as the Honorable Edward J. Phelps of Vermont, professor of law in Yale University and Minister to Great Britain by one of President Cleveland's most admirable selections for office, had won early fame by addressing to a perplexing nodus in the New England railway system a poem each stanza of which ended with the somewhat profane adjuration:

"I hope in hell
His soul may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction!"

But this is wandering from the original purpose of the foregoing paragraph, which was merely to say that at different times I have had the fortune to meet a good many of Mr. Godkin's "missionaries' sons," with the invariable conclusion that the pedigree was desirable.

A picture of the complex in Hawaii before the mistake of the "policy of infamy" had been finally redeemed and the islands tied firmly to the American flag was afforded in Minister Sewall's letters to me during the period of doubt and strain. Japan's intervention by protest and by scarcely disguised threats of "extreme measures" produced a situation that could not at that time be discussed in the fullness of its significance. Some of the American sugar interests were apprehensive that a break with Tokio might result in the withdrawal of Japanese labor altogether; others actually feared the capture of the islands by warships and soldiers. The delay at Washington in the ratification of the treaty and the looming of the Cuban

question, diverting the attention of our government from the Pacific to the Antilles, had weakened the enthusiasm of some of the "sons of the missionaries," and they were considering the alternative of continuing as an independent republic, even if reciprocity with the United States was endangered thereby. Sewall had all these conditions confronting him, and there can be no impropriety now in quoting him. On December 14, 1897, he wrote from Honolulu:

I write primarily to remind you that you have sometimes led me to think you might take a trip to the Pacific and that there are none of our friends to whom Mrs. Sewall and I would more gladly give welcome under our roof than to Mrs. Mitchell and yourself. . . . We are looking Washingtonward. Since Japan recognized her mistake in antagonizing and thus increasing public sentiment with us by her protest and demonstration here we have had a period of quiet which has now changed into confident expectancy that the treaty will soon be ratified. There was a time for some months after my arrival here when the situation seemed to be critical in the extreme. Thanks to Frye I got at last the instructions I wanted and which only outside pressure could have squeezed out of the Department, although I think Day is all right. These instructions were that if Japan should resort to force, I was to land an adequate counter force and proclaim a provisional protectorate pending consummation of annexation. The opportunity did not come, probably because the instructions, as generally happens with us, were in the hands of the enemy as soon as sent.

We look forward here to annexation; that is all that keeps matters quiet and the people in power united. Some fix an early date, but I do not look for it until the last of January. If it does not come then, I see danger of its being tangled up with other questions such as Cuba, which I hope McKinley will have the courage to set free before another winter passes.

If annexation should not come, it will mean a terrible disaster here. I cannot measure it. Some say it will mean the restoration of monarchy under Kaiolani, who has won great popularity since her return, rather to the discomfiture of her aunt [Liliuokalani]. She is entirely British in her surroundings, as you know. She hopes for a pension from our Government,

but her British advisers are holding her in reserve for the occasion they hope for in the defeat of annexation. They do not mean to act themselves, or even through the natives. I have seen and heard enough to make me feel that if by any possibility the treaty should be defeated our friends here will have to be alert to prevent surprises from unexpected quarters.

I thought of you when I received news of the death of Mr. Dana. I suppose it will be harder than ever for you to get away, but if you can do so at all, I trust you will give my invitation the most favorable consideration.

Three months later:

Legation of the United States, Hawaii,
March 3, 1898.

MY DEAR MITCHELL: Everything here is overshadowed by the news of the disaster of the *Maine* which I hope and believe was not one of accident. But we know nothing here beyond what came the day after. It suggests the wreck of the *Trenton* and *Vandalia*, which all would have been avoided had our Government acted when it should, just as in the case of Cuba it has failed to do.

But aside from the *Maine* news, the tension has been great. No danger of earthquake, but the uncertainty and delay give much satisfaction to all our enemies here. I should be glad to hear your opinion, although I fondly hope that when you get this our country will be too much engrossed in doing its duty in Havana to heed us for a time. Yours,

SEWALL.

The forecast was accurate. Although the treaty had still failed to obtain the ratifying two-thirds vote in the Senate when the battle of San Juan Hill had been fought and Sampson's ships, including the *Oregon* from the Pacific, had destroyed Cervera's fleet, Congress by the back route of a joint resolution signed by the President on July 7, 1898, accepted, ratified, and confirmed the cession of Hawaii to the United States; and on August 12, 1898, Minister Sewall had the satisfaction of ordering to the top of the Government House flagstaff the identical bunting which "Paramount" Blount had hauled down five

years before. The American Minister sent me a large photograph of the ceremony and I find therein the slender, rather boyish figure that represented so much of exciting diplomatic experience in the Pacific Islands standing alongside the venerable form of President Sanford B. Dole—President till the flag was flying overhead. This impressive occasion ended for me the newspaper episode of the policy of infamy with its protracted consequences, and left nothing but unprofitable speculation as to what might have happened if extreme measures had been taken by another great Power interested in Hawaii, and Captain Clark had been ordered to steer the *Oregon* southwest by west from the Golden Gate, instead of south southeast for the Straits of Magellan.

IV

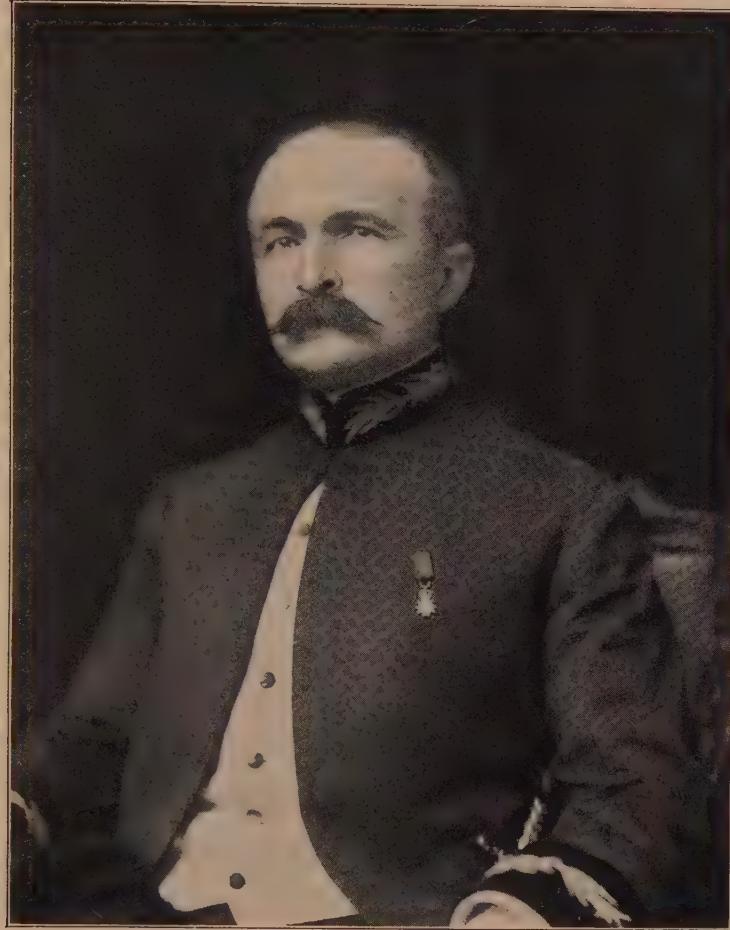
The “battle of the routes” is one of the memories that are salient. Twenty intervening years, crowded with world events of stupendous significance, have not dimmed the recollection of the pleasure brought by this dispatch from the remarkable Frenchman to whom, more than to any other individual, living or dead, we owe the great fact of the American Isthmian Canal.

Washington, February 24, 1904.

MITCHELL, Editor-in-chief of *The Sun*.—The last battle is fought and the victory complete. I shall always remember that I owe it to the victory of 1902 in which you took the most eminent share. Cordial regards to Mr. Laffan.

BUNAU-VARILLA.

The special award, of course, was suggested by sentimental generosity. Colonel Bunau-Varilla's own narrative of the long struggle is contained in the five or six hundred pages of his “Panama: The Creation, Destruction, and Resurrection,” published in French and in English in Paris, London, and New York in 1913, and also in the



A Monsieur Mitchell
Rédacteur en chef du "Sun"
dans la liste des éléments essentiels
du triomphe de Panama sur Nicaragua
vous avez orné votre plume acérée
scintillante et vengeresse.
Ma gratitude ne l'oublie pas.
Philippe Bunau Varilla
26 Février 1904

PHILIPPE BUNAU-VARILLA

two or three hundred pages of "The Great Adventure of Panama," printed here in 1920 as a more popular relation. Volume upon volume has been written about the Panama Canal, but nobody else has brought to the subject the intimate knowledge of every side, historical, political, international, scientific, and financial, combined in his experience since he as a young engineer began to dig the Culebra Cut, now called the Gaillard Cut, in the days of De Lesseps and the French company's concession. *The Sun's* interest in the successive stages of development long antedated our acquaintance and co-operation with Bunau-Varilla, but I am not going to attempt to rewrite the history, except so far as may be necessary for an understanding of the dramatic and personal aspects of the achievement of interoceanic communication under American control.

We had opposed strenuously the ratification of the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, which would have resulted in the construction of a canal by the Nicaragua route, not an American canal in any sense except that of altruistic expenditure, but a neutralized, jointly guaranteed international highway, under the immediate management of this government, practically as an agent or bailiff of the nations. The canal would have been located immovably in Nicaragua between Greytown and Brito, and there would have remained the Panama concession, with its parallel and superior route, to be completed if not by the French company then under some other European Power; and, as we subsequently learned to our enlightenment, that competitor Power would probably have been Germany.

While *The Sun* was incurring considerable criticism for unpatriotic short-sightedness in this matter, it acquired a most vigorous recruit in the person of Theodore Roosevelt, then Governor of New York. I have before me now the scrap of paper on which Governor Roosevelt in 1900

dictated to our correspondent at Albany, and then corrected with his own pen, his first pronouncement upon a question in which, later, his official influence at Washington was to be decisive:

I most earnestly hope that the pending treaty concerning the Isthmian Canal will not be ratified, unless amended so as to provide that the canal when built shall be wholly under the control of the United States alike in peace and war. This seems to me vital, no less from the standpoint of our sea power than from the standpoint of the Monroe Doctrine.

The Sun was leading in the press the fight against the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and Colonel Roosevelt's emphatic protest aided greatly in defeating that instrument by means of the Senate amendments which the British Government was unwilling to accept. It is to the everlasting honor of John Hay, who had negotiated the treaty as Ambassador to the Court of Saint James's and was then secretary of state at Washington under the McKinley administration, that though he was hugely disappointed and for some time, as it seems, particularly aggrieved at *The Sun's* behavior he neither sulked nor withdrew from the game but went to work with all his wit and wisdom to procure a new convention project that should be satisfactory to both parties. And it fell to his friend Roosevelt, by that time in the White House, to send to the Senate this second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and to proclaim it when ratified, with the American right to fortify covered. But the question of route was open.

Both Nicaragua and Panama had their advocates on political and technical grounds. The preponderance of American opinion, however, as well as of American political and capitalistic influence, was for the more northerly route. *The Sun* was almost alone among American newspapers. Sentiment in the United States very generally favored the idea of a canal that should be American from

the very inception of the work, rather than one that should take up and finish the French beginnings. The New Panama Company in Paris, inheriting the rights and properties of the concern that sank in scandal in 1892, demanded about \$110,000,000 for what an American commission of experts appraised at \$40,000,000. It looked like a sure thing for Nicaragua, and early, in January, 1902, the House of Representatives rejected Panama and adopted Nicaragua by a declaration that lacked only two votes of being unanimous.

In this situation *The Sun* had printed on December 28, 1901, an editorial leader, headed "Panama":

If the representatives of the French shareholders desire to obtain from Congress consideration of a reasonable proposition to sell out to this Government, and if they have an attractive proposition to offer, the swiftest ship that crosses the Atlantic is none too fast for their service at this time.

Perhaps the last opportunity of Panama has already gone. Certain it is that with every week and day it is going.

Monsieur Hutin as a negotiator was too slow or too timid or too much hampered by the people behind him. The only move that can now gain a hearing for the Panama route must be nothing short of Napoleonic in conception and execution.

The writer of those words had never heard then of Philippe Bunau-Varilla or of his connection with the Panama enterprise. In that gentleman's book he speaks of the foregoing article as "a fresh manifestation of the instantaneous correlation between the thoughts that spring up in the most distant brains in face of the same event." That does me too much honor, for it was no more than a singular coincidence. When I came to know him well I found him to be in mind and will one of the most surprising dualities it was ever my privilege to encounter; Napoleonic, indeed, in his practical energy and resourcefulness, yet an idealist of the first grade in disinterested devotion to a patriotic sentiment. His sentiment was the

honor and glory of France. The job he had undertaken when the foregoing article was published was just begun: namely, to bring down the excessive demands of the money-hungry shareholders in Paris; in the United States to convince engineers and to change the settled opinion of some eighty million people and the substantially unanimous vote of one house of Congress; in Colombia to block the schemes of certain politicians at Bogotá, intriguing to confiscate the company's property for the benefit of their own country if not for the benefit of Germany; and this in order to rescue from nullification that which France had already accomplished on the Isthmus of Panama, to wipe out the scar of national failure, and to vindicate in the sight of history the second great conception of his old chief, the builder of the Suez Canal. All this he did in the end; and while he won many helpers before he was through, it is not too much to say that without Bunau-Varilla it would not have been done.

I have spoken of his vast project as disinterested. At first, when the psychology of the promoter was imperfectly understood in some quarters, it was the fashion to attribute his zeal to speculative interest in New Panama shares; as if that would have impelled him to make them worth as little as possible. His relation to the sale to the United States was that of a man who spent freely of his own large means and used moral violence with the French shareholders to force a decision at the time *The Sun* was calling for a Napoleon. "It is absolutely true," he wrote me in 1905, "that I had nothing to do with the sale of the property to the U. S. except to recommend publicly, to the weak men whose debility of mind and character had closed any other honorable issue, to accept the price fixed by the Isthmian Canal Commission." He added:

I am much better equipped for the careful and methodic analysis of the elements of action than for action itself, and I am always disposed to think that people will follow the right

way when discovered. It is only when I see the impossibility of driving into the mind of those most interested the necessary motives which should guide their action that I am forced to act in their place at the ultimate instant. My part in the fight against Nature during the old De Lesseps time was exactly what it has been more recently in the fight against man in the latter period of this *guerre inexpiable* the end of which is in sight, thanks to you, thanks to Mr. Laffan, thanks to *The Sun*.

Few stories of the imagination are more interesting than that which this sentimental disclaimer of genius for action wrote in the geography of great trade routes. Philippe Bunau-Varilla is one of the two brothers owning the *Matin* of Paris. A graduate of the École Polytechnique and of Ponts et Chausées and an engineer officer of the French Government, he was afterward chief engineer of the De Lesseps construction. He came to *The Sun* introduced by John Bigelow, who had known him as a boy when Bigelow was the American Minister at Paris before the Franco-Prussian War. Through Myron T. Herrick, himself to be the American Ambassador to France at a later day, Bunau-Varilla made the acquaintance and acquired the powerful support of Mark Hanna. Through General Dawes, then Comptroller of the Currency, he reached McKinley. Every phase of the canal question was at tongue's end with this envoy of the Panama idea. By technical argument and scientific demonstration he convinced some of the eminent American engineers whose judgment was to be potent. For every question that came up his answer was ready, clear, logical, satisfying; he knew the strata and streams of the isthmus as a traffic cop knows the pavement and currents of Times Square. His political vigilance and versatility would have excited admiration in Matt Quay. Personally he won the confidence of John Hay and Theodore Roosevelt. And when at the end of a brilliant legislative campaign the action of Congress had reversed what had seemed, before he took

hold, to be a foregone conclusion for Nicaragua, and had opened the way for American work in Panama, except for German inspired opposition at Bogotá, he produced at the psychological moment and without the complicity of the United States Government—as he always has been careful to show—the bloodless revolution in Panama which made possible the American canal that exists to-day.

Two incidents that I especially recall may serve to illustrate the wide range of Bunau-Varilla's activities, as well as the way he could turn his energies from small things to big ones.

In the swiftly shifting aspects of the general controversy there came uppermost in the spring of 1902 the question of the danger of seismic attack upon the cement construction of the canal, the locks and so forth. The appalling demonstration of Mont Pelée in early May of that year had called everybody's attention to the potency of the Caribbean underworld. The advocates of Nicaragua, led by Senator Morgan of Alabama in Congress and by Colonel Watterson in the newspapers, were quick to seize upon this argument for their route, alleging on the one hand a terrible earthquake menace at Panama and on the other absolute immunity from volcanic disturbance along the upper line; there was not a single active volcano in Nicaragua, no risk whatever from below. Just at that moment, by one of the most singular coincidences, a dispatch from New Orleans announced a violent eruption on May 14 of Momotombo, on Lake Managua, an upper water of Lake Nicaragua, and an earthquake destroying the wharves of the town of Momotombo, at the foot of the mountain, the lake terminus of the railroad to Corinto on the Pacific. This looked bad for the argument on which Senator Morgan was seeking to concentrate public attention, and I wrote concerning the timely Momotombo:

His great voice has uttered a warning of incalculable value to the United States. Here is what it said:

"My compliments to Senator Morgan. I beg leave to inform that gentleman, and others whom it may concern, that I am not only alive but capable of sending down, without notice, through Lake Managua and the Tipitata river into the adjacent Lake Nicaragua, a tidal wave of sufficient volume and malignity to overwhelm any canal that engineering skill can construct through this country, and to wipe out every dollar of the two or three hundred millions which the United States Government may be foolish enough to invest within the reach of the waters subject to my power. Precisely the same thing can be done with equal facility and on equally short notice, by my neighbors and allies, Pilas, Nindiri, Zelica, Santa Clara, Oros, Isla Venada, Fernando, Mancaron, Zapatera, Mancaroncita, Madera, Omotepe, and the Hell of Masaya—any one of them or all combined."

We respectfully inquire of the Senate of the United States whether Momotombo did not tell the truth.

President Zelaya of Nicaragua promptly cabled, "News published about recent eruptions in Nicaragua entirely false." The Nicaraguan Minister at Washington supplied Senator Morgan with an official certificate that "Nicaragua has had no volcanic eruption since 1835," and that even then "the Cosequina emitted smoke and ashes but no lava."

It was at this juncture that Bunau-Varilla discovered his genius for using the smallest things with the greatest effect. He found that the chosen emblem of the Nicaraguan Republic on that Government's postage stamps, issued in 1900 and surcharged "1902", was a view, beautifully engraved by the American Bank Note Company, of this very Momotombo pouring forth a volume of smoke; and not only that but also a correct representation in the foreground of the very dock which the eruption of a few days before had destroyed. He ransacked the philatelic resources of Washington and procured ninety of these postage-stamps—or just enough postage-stamps to enable him to supply every senator within reach of Mr. Morgan's rhetoric with conclusive documentary evidence of the

falsity of the official denial. Three days later the Senate passed the Spooner Bill, naming Panama as the place for the American work, providing the French company could give good title and Colombia would make a satisfactory treaty. Thus did a postage-stamp help to make canal history.



THE POSTAGE STAMP THAT SENT THE CANAL
TO PANAMA

The rest of the story must be told rapidly. There was no trouble about the title to the French property on the isthmus, but the other condition of the Spooner law was impossible of fulfilment, owing to politics at Bogotá. In this respect, the situation there became more and more a hopeless obstacle. In September, 1903, the astonishing gentleman whose initiative and activities we have been considering had determined on his own account to bring about the separation of the State of Panama from the loosely federated Colombian union. A colorable right of secession already existed in the old compact of union, but it was evident that the attempted exercise of that right would be resisted forcibly by the Bogotá Govern-

ment. On the other hand, conditions were ripe in Panama itself for withdrawal. There was a revolutionary party there, with a junta in New York. Bunau-Varilla came over from Paris again, sent for Doctor Amador, the leader of this party of separatists and afterward the President of the new Panama republic, and in successive interviews with him at the Waldorf-Astoria set the revolutionary movement a-going. The Panamanians wanted a subsidy of \$6,000,000 at first, but Amador was persuaded that \$100,000 would be enough, and this loan was furnished by drafts on Paris from the private resources of Bunau-Varilla.

Meanwhile he had seen Secretary Hay and President Roosevelt at Washington, and, without communicating his plans or involving the remotest committal of our government to incorrect procedure in relation to the impending movement, had satisfied himself that a war vessel would be sent to the isthmus to keep the Panama railroad open and intact and to protect the lives of American citizens in the event of serious military conflict—a duty inherent and properly exercised by the dispatch of the *Nashville* from Kingston to Colon.

Late at night on November 1, 1903, Bunau-Varilla came to my room in *The Sun* office and told me what had been done and what was going to happen. In his vivid account of that quite negligible conference he says that I turned pale and gripped his hand in emotion. I remember shaking hands with my esteemed and admired friend, but do not specially recall the striking in of any blood from the surface. Anyway, there was no bloodshed in Panama the next day or on succeeding days before the successful establishment of a government independent of Bogotá. Under the new order of things in Panama Bunau-Varilla caused himself to be appointed as Minister Plenipotentiary to Washington. In the portrait which appears here he is wearing the uniform of that proud but ephemeral

official dignity. He held the office just long enough to negotiate and sign with John Hay the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty, which constituted the basic title of the United States to the Zone and the canal.

Away back in the early days of the "battle of the routes" we had hoped that if the canal was ever built by way of Panama we might go through it together on the first boat making the passage. When Goethals had completed the mighty work Bunau-Varilla came over from France for that purpose but I was unable to leave New York. He, however, had the sentimental satisfaction of passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through the troublesome Gaillard Cut, on which he had labored more than a quarter of a century before, on the first steamer that went from ocean to ocean. On that same day, August 3, 1914, the World War began. He came to see me as he was hurrying back to France to volunteer his services as a soldier-engineer, and when I next saw him he had lost his right leg, shattered to the thigh by a bursting shell near Verdun.

His dream of the vindication of the French project had been realized. His share in the work had been recognized: by President Obaldia of Panama, who registered him as the benefactor of that republic; by John Hay, who wrote, "It is not often given to any man to render such a service to two countries and to the civilized world as you have done"; and by Theodore Roosevelt, who once, in reply to a criticism of his much-misunderstood phrase "I took Panama," put the case exactly in the remark "I took Panama because Bunau-Varilla brought it to me on a silver platter."

When the Amen Corner honored me in 1922, at the time of practical retirement from newspaper work, Philippe Bunau-Varilla was in Washington as adviser of the French Government in President Harding's Peace Conference. He came to New York to be at the dinner.

It was a circumstance and a coincidence peculiarly gratifying to me that he should have come in company with Harold Sewall, one of them embodying my memories of the Samoan and Hawaiian campaigns and the other the long fight about the interoceanic canal.

CHAPTER XII

LATER YEARS ON THE FIRING LINE

WITH William Mackay Laffan I was destined to be in intimate relationship as long as that man of brilliant abilities lived. He was a Dublin boy of good family stock; a sister, May Laffan, was in her day a novelist of some distinction. His first function in this country was that of reporter and managing editor of the *Bulletin* of San Francisco. He came East, made his way rapidly to be editor and owner of a Baltimore newspaper likewise named the *Bulletin*. His discreet shrewdness and unpushing but winning social qualities acquired for him not a few very influential friends. That was his fortune, wherever he went. "Lafffan's staff of multi-millionaires" became at one time a phrase in the mouths of some who understood imperfectly why the multi-millionaires liked him and adhered to him.

He brought from Baltimore to New York about 1877 warmly commendatory letters from the elder Henry Walters and others. For a time he acted as general passenger agent of the Long Island Railroad; his strong interest in railway management, politics, and legislation dated from that experience. Then Mr. Walters sent Laffan to Samuel L. M. Barlow, who in turn sent him to Dana and he was taken on *The Sun* as dramatic critic, and afterward as general writer on art subjects and business adviser. With the exception of two years as art editor and general representative of the Harpers in London his direct connection with *The Sun*, writer, publisher, general manager, and finally proprietor, lasted from 1877 until his death in 1909.

Laffan's talents subtended an unusually spacious angle. He was a promoter and organizer gifted with imagination and intrepidity; a player of the moves of finance whom no large figures frightened. His was as unlawyer-like a mind as ever might be; yet I never knew a lawyer—Bartlett, Beck, Stetson, Jerome, Ivins, Elihu Root, Taft or any other—who did not hold his opinion in respect. He had a contempt for the ways of politics, and yet politicians and statesmen coveted his practical advice. The leading characteristic of his intellect was a penetration that swiftly reached the essentials of a situation, yet he was capable of prejudices both blind and lame. He possessed the muriatic-acid wit that generally excludes the propensities of more genial humor, but had just the same all the humor one expects in a high-grade Irishman. He was impulsive and phlegmatic; Celtic temperament that boiled at low temperature, boiling behind a physiognomy betokening a habit of control imperturbable as ice at zero. His hatreds were so passionate that he could discern precious little good in the fiercely hated; no woman could be more tenderly considerate when affection existed. He was adroit in his schemes of selfish interest; not less diligent when he planned unselfishly for the interests of others. His assurance was superb, but his dislike of assurance's usual forms of public expression almost reached a ridiculous extreme of self-effacement. These are not everyday combinations in the same individual. I am not trying to build antitheses but merely to indicate some of the contradictory traits of a singular personality.

It is partly, I suppose, on account of these complexities that Laffan's reputation in the profession does not measure up to his real dimensions except in the memory of those who really understood him. He was absolutely careless of the celebrity which is a temptation to vainer but lesser men. Instead of attempting to advertise himself or abetting such advertisement he would go out of his way to

evade publicity, shunning public appearances, avoiding the mention of his name in print. And this was not because he resembled in any particular the shrinking violet, but simply because he was too fastidiously proud of himself to desire that sort of thing. It was characteristic of him that when he died I could discover in existence but two photographs of his features taken later than the family portraits of early youth. One was the postage-stamp sized picture required for an automobile license used abroad, the other a face, caught in spite of himself in a flashlight group. The latter is reproduced here in enlargement; it is a very good likeness of Laffan.

Once in 1908 he received in common with many others a request from Charles F. Lummis of the Los Angeles Public Library for his signature and a paragraph or page of original sentiment to go into a sort of card index of fame in that establishment. "To thousands in this community," wrote the worthy librarian, "your name is a household word. Your name in your own hand would be a personal favor and privilege to every one of these strangers who count you among the preferred creditors of their minds." The appeal was signed with a rubber stamp, perhaps necessarily. Laffan called for his secretary and dictated upon the fair big page of linen woven paper furnished for the purpose this response: "With pleasure.—W. M. Laffan,"—all in typewriting. If I ever get to Los Angeles again I am going to see whether his cantankerous contribution has a place in the "autograph archive."

George Barry Mallon, now of the Bankers Trust Company but long the city editor of *The Sun*, and with Selah Merrill Clarke the best remembered of all the capable men who held that important desk, daytime or night, has given in a few strokes a lifelike sketch of Laffan's quiet vigilance in the news department of the paper. "There was frequently," wrote Mallon, "a dash of delightful humor in his morning talks at the city desk, and when he yielded

to the temptation to indulge it he would peer through his glasses or over them in a way that was equivalent to a smile. And not infrequently there was a flash of scorching sarcasm usually directed at some of the frauds in public life. When the occasion demanded he could put more emphasis into one sentence than any other man I ever knew could shout in ten."

In art matters Laffan ranked high among experts. This interest was undoubtedly the strongest of his life, and, incidentally, the key to material success in other fields. The impelling tastes were born in him. The first practical exercise of his talent, singularly enough, was with the title of Artist for the Pathological Society of Dublin; he had previously studied medicine. He never considered himself more than an amateur, but his performances with pencil and etching needle and dry point and his skill in the technical process of reproduction were such as to give him standing with the acknowledged professionals of line and color. I shall speak in another place of his participation in the Tile Club. Edwin A. Abbey was among his nearest friends. He knew most of the contemporary artists and was loved by many of them; by Hopkinson Smith in particular, until the two had an unhappy falling out over some phase of the Long Beach hotel and improvement business in which they had been jointly concerned. The American wood engravers who flourished so marvelously in the eighties, Timothy Cole, Woolf, French, and the rest of that gifted school of delicate expression, had in Laffan both an appreciative critic of technique and a competent historian of achievement. His knowledge of art products was comprehensive, embracing most of the specialties pursued by collectors. Of Oriental ceramics, particularly of the Chinese porcelains of the illustrious dynasties, this knowledge was profound. His catalogue of the Morgan collection, compiled in collaboration with Thomas B. Clarke and illustrated without regard to cost

under the direction of his exacting taste, is a monumental work of the kind.

This much of mention of one side of Laffan's activities has been made for the reason that thereby was opened to him his career in journalism. In a sense the pastes and glazes and enamels paved his direct path to fortune. Mr. Dana welcomed one who in addition to general business and literary ability brought to him not only expert advice in the diversion to which he himself was ardently devoted but also a rare, almost uncanny skill in dealing with dealers whose profits are found in the pockets or bank-accounts of zealous collectors. And later a confidential relation and personal intimacy of the same sort with the most magnificent of American collectors enabled Laffan to command (honorably and legitimately) the capital that gave him control of *The Sun*. He became a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum when Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was its president and was an influential factor in the policy of that institution for the acquisition of new objects and the extension of its field of enterprise. Such was conspicuously the case in the development of the now splendid department of Egyptian antiquities. Laffan knew the rocks and currents and backwaters of the channels of traffic in art as well as any man living in his time.

But this is looking ahead a little. Mr. Dana was a generous purchaser, slow to believe in the guile of any tradesman professing a sincere love for the beautiful. The incident of the Alhambra vase occurs to me just now. He came home from Southern Spain one year bringing in triumph a tall, important piece of pottery, shaped to a slender point where the base generally is and decorated plausibly in Hispano-Moresque; its provenance apparently early Majorca. It seemed that Mr. Dana had been introduced on the hill at Granada to an antiquarian savant, a Spanish gentleman of title officially connected with the

Alhambra administration, who had shown him much disinterested courtesy and made his visit very pleasant. This vase happened to be seen somewhere about the premises. It was not government property but belonged to Mr. Dana's friend. Yes, it was an extremely rare specimen of the potter's art that came from Persia to the western Mediterranean; indeed, it was almost unique, but one replica being known to exist, and that in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. The Alhambra vase was not for sale, but the upshot was that it came back on the ship with its new owner, acquired for the absurdly low price of \$1,700, or something like that.

My only relation to the Alhambra vase was to suggest a device by which it could be induced to stand up straight for inspection. In a case of oak and plate glass, resting securely in a nickel ring around its nether extremity, the vase took its place among the treasures in Mr. Dana's house. Laffan was dubious about it. He proposed that it be sent to Mr. So-and-So, curator of majolica in the British Museum, for verification. Word was returned in due time that the vase was probably a most deceptive forgery.

Mr. Dana was not yet satisfied. "Have it sent across to Paris," said Laffan, "for Monsieur Quelqu'un at the Louvre to see. There is no higher authority."

This was done, and the Louvre confirmed the British Museum in even more positive terms of discredit. The Alhambra vase disappeared from the collection. Mr. Dana did not talk about the affair, but it was like him to be sorrier for the hidalgo confidence man than for himself.

Two or three years after that I was in Granada and was buying small souvenirs in an antiquity shop in the Calle Gomeres. In an upper room I encountered my old acquaintance, hanging by his neck on a cord but looking as natural as life. "I see you have an Alhambra vase," I remarked to the proprietor.

"Oh, yes," said he, indifferently, "Do you desire one? I have sold more than a dozen Alhambra vases to American collectors."

In the grand army of acquisition Laffan justly deserved a generalissimo's rank. The aesthetic sympathy, the surety of perception, the boldness of enterprise and the commercial shrewdness he manifested in the transactions in which he had part are qualities seldom found united in the same person. I couldn't say for how many hundreds of thousands or millions of dollars' worth of precious things he was directly or indirectly responsible as to their translation to this shore, nor what was the count of his interferences, as a protective influence, against mistaken purchases or sales of the spurious, but I am certain that on either side the total would be prodigious. This statement applies not only to his own comparatively moderate but judicious buyings for himself, but also to the growth of great collections like those made by the elder and junior Walters in Baltimore, by J. Pierpont Morgan for his wonderful treasury, and by the Metropolitan Museum. He had a counsellor's part, if not some pecuniary interest, in the immense business of the American Art Association in the days of that monarch of auctioneers, the late Thomas E. Kirby. Kirby, not Laffan, first gave me my idea of the weight of the latter's judgment in matters concerning values in the market of art. Rich amateurs turned instinctively to him for advice; if not for advice, for approval.

"Who do you suppose has commenced collecting at last?" Laffan asked me after the return from one of his frequent absences in Europe. "Thomas Fortune Ryan! He has been buying heavily in Paris. He came triumphant to my room in the Hotel du Rhin before I was up to tell me of his new ambition and what he had done. And what do you suppose the infatuated old neophyte has gone in for on his own hook?"

"Bouguereaus?" I ventured.

"Guess again," said Laffan.

"Worse than that?" I inquired. "Gilt satsuma from the bazaars?"

"No!" he replied, solemnly. "Limoges enamels of the early masters that any connoisseur would assassinate Tom Ryan to get hold of. Léonard Limousin and that sort of stuff. And Italian primitives that would shine among John G. Johnson's! Was there ever anything like it?"

Some speculative dealer brought over an alleged Greek *Venus* and attempted to sell it to Mr. Morgan or somebody else prepared to pay a record price. The pedigree had been elaborately prepared. The statue had been found walled up somewhere in Sicily or Calabria. It bore the customary marks of long inhumation. It was exhibited at the rooms of the National Arts, away back when that club was in Thirty-fourth Street. Crowds visited the newly-found marble, which resembled the Medici *Venus* in the Uffizi, with some difference of details, as about the dolphin. A heated controversy arose in the press, for and against authenticity. Laffan was firm in the conviction that the piece was the modern work of one of the habile sculptors of North Italy who devote themselves to mortuary representations, and that it had been fraudulently abraded and artificially stained. He was surer than ever of the acid discoloration when it had been compared with the patina of real age on a fragment I had recently brought from Eleusis. At any rate, the Museum did not acquire this *Venus*, nor did Mr. Morgan purchase it. The statue withdrew for a while from public sight. It was told me some years after that the goddess had reappeared beneath a Temple d'Amour on the estate of a multi-millionaire who was not Mr. Morgan; but as to this I cannot testify.

Laffan's letters from Europe and Egypt during his many long absences were a joy to me always; penned with

meticulous neatness in his microscopic handwriting on sheets of cerulean tint, voluminous, unsparing of toil in the friendly communication of ideas and information; for wherever he was he managed somehow to be in touch with those who know things not generally known but well worth knowing. Dozens and dozens of these missives make a selection difficult. Here is one of contemporary interest because it refers to the inauguration of the Metropolitan Museum's first great Egyptian campaign in the field:

Paris, April 24 [1906].

DEAR MITCHELL: In another envelope I send you a collection of trivialities connected with the [Bellamy] Storer episode which may interest you casually and which might be put in the archives on the mantelpiece.

The Museum has been immersed in Egyptology up to its neck, nolente volente, by my eccentricities on the Nile. I have got control of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, for a year anyhow, and will acquire all the Der-el-Bahri loot taken out next winter. This is surprising, especially to me. I have also taken over the Harvard-Boston Museum—Phoebe Hearst plant, portable railroad, cars and paraphernalia, and the N. Y. establishment in the Park blossoms out as the strongest and most aggressive force in the field of exploration. When this can be made known it should do the Museum a lot of good. It will do *The Sun* no harm to take the initiative in diffusing a little popular information on the subject.

I got a cable yesterday from —— conveying an offer of \$10,000 a share for my *Sun* stock. I wonder who the aspirant is? All —— says is "responsible party, cash, details satisfactory to you," which is passing queer. I answered, "Decline offer." If you find out anything about it will you cable me the name? Just to satisfy my vulgar curiosity.

I see Morgan daily and have spent a million or more of his money since I arrived, the acquisition yesterday of the famous Oppenheim collection being the last of it. What a whale of a man! And I need not say that the Egyptian business is all due to his big way of looking at things and doing them.

I am keeping very quiet, doing nothing, or nearly nothing, but steadily getting stronger and, alas! visibly gaining in weight.

The appetite that ensues upon an active fever is worth the price, and I indulge it profitably but with the restraint that even advanced years do not always inculcate.

Please write, even if it is apropos of nothing. Yours faithfully,
LAFFAN.

Laffan then had been in Egypt, a dangerous place always for him to inhabit. On his return to Naples he had written:

I got the President's [Roosevelt's] letter and yours on Monday and very glad I was to hear from you. It was sad to hear of poor [Frank] Church's state. I regret it deeply, but I suppose that it only remains for us to do what we can for him and stand by him till it is over. Have you got any one to help you? It is absolutely necessary to enlarge your force. It is not broad enough, or strong enough, not merely in respect to Church's defection, but in its elasticity. I hope you will not wait for me to come home but that you will act on your own initiative.

I was not well in November, I was unwell in December and January, and in Egypt I was bad. It took Luxor to bring me to my senses. You can understand my condition when I tell you that I was only equal to an hour of the Museum at Cairo, and that I went to the Valley of the Kings only because Davis [Theodore Davis, before Carnarvon and Carter a triumphant explorer of the Tombs] carried me there in an arm chair. After four days' observation a capable English physician declared it typhoid.

I had all the advantages of that ailment, exhibited all the required symptoms and entered upon a proper progress toward a neat Egyptian grave, when, without any notice whatever, my temperature suddenly declined to normal. It was most irregular but grateful. I lost thirty pounds during the few days that it lasted and emerged a wreck. I was bad enough before but this last state was almost too much. However, I am picking up, and during the ten days that I have been here, I have spent two hours and a half in the Museum without doing myself up. It has not been possible to do more because of the things set forth in the appended pages, and I am now trying to get away to Rome.

The President's letter is extraordinary. . . . The paper is splendid and many things have gone easily that had been very

otherwise had I been at home. I have escaped a lot of personal embarrassment and it is likely that the paper is better for it, as I am sure I am.

I hope everything is well with you personally. Your letter is very comforting and reads as if you were well and cheerful.

The allusion to the President's letter recalls the fact that as a friend of the Bellamy Storers Laffan intervened in the episode which concerned Archbishop Ireland and elicited from Colonel Roosevelt the celebrated "Dear Maria" epistle. Hard feeling resulted and it was long before Laffan could think much good of Roosevelt. Yet there was a latent sentiment which found significant expression afterward in an editorial utterance that has been quoted often:

Theodore, with all thy faults—

One more sample of the illuminating correspondence over which I linger with many thoughts of him. This was written from Savoy only six months before he died at his Long Island home after an operation for appendicitis:

Grand Hotel d'Aix, May 14 and 16 [1909]

DEAR MITCHELL: I spent four days at Monte Carlo, Cap Martin having prematurely closed up in our absence. All the first class houses shut up on May 1, but the place is full of cheap Germans and cheap other people and the gambling rooms are crowded day and night with an active five franc industry. I did not think I should ever again feel as well as I do now, or that I should to such a degree recover my power to walk and stand in art galleries and churches. It is all the open air and the sunshine and utter recklessness with food and with the common country wine. I don't know. You can guess as well as I.

In Rome I was taken to a very interesting house on the Janiculum to be made acquainted with an archaeologist and his wife, Dr. and Mme. Helbig. The house belonged to Julio Romano and his decorations are extant and well preserved. Dr. Helbig is a typical German savant of much distinction, but of familiar quality. His wife is quite another affair. She is about five feet ten in height and weighs not less than four hundred pounds.



WILLIAM M. LAFFAN

Her major circumference is certainly greater than her height. She is sixty-one years old, phenomenally alert in mind and demeanor, with an immense countenance framed in coarse short grey hair which is seemingly uncombed even. She is an accurate composite portrait of the Abbé Liszt and Mme. Blavatsky. She is a Russian, a princess who has abjured her nobility and who married Helbig to live in Rome and gratify her propensity for charitable work.

There is nothing especially Russian about the ménage except the samovar, which realized all my speculations concerning its domestic function. When it had moderated some one asked her if she would not play something, whereupon she gravitated to an old piano. It seemed odd that so prodigious a mass should be concerned with a piano and I felt interested when her slow subsidence indicated that she was seated. Then she began and, good Lord! what a revelation. It was, of course, all the more impressive in that I was wholly unprepared for it. Presently, however, it was all made clear: she was Liszt's favorite pupil, looked after him when he lived in the Villa d'Este and it was her playing of the Kreutzer Sonata which touched off the latent morbidity of Tolstoi. Well, she's a great musician, anyhow; and little as I know of the profundities of that art I was immensely impressed. She recalled Rubinstein in her playing more than anyone else, but the entire absence of visible movement or effort in it struck me as very strange.

She is a queer creature altogether. As people came in for the samovar she spoke five languages all with perfect knowledge and fluency. I suppose she spoke them as well as she did English, and that she spoke like a cultivated Englishwoman; but she has never been in England. Her Russian was very melodious; she spoke it with a fat beast of a woman whom she addressed as "Bichette," and who turned out to be the notorious Princess —.

How is our young man F. H. S. getting on? I fear his health is not the best and prevents him from realizing our hopes. I mean to stay here three weeks and devote myself to the waters and other ascetic pursuits. Bear with me as kindly as possible.

Yours faithfully,

LAFFAN.

The "young man F. H. S." was Frank Herbert Simonds, then an editorial writer on my staff, with Kingsbury,

Harold Anderson, Louis Springer, Henry E. Armstrong, Lawrence Reamer, Albert G. Robinson, Richard Weightman, Huneker; later, Grant Overton and others of professional repute. Simonds had yet to win a forefront place among American narrators and critics of military history. His appetite for international complications and the resulting activities of conflict was phenomenal. He would breakfast on a strained situation, lunch on a disputed frontier, with topographical maps on the side, and dine gloriously upon a real *casus belli*. When the *Maine* was blown up at Havana he was a boy of frail physique, but the pull of natural inclination and the sentiment of ancestry—three or four generations before him had served in the successive wars of the republic—were so strong that he took down the family gun, metaphorically speaking, from over the fireplace in his Concord home and carried it to the Caribbean. Laffan's apprehensions would have subsided could he have foreseen the career of the author of "They Shall Not Pass" and the five-volume "History of the World War." But Frank Simonds is still at it for all he is worth (which is saying much) and therefore I must let him go his way, between wars, merely remarking that one of the pleasantest of my own memories is to have watched from near by the development of so remarkable a special talent.

There was that other case of Henry R. Chamberlain, our London correspondent for many years. Chamberlain was a most diligent and intelligent student of underlying causes beneath diplomatic pretences in world politics. He had the confidence of the chancelleries. Almost as long ago as John Fiske was declaring that the moral evolution of mankind had reached a stage that rendered another great conflict on this planet impossible, Harry Chamberlain was registering month after month and year after year in his able dispatches and letters to *The Sun* his invincible conviction that a world war was at hand. It

came to be almost a joke with the telegraph editors in the office, "Chamberlain's war"; but he was in dead earnest about it. His "Six Thousand Tons of Gold," a prophetic romance full of imagination and sound political economy, was permeated by this sense of the impending: "The sinews of war," he wrote therein in 1893 or 1894, "were being accumulated with the utmost greediness, for everybody felt that the day was not far distant when a mighty tragedy of nations was again to darken the pages of history." When gently accused of cherishing an obsession, Chamberlain would smile with equal gentleness and make no reply except to keep on predicting. Here is part of one of his numerous private letters, framed in accordance with his chronic belief, written between the time of the Kaiser's interference in Morocco and the Algeciras conference:

London, June 28, 1905.

DEAR MR. MITCHELL: I am laboring under some embarrassment in handling this European crisis, partly due to being too much on the inside. I have allowed both the British and the French Foreign Offices to "use" me to some extent during the past fortnight—never, of course, to misrepresent facts but to put forth views, which are mine also, intended to influence the development of the situation. They have been willing to say things too dangerous for publication in the countries directly concerned, but which can be given to the European press credited to *The Sun*.

It is no exaggeration to say that official Europe has been more seriously alarmed during the past three weeks than at any time in the past thirty-five years. My own impression is that the Kaiser has been bluffing, but he has quite convinced France and even England to the contrary. If he has not been bluffing he has made the worst mistake of his life, for France and England are moving heaven and earth to organize an overwhelming combination against him. Instead of breaking the Anglo-French entente he has solidified it. He has overreached himself. This I know to be Lansdowne's personal opinion.

I have just received the following points from a confidential source at the Foreign Office here.

"The terms of an extended Anglo-Japanese treaty have been agreed upon; (2) England because of this feels safer to let Russia expand in the Near East to hold back the Kaiser; (3) England is taking steps to concentrate her fighting force very near home; (4) the incoming régime in Russia is full of fear of the Kaiser and anxious to unite with England and France to keep him straight; (5) plans to do this without creating the false impression in Germany that an aggressive anti-German coalition is coming into being are occupying competent attention; and (6) all the foregoing points have the sympathetic interest of the Washington authorities, who have a full knowledge of the true inwardness of the situation."

. . . I am chock full of the most important information which we cannot print at present. You will sympathize with me in this most exasperating embarrassment that can come to a newspaper man. You may take it that anything I give in my dispatches as from "high authority" or equivalent phrase is from the British or French Foreign Office or the Japanese minister, as the case may be. Always yours,

H. R. CHAMBERLAIN.

The foregoing gets space here partly to exhibit the functions of a first-class foreign correspondent in times of crisis and partly to show with what clear prevision and accurate information Harry Chamberlain did his part in making the world safe for democracy ten years before the test of preparedness came. His war cloud did not burst as soon as he thought it would. He died before events justified his reiterated predictions. If "Chamberlain's war" was to be—and it was to be—I wish he might have lived to see how truly he foresaw and wrote.

II

"What a whale of a man!" was Laffan's phrase in writing of J. Pierpont Morgan's dimensions after long and close observation of him in action. Such was the measurement, I am sure, of every observer who, approaching that potent gentleman from any of his many fortified

sides, got far enough through the barrier of brusque reserve and masterful demeanor to understand something of what lay behind the protective equipment.

Just how much taller Mount Everest is than the high peaks surrounding it at the top of the world is not within my present stock of information. It isn't necessary to count the metres. The general acknowledgement of superior altitude suffices, whether the superiority is reckoned by thousands or only by hundreds. Perhaps Napoleon Bonaparte really surpassed by little the ablest men he mastered. Mr. Morgan was dynamic both in intelligence and in will; and from the bodily headquarters, wherever headquarters is, of those agencies of success there seemed to radiate something that forced the complex of inferiority, as the psychoanalysts delight in calling it, upon all around him, in spite of themselves. The boldest man was likely to become timid under his piercing gaze. The most impudent or recalcitrant were ground to humility as he chewed truculently at his huge black cigar. The lesser monarchs of finance, of insurance, of transportation, of individual enterprise, each in his own domain haughty as Lucifer, were glad to stand in the corridor waiting their turns like applicants for minor clerkships in the anteroom of a department official, while he sat at his desk in his library room within, looking hastily through the pile of newly bound volumes which the binder had sent for his inspection, giving a three-seconds glance at some treasure of printed or manuscript literature which was to go instanter to the shelf or safe in that incomparable storehouse, probably never to be seen again by the eyes then contemplating the acquisition. It was *his* possession now and Mr. Morgan was pleased.

There appears an unpublished photograph of J. Pierpont Morgan emerging from his office at Wall and Broad to be whirled up-town to the place where he perhaps best enjoyed being, the marble library in East Thirty-

sixth Street which, by the generous act of his son and successor, is now to be open, with all its unequalled accumulations, to those qualified to profit by them. I have no remark to make on the picture here shown except that the central figure always gave me the impression of one who, by sheer force of will, might have stridden at need through a stone wall as readily as through these few flakes of snow.

When Laffan died in 1909 he had been much concerned with a plan for a Mesopotamian campaign of exploration and acquisition, corresponding to that in Egypt of which there has been mention. The money would have come freely from Mr. Morgan, both in the interest of the extension of human knowledge about our remote ancestors near the Garden of Eden and to swell the rich collection of Babylonian and Assyrian antiquities existing within his wonderful library walls. Mr. Morgan had already acquired the William Hayes Ward collection of cylinders and other objects, and he possessed the basket-carrying bronze statuette of Ur-Engur from Nippur, which Professor Johns of Cambridge University declared in 1908 to be the oldest inscribed effigy of the kind yet known to the world. Doctor Albert Tobias Clay, then professor of Semitic philology and archæology in the University of Pennsylvania, and custodian of the Babylonian and Assyrian department of the Morgan Library, would have been in charge of the proposed expedition. Laffan exerted himself to procure through Ambassador Leishman the necessary permits from the Seraglio, but there was a hitch caused by warfare in the region and it was years, I think, before Clay got to the promised land. Meanwhile both Morgan and Laffan had died and Mr. Morgan, by his will, had endowed at Yale University the Laffan professorship of Assyriology and Babylonian literature in memory of his friend. Doctor Clay still occupies that chair at New Haven. I recall my admiration for this



MR. MORGAN IN WALL STREET, ABOUT 1910

modest scholar as he used to run his finger along the sharp arrowhead characters on some baked tablet testament or a title deed or a butcher's bill from the temple archives at Nippur, showing in the legal documents the same little lawyer-like tricks of precautionary phraseology and pleonasm as are employed by the attorneys of five or six thousand years later; and Clay would translate the lingo, too, more fluently than I myself could read a sentence of easy German.

After Laffan's death and while Mr. Morgan lived I saw not a little of this intimidating personage. The previous ideas of his attitude underwent complete reconstruction. I found a courtesy that reached into amiability, a regard for others in matters big and small as genuine as his passion for the possession of a Caxton or a Vermeer or the original manuscript of "Paradise Lost" or the "Blithedale Romance" or the "Chansons of Bérenger," a magnanimity that could either oversee or overlook. At a time when his desires were influential, I remember no request or suggestion that was not essentially altruistic, for the benefit of another than himself or his plans; as, for instance, when he was extremely anxious that a place should be made, at twenty-five dollars a week, for a worthy elderly lady of limited means who happened to know something about teacups, in order that she might feel that she was earning her living as a writer on ceramics.

And how could it have been otherwise with a whale of a man who united with the imagination and power that mastered the mightiest financial undertakings a genuine affection and hunger for the rarest and finest and most beautiful achievements of all the arts? Mr. Morgan would have paid half a million of dollars to add Dido's brooch to his collection, if satisfied of the genuineness of the object. At the same time there was in his inmost heart the tender kindness that would have impelled him, as I verily believe,

to give away his Ur-Engur to a loved child, if he was convinced that the loved child really wanted Ur-Engur for a plaything.

III

Though these are scattering memories and not systematic items of autobiography for which no sagacious person could be expected to care, it may be right to link things together, more or less, in a few paragraphs of continuous story.

Announcement of the death of Mr. Dana appeared in two lines of brevier at the head of the editorial columns of *The Sun* on October 18, 1897:

Charles Anderson Dana, Editor of *The Sun*, died yesterday afternoon.

The brevity of this reference by a newspaper to the loss of one who for a third of a century had been its great chief, identified by everybody with its existence and individuality, was the occasion of surprise and some unfavorable comment, then and afterward. I recall, for instance, that the incident was discussed many years later by a writer of no less sympathetic perception than Irvin Cobb, who found in it evidence either of indifference to the natural expectations of the readers of the paper or of a rather obvious ostentation of restraint. The simple fact is stated accurately by Frank O'Brien in "The Story of *The Sun*." The space limitation was in direct accordance with a wish of Mr. Dana's expressed to me in perfect sincerity. Surely, on the part of the newspaper ten columns could have carried no more sorrow than the ten words foregoing. Just as certainly, there was no need for a recital in that place of the achievements of the career that bid to Glen Cove a few days later a group so distinguished as that which stood at the open grave; a group so varied in its inclusions that I saw among the eminent

Ed. head, to
follow date line.
The Standard, business -
notices all being omitted.

E. P. M.

The Sun.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1897.

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA, Editor of
THE SUN, died yesterday afternoon.

Send notice of this
posting, with the Sun cut
as date line only, preceding
it, to E.P.M.

HOW "THE SUN" ANNOUNCED DANA'S DEATH. FACSIMILE OF PROOF STUB

statesmen and jurists and soldiers and journalists the bowed head of Richard Croker of Tammany Hall.

For several years the control of the paper remained with

the Dana family, represented in the presidency of the corporation and the chief editorship by Mr. Paul Dana. *The Sun* went on, much as before. Paul Dana had inherited many of the ideas of his father as to what made a good newspaper. He was earnest in his convictions, had strong special interests and wrote effectively. He was a neighbor and friend of Roosevelt's on Long Island. I remember among other notable doings of his the power and technical knowledge manifested in his articles during the Sampson-Schley controversy. His personal relations with subordinates were uniformly agreeable while he was chief.

By a transfer of majority stock, a transaction in which the late R. Suydam Grant was the intermediary but not the principal, the control of *The Sun* passed out of the hands of the Danas. The first great change in proprietorship since the purchase from the Beaches in 1867 was announced by the appearance of Laffan's name at the masthead on Washington's Birthday in 1902. Paul Dana continued to be the editor until July of the following year. I succeeded at that post and held it while Laffan lived and thereafter, holding also during his frequent absences abroad the general powers indicated in commissions always drawn in polite and careful terms like this:

The Sun, January 9, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. MITCHELL: Will you be good enough in my absence to assume full charge of *The Sun* in all its departments, exercising entire authority over the same and in the same manner and with the same powers as myself? I desire this jurisdiction to embrace everything concerning the editorial conduct and the physical administration of the property of The Sun Printing and Publishing Association. Yours faithfully,

W. M. LAFFAN.

When he died in November, 1909, there was found in his private safe a letter addressed to me, dated March 27,

1907, estimating at \$15,000 each the value of the shares of \$1,000 par in the corporation and expressing this wish:

In the event of my death I desire you to take charge of *The Sun* and administer it until my estate in it is disposed of. . . . For performing this service you are to deduct the sum of \$100,000 from the remaining amount.

It gratifies me now to be able to say that the generously proposed deduction was never claimed. I remained editor in chief and trustee as before and was elected to succeed Laffan as president of The Sun Printing and Publishing Association, holding that responsibility until the control of the business passed at the end of 1911, in a sale for the settlement of the estate, to a new ownership, represented by William C. Reick. He became president, and I vice-president and editor. On the morning *Sun* things went on, again, much as before.

Mr. Reick's administration of the property in general was marked by three noteworthy happenings. In the first place, he devoted himself with energy and judgment to the development of the evening edition, always an interesting and popular newspaper, but never much of a money-maker except by the kind fictions of bookkeeping since it was established, largely by the efforts of Laffan, away back in 1887. Amos J. Cummings, a *Sun* veteran, was its first editor, to be followed, among others, by Arthur Brisbane, W. C. McCloy, Frank Simonds, and James Luby. Amos ran *The Evening Sun* until he went to Congress from the fighting Sixth district. He was especially interested in navy legislation; just why, I don't know, unless it was because of his salt water interest in piscatory affairs; he knew everything about Atlantic fish, from the sardine situation at Eastport to the moods of the tarpon of the Florida Keys. He made an excellent congressman, just as he had been a bright star reporter and correspondent, and in the new profession as in the old his gift of humorous

narrative, his fondness for practical jokes and his general sociability won the approval of his contemporaries. Amos had story after story to tell of his Washington experiences. For the sake of one of them, a yarn which lingers, I shall interrupt what must seem a rather dreary catalogue of *The Sun* dynasties.

A new Democratic representative, who may be called Persimmons here, from a backwoods district of North Carolina, conceived an enormous admiration for Cummings and sought his society on all possible occasions with a view to obtaining sophisticated advice on politics and the ways of the world. One day he confided to Amos that he had received an invitation to a White House reception and didn't know what it was proper to wear. His present attire he believed to be too informal.

They were walking together up Pennsylvania Avenue and happened to be passing a ready-made clothing emporium of the inexpensive class. Amos seized his fellow statesman, dragged him into the shop and cast a quick glance over the stock.

"Persimmons!" he exclaimed, "this is truly providential. There's the very thing."

Cummings described to me the emphatic character of the raiment in question. There was a pattern of huge squares on a background of the hue of a leaking floursack, with incidental dabs of purple. "It looked," said Amos, "like one of those wall-papers with bunches of grapes hanging from a trellis."

"It's pretty," admitted the Honorable Mr. Persimmons, "but do you think—would I seem to be trying to be too swell?"

"My dear fellow!" said his Mentor, "Some men couldn't wear it, but it's one in a thousand for *you*; there's individuality, refinement, dignity, and yet good color. There won't be anything like it at that reception to the new members. Cabot Lodge and the Harvard dudes

from Massachusetts will turn green when they see you in it."

On the salesman's confirmatory opinion the suit was purchased for seventeen dollars and a half and worn to the reception, where it attracted the predicted attention. When the Honorable Mr. Persimmons appeared in the same garb on the floor of the House the next day, half a dozen of Amos's friends congratulated him warmly on his taste and inquired anxiously where such apparel could be bought. He wore the grapevine trellis suit morning and evening on all occasions for three sessions; and wore it triumphantly back to North Carolina when the time for renomination came around.

On his return to the Capitol Amos saw by the expression of the face that his friend was one of the disappointed. He advanced with extended hand to offer good-natured condolence. Persimmons clasped both his own hands tightly behind his back and glared.

"Why," asked Amos, "what's the matter?"

"Damn you, Cummings!" was the reply, "*you* did it. It was that suit of clothes. They said down home I dressed too fine to represent a plain democratic constituency any longer."

With *The Evening Sun* forging ahead as never before and pressroom space inadequate in the antiquated structure that had been Tammany Hall, Reick decided to lease the premises on a long term for other business and move *The Sun* to the Tract Building at Spruce Street, a block below. Much was said and sung of the traditions of the old place when from two to three hundred *Sun* men of all departments bade it farewell, before the walls were dismounted, at a dinner where I had the honor to preside. But no speech or song of departure expressed the sentiment of those to whom it had been a home of work and fellowship more touchingly than the verses written by Dana Burnett:

The time worn step, the twisted stair,
What dreams have gone a-climbing there!
The cluttered desk, the busy room,
The story spinning on its loom,
The voices and the clacking keys,
The toil, the strife, the memories!

The honest brick, the naked beams,
The settled dust of ancient dreams;
The bitter and the sudden sweet,
The hands that served, the hearts that beat,
The old head bowed beneath its star—
How dear a workman's memories are!

The last decade of years is too near the foreground to be yet in focus. The events and friendships and acquaintances and contacts that crowd this period are, naturally enough, less sharply outlined in detail or properly composed in perspective than some of the incidents with which these chapters began. The story could be told better by abundant letters from the living which it is not now permissible to print. If it were merely a matter of sketching things in a brief communication to a friend (and I shall be happy if such is really the case) perhaps the relation would proceed somewhat in this fashion:

The third important happening in the Reick administration was the sale in June, 1916, of the majority stock of *The Sun* corporation to Frank Munsey, already the owner of *The Press* in New York as well as of great newspapers in other cities. Mr. Munsey paid liberally not only for the controlling interest but also, characteristically, for the outlying shares of the minority stockholders, of whom I was one in a relatively small way. The transaction is spoken of as characteristic, for in the rigor of business it was unnecessary for his absolute domination of the property. Ninety-nine acquirers out of a hundred would have found it convenient in his place to forget the existence of the more or less negligible interests

beyond the line of masterdom. In the rather intimate view of Mr. Munsey's thoughts and business methods which eight years of close association gave me, together with some familiarity with the previous record of his career since he came from Maine with forty dollars of capital to revolutionize the magazine field and pile up wealth and influence, I discover no instance where the best impulses of the New England conscience and a just pride in financial considerateness, as well as integrity, did not prevail in his multitudinous dealings. And so, as to Frank Munsey, admiration of powerful abilities grew quickly into an affectionate esteem.

Mr. Munsey's seventieth birthday has occurred just before this book is published. I hope it will be long before the time comes for anybody to attempt to sum up the achievements or set forth the significance of the remarkable career of this man from Maine, self-made, in the finest sense, except as God made him. When I was in college, Frank Munsey was viewing Bowdoin life with envious eyes (as he himself has related) from no great distance; he lacked then the few dollars needed for the comparatively inexpensive course afforded by the institution of which he was to become, fifty years later, a benefactor in a large way. His pride in his native State and the value he attaches to the opinion and approval of those who knew his early struggles have always been predominant influences in his endeavors; still stronger his pride in the accomplishment of boyish ambitions by methods as clean and simple and straightforward as his own mind. Nobody understands him who does not understand this combination in him of sentiment and practical energy, shyness and bold confidence in his own powers of work, absolute independence of judgment and earnest fidelity to conviction and honesty of purpose concerning any question, private or public. I can't recall an instance where very great material success has more nearly realized the ideals conceived in

ignorance of the size of the job ahead. This is one of the sides of Mr. Munsey's character that have always been exceedingly attractive to me.

Thus *The Sun* acquired a proprietor of a pattern of individualism entirely new to its experience, an ownership in which there were no partners. Such, if I am not mistaken, has been without any exception Frank Munsey's relation to the business undertakings, journalistic or other, in which he has engaged. In politics he has been equally the master of his own course; perhaps the closest approach to political partnership was when he and George W. Perkins figured together as the two chief financial backers of Theodore Roosevelt in the Progressive movement of 1912. But at all times he has shown himself uncontrolled and uncontrollable except by his personal convictions, ready to sacrifice circulation or income to his sense of responsibility for public service, ready to scrap a whole newspaper's existence, as calmly as if it were an old font of type or a broken-down press, when he conceived that the proper time for its extinction had come.

I suppose it was fondness for the old ship in which I had sailed so long that made me decide to stay aboard. On the night of the public announcement of the sale to Mr. Munsey, James Gordon Bennett's representative came to my home in Glen Ridge bringing a carte blanche proposal by cable from Paris. Even more attractive and flattering was an invitation from Adolph S. Ochs of the *New York Times*, conveyed to me by that builder of one of the greatest newspapers in the world through its editor, my friend Charles R. Miller. Several old *Sun* men had found from time to time a new home with the *Times* in both its editorial and news departments; notably, in the latter field of usefulness, Carr C. Van Anda, who carried to Mr. Ochs in 1904, to be his managing editor for a score of years now, an unsurpassed newspaper instinct and an

appetite for work sharpened by a dozen years of brilliant service as night editor of *The Sun*.

Yet I am glad I remained with *The Sun*, and shall never forget the warmth of the welcome from Mr. Munsey or the delicacy of his arrangements, then and always afterward, to make me feel as much at home and as much of a factor as ever before; nor again, the cordial good fellowship manifested by his accomplished lieutenant in a bewildering variety of businesses, William T. Dewart, and by Ervin Wardman, dear man, enthusiastic as ever and loyal to the job, though he saw his beloved *Press* dissolving in the journalistic melting-pot.

"Not only is Mr. Mitchell to remain," Wardman, as publisher, wrote on July 12, 1916, to an old *Sun* reader inquiring from Cleveland, "but he is to have entire control of the editorial page and unquestioned selection of his own staff. I think that answers your question."

IV

When somebody referred in print to James Gibbons Huneker as "America's most authoritative critic" he sent me the testimonial annotated with three downward slashes of his prolific pen surmounting three inky dots. I took the comment at first to be an exclamation point in triplicate, indicating exaltation in the third degree; but a capable lens informed me that the marks were intended for query, not for shouting. The little signal was characteristic of his invariable attitude toward himself and his work. He was proud of his achievement but as far from vanity as from Alpha Lyræ. "And no quotation marks!" was his only complaint when a predatory rival had stolen two of his best articles and printed them in Philadelphia over the name of the thief.

Huneker's American and European reputation was won by an industry almost like Hazeltine's, propelled, unlike Hazeltine's, by interest unceasing and insatiable in things

of beauty or of curious significance along every highway or byway of human delight. Music, graphic and plastic art, architecture, dramatic expression on the stage, the subtleties of psychologic imagining, all found Hazeltine rather cold. He could write about them, learnedly of course, but he never bubbled or chortled in joy at the contact. These things were to Huneker like the blood in his veins or the sunshine that warmed his cuticle; and so interchangeable was his faculty of appreciation that more remarkably than any other critic known to me in my time he could think and write of one art in the terms of another. He heard music in metaphysics, saw definite color values in the printed page, envisaged alarms and excursions in a mezzotint, and interpreted a poem, a façade or a painting by the same rules of rhythm. So fluid was his talent that he passed from one post of æsthetic censorship to another as readily as if there was no transition.

I asked him on one occasion to visit the Drake collection of brass pots and pitchers, then at the auction-rooms. He went with all the zest that would have accompanied him to Velasquez in the Prado. "I've not 'let loose a rhapsody in brass,'" he wrote me the next day, "but I longed for the pen of a Balzac or a Gautier when I saw those glittering masterpieces."

One December I crossed the ocean, coming home, with him and the loyal wife to whom it is due that so many of his personal epistles, almost unique in rich interest in these gray twilight days of letter writing, have been preserved in type to supplement the volume after volume in which the knowledge and judgments and whimsies and name catalogues and ideas recondite came pouring and roaring and hurrying and scurrying like the waters of Lodore. Not less than a hundred and a half, I suppose, of his letters reached me during the period of our association, notwithstanding the fact that he gave me frequently the pleasure of his company in person. They were all

written out in his cramped hand as patiently and liberally as if they were for the compositor. Often the letter of explanation and explication would be half as long as the newspaper contribution it accompanied; and quite as good reading, too, was the private exegesis.

Huneker was a spendthrift of ideas in his personal correspondence. Unlike some other custodians of the Seven Arts whose bread and cheese and pretzels depend on the market-place of literature he grudged not his best thought or most captivating wit because it was going to a single pair of eyes. Some of his epistles were querulous—genially so, for while he was childlike in his conception of pecuniary relations his nature exuded geniality, except, perhaps, when the name of George Bernard Shaw was mentioned. I never heard him speak except with friendly admiration of any of his competitors in a special field where the germs of jealousy sometimes swarm in populous cultures. He loved Henderson, with whom he worked side by side with frontiers that had many interlacements and enclaves not a few. Of William C. Brownell he would talk with affectionate reverence, such as a bright young Paris journalist might entertain for Anatole France; and that interested me, for I had not seen Brownell since we went up in the same Pullman, years before, he, I believe, as reporter for *The World*, to one of Henry C. Bowen's famous Fourth of July celebrations at Woodstock, Connecticut. For Henry L. Mencken, then a youngster in Baltimore, and for George Jean Nathan, the Pollux of that Castor, there was an admiring fondness of affinity which I can now well understand. So it was for Philip Hale, for everybody he thought worth mentioning—or almost everybody—and that is why everybody who knew him cherished fondness for Jim Huneker.

I think he liked me partly because I was not intolerant of his perfectly honest but fearfully eccentric attempts at space measurement, and partly because he had by acci-

dent discovered, early in our acquaintance, a youthful story called "The Pain Epicures," wherein was developed a theory that as red pepper or tabasco is an acquired taste, and as laudanum can transform a howling neuralgia into a mild pleasurable sensation, so the most excruciating physical agonies might be converted into sources of refined satisfaction by the enlightened and educated voluptuary. There was, if I remember, a club-house equipped for the epicures with appliances similar to those in the torture chamber at Nuremberg. "My dear Mr. Mitchell," Huneker wrote, "I was amazed by 'The Pain Epicures.'" I was amazed by his amazement, but was glad of it if the forgotten thing had produced a sort of fellow feeling in speculative psychology and the idea that there might be something in the new relation besides column-measuring rules and tickets to the cashier's desk.

The hope is ventured that Huneker's literary executor will not object to the introduction here of one or two extracts and one characteristic letter not included in her rich collection. This reads more queerly now than it did in December, 1906:

The semi-essay on Cézanne is a tribute to a neglected painter who died a few weeks ago, and with hardly a mention in this country.

Two years later:

I have that mortal horror, born of experience, that newspaper men are voracious and ungrateful; that, no matter their recompense, they, like little Oliver, "cry for more." So the months roll by and I am as ever in the slough of despond. One reason is that I can never do my best when worried by financial troubles; the other—apart from my actual wants—I haven't the heart to speak out, for, after all, when a man is almost forty-nine and has some sort of a critical reputation it must seem odd to you for him to play the rôle of the importunate and disappointed. I realize that I am occupying a dubious position, for music criticism is, after all, my real *métier*; and while writing about

art and miscellaneous editorial matters, nevertheless I could be easily dropped without being missed. Yet I must tell you the facts, for I am up against the stone wall of circumstances.

These occasional spells of depression and apprehension were temperamental and quickly succeeded by sunshine. His wishes, I think, were always met when possible; and he was more often writing in this mood:

MY DEAR MR. MITCHELL, I think I'll not do any outside work on *art*. It is very kind of you to suggest a *modus vivendi*. But thus far my principal troubles have originated in my duplicate efforts to write with both hands and both feet for outside magazines. This is not a case of inflated loyalty but simple prudence. I can't keep up the pace if I begin to dabble; besides, I'm rather proud of exclusive work for *The Sun*. All of which need not interest you. But I'm sure you understand.

The one letter given in full refers to his studies in the philosophy of Anarchy:

The Carrollton, Dec. 27, 1906.

DEAR MR. MITCHELL: First let me thank you for the appearance of the Academy stuff. It is absolutely clean—a miracle considering my shabby handwriting. Enclosed is for editorial use, if you like it. It is of anarchy and socialism. The man Berkemann (is it Berkman, with one n?) is but a peg for the little inquiry into the meaning of anarchistic-communism and the menacing evil of socialism to individualism in this country.

I do not speak as a tyro altogether. I have a small, rare, and interesting reference library on Anarchy, its history, its professors. The subject has interested me for years. I know all the chief muck-a-mucks of the organizations, also the French group, Mirbeau, etc. The pathologic significance of anarchism in modern literature, in Nietzsche, Ibsen, etc., has long piqued my curiosity. So I thought that as Berkmann has gone over to the innocuous, hyphenated communal anarchists (Kropotkin's creation) that it might interest *The Sun* readers to see how the original Proudhon concept has been split up and finally disintegrated. I've stuck to simple definitions and historic narrative. No politics, no metaphysics. Also—*qui s'excuse, s'accuse*—I've explained too much before you've read the story, I fear!

I now ask you, Mr. Mitchell, a favor. I've got the notion lodged in my skull that in my second Academy article I called *Lawson*, the landscape painter, "Victor" Lawson. His right name is Ernest. May I beg of you to tell whoever handles the proofs to watch for this (supposed) error. With thanks and greetings, sincerely,

JAMES HUNEKER.

Politics, in the restricted American sense, was the blind spot on Huneker's retina. In the larger sense, denoting individual impulse as affecting aspects, he was—to use the phrase of his well-thumbed Nietzsche—an adept transvaluer of values. I knew Huneker for fifteen years after the date of the foregoing letter. The tidings of his death brought sorrow to me three years ago in Porto Rico.

V

A gentleman faultlessly attired in business tweeds dropped into a corner seat opposite mine in a Hudson tunnel car one afternoon when I was on the way home to Glen Ridge. He got out at Exchange Place and as he carried a small handbag I inferred that he was bound for a Pennsylvania Railroad train at the Jersey City station. No face ever interested me more immediately than that of this chance opposite. It was brightly youthful and yet mature, clean-cut as the countenance of one of the young bloods who wear smart collars or college men's toggery in the advertisements, rosy as a Pinturicchio angel, and sparkling with animation and intelligence at its apogee. His thoughts must have been self-concentrated and very pleasant just then, for he paid no attention to his surroundings, but kept smiling to himself from time to time and tapping the rush seat of the vacant place next to him with the tips of his fingers.

Afterward I learned that my attractive neighbor for the short subaqueous journey was the President of

Princeton University. The next and only other occasion on which I saw Woodrow Wilson was at a Gridiron Club dinner in Washington, not long after the break with his secretary of state in 1915. The President was the club's guest of honor. One of the Gridiron artists in the refinements of delicate torture, made up in startling resemblance to William Jennings Bryan, emerged from a doorway at a certain stage of the dinner, and weeping hysterically as he advanced toward Mr. Wilson, sang at him directly across the table a most lachrymose song of farewell, every stanza beginning or ending with the historic words, "God bless you! Mr. President." I happened to be sitting but three or four chairs away from the object of these embarrassing attentions and could watch his countenance. He looked older, of course, than when I had seen him before, and the animation of his features had hardened into a sort of dignified vacuity of expression. His face did not move a muscle while the friendly tormentor sobbed and sang; Mr. Wilson certainly did not smile to himself, as he had smiled in the tunnel.

When it came to be the President's turn to speak I was charmed by the grace of his bearing and the felicity of his utterance. Every phrase seemed so apt, every period so elegantly conceived, that while he was vocal one scarcely stopped to consider whether the phrases and the periods did or did not overdress the thought behind them. The impression was of frank sincerity saying something immensely important; when he had finished it would not have been the easiest thing for the delighted listener to reconstruct the substance, or to decide whether the phrases grew out of the ideas, or the ideas out of the phrases. Some doubts of this kind, I think, always existed in the minds of those closest to Mr. Wilson. I remember that at this dinner, Franklin K. Lane, one of his cabinet, sat beside me. At the most impressive passages of Mr. Wilson's rhetoric Secretary Lane, whom I knew well and who

was always a man of unquenchable humor and unterrified judgment, would nudge me in the back and look at me quizzically, as if to say, "Well, now, what do you think of *that great truth?*"

It was Theodore Roosevelt who styled Woodrow Wilson "a Byzantine logothete," a description which for originality and the somewhat mystifying quality of its offensiveness deserves a place in the bright lexicon of censure along with an epithet bestowed upon an estimable acquaintance of mine in Porto Rico, at a time when insular politics was incandescent. The Porto Rican called his hated adversary "a perfumed ogre."

I can record no contacts, direct or indirect, with this much-admired and much-contemned statesman of powerful influence and high station that are of more than negligible interest now; though it was my lot to write perhaps as many hundreds of thousands of words as the next editor concerning his policies. Once from Princeton he asked an opinion about the qualifications of a scholar whom he was considering for a place in the faculty; and when the appointment had been made he sent thanks for the assistance as politely grateful as if it had really counted. Once I went to Princeton along with my lamented friend Charles R. Miller, the editor of the *New York Times*, to speak from the newspaper point of view at one of Dean Andrew F. West's conference revivals of faith in the classics; at luncheon time one after another of the Princeton professors led me into a corner to ask privately whether *The Sun* fully understood what manner of man Woodrow Wilson was. After he had quit Princeton for politics he sent an acquaintance we had in common to *The Sun's* office to suggest, in the most delicate and uncompromising way, that the support of the paper would not be unwelcome to him.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, that it was the discerning mind and political sagacity and loyal friendship

of Colonel George Harvey that relieved Mr. Wilson from the embarrassments of the Princeton situation and put his eager feet upon the first round of the ladder by which he climbed to the White House. Colonel Harvey's belief in him as a Presidential possibility dated back to 1902, when the house of Harper, then reorganized by J. P. Morgan & Co. in the interest of the bondholders with Harvey as president, was publishing the "History of the American People." It was not until 1906, however, that the president of Princeton was publicly nominated by Colonel Harvey for President of the United States at a banquet of the Lotos Club. Mr. Wilson, there as the guest of honor, responded gracefully, as always, and receptively, as always, to the proposal of his name.

I am not aware of any previous publication of the fact that two years before the event of the Lotos Club Mr. Wilson's qualifications for the Democratic candidacy had been scrutinized in advance of the convention of 1904 by a self-constituted committee of investigation and selection, acting in behalf of a conservative Democracy as against the Bryanized variety. A dinner was arranged for the purpose of looking Mr. Wilson over to see if he came up to specifications. The host was the late John A. Wyeth, distinguished surgeon and president of the Southern Society. Doctor Wyeth had no special interest in politics, but was the friend of a number of gentlemen whose interest was keen just then. The circumstances of this concerted examination across the table-cloth were related to me at the time by Laffan, who participated, and his statement was confirmed not more than four years ago by Doctor Wyeth himself, with whom I was intimate. Accordinging to their version Mr. Wilson needed no urging when he was invited to meet at the Wyeth house in Lexington Avenue, besides Laffan, Thomas F. Ryan, Francis L. Stetson (I think but am not sure), and one or two others potent if not especially resonant in the councils of De-

mocracy. Elihu Root, from the other camp, dropped in quite casually before the evening was over. Mr. Wilson talked freely and alluringly to conservative sentiment, as if he were conscious of the inspection he was undergoing. But the general judgment was so far from being favorable that not long afterward Laffan as the spokesman of the group was addressing to Judge Alton B. Parker a most respectful but very searching questionnaire, from which I quote but one or two paragraphs:

I have no footing which qualifies me to address you upon the situation of the country. You would be justified, sir, in regarding it as an impertinence and if you should be moved to read no further I would have no ground of just complaint. Nevertheless, I have the presumption to proceed.

It seems to me, as a plain citizen, that the time has come to demand a reaffirmation of the Constitution and of the Bill of Rights. We have already strayed far afield, and we are like to go further. By your own acts, and by circumstances in no wise within your control, it has come to pass that the people are considering you. You have conducted yourself on the bench with propriety and discretion. Your private life is believed to be stainless; and your public life, in so far as it is apprehended, compensates by its cleanliness for what it lacks in color. The suggestion, now almost universal, that you are as able as you are thought to be trustworthy, may presently ripen into conviction, with the result that there will devolve upon you the most serious initiative that confronts any man of your time.

This preface to the long catechism addressed to Judge Parker, specific in its inquiries as to issues of yesteryears, has place here partly because it illustrates the mettle of Laffan's political interferences, and partly for its bearing on the Wyeth dinner incident. The candidate chosen for backing by conservative influence in 1904, and the candidate nominated that summer at St. Louis was not Woodrow Wilson but Judge Parker.

Just as I am writing this there appears the memorial volume to Frank Irving Cobb of *The World*, compiled

from his editorial articles with affectionate care by his associate John L. Heaton and containing an appreciative personal sketch of him by Lindsay Denison, an old fellow worker of mine on *The Sun*, and a touching tribute by Ralph Pulitzer to one of the finest of fellows and ablest of journalists of the generation. Frank Cobb was the stoutest defender Woodrow Wilson's policies, particularly the policy of the League Covenant, ever had in the Democratic press, for Henry Watterson's attitude was distinctly inimical. Cobb, much the younger man, survived Watterson by two years almost to a day. These two great editorial writers were warm friends, agreeing with each other in many though not all things. They were likewise good friends of mine, both of them, though in either case a coincidence of opinion on public matters was a rarity. For years their journalistic controversies with *The Sun* were frequent, sometimes almost superheated. Yet it is one of my happinesses to be sure that such clashes never affected the personal and professional esteem. Colonel Watterson had testified to this in many characteristic ways. Four days before his death at Jacksonville he wrote to Edward G. Riggs: "I wish I could be with you, but to go from Sunland to Iceland in January would be to take one's life in one's hands. Besides I am 999 years old. No one holds Mitchell in higher respect and regard than I." A month after Frank Cobb had laid down his editorial pen forever he wrote me cheerfully: "I am getting well, but I am breaking no speed record. There seems to be no bootlegging on the law of compensation; one has to pay the full penalty. Having consistently neglected my health for years I am now paying for it." That last letter breathed the amity that had always existed. It has often been so in our darling profession, even when the firing seemed to be hottest.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GOLDEN SPIKE AND MANY JOURNEYS

WHEN the third of the great land-subsidy railroads to span the continent was completed in 1883 by wedding the line which had gone west from Duluth to that which had come east to meet it from the Columbia River, a prodigious celebration to mark the event was arranged by Henry Villard, the president of the Northern Pacific. Mr. Villard's name originally was Gustavus Hilgard. He was one of the Bavarian family of Hilgards which had settled with other notable German immigrants in and near Belleville, Illinois; the university bred agriculturists known to their less erudite neighbors as "the Latin farmers." There was no evasion in the assumption of the new name by Gustavus Hilgard; it had been his well recognized *nom de guerre* as a correspondent of several newspapers during the Civil War. How evanescent, generally, are such journalistic pseudonyms! In a list of 145 of them, all notable once, compiled by Charles F. Wingate in 1875, I can count only thirty-two that stir any present recollection of identity.

The financier and promoter who at last put through the belated transcontinental project which Jay Cooke, with his banana-belt propaganda, had failed to execute was a man of imagination. He conceived a programme of excursion and festivity unprecedented then and since unequalled in scope and detail. Two long trains of Pullmans, fully equipped, provisioned and cellared for luxurious travel, and river and sound steamboats in the farther waters of the Northwest, took his guests from point of interest to point of interest across the continent as far as Victoria in British Columbia and brought them home again in comfort unabated. This great jubilation lasted

a month and covered 7,000 miles or so. Among the people participating were General Grant, Ex-Secretary Evarts, the orator at the meeting of the rails in the heart of the Rockies, the ceremony inaugurating the completion of the line, Carl Schurz, an aggregation of domestic statesmen and capitalists, Sir Lionel Sackville-West, the British Minister who was afterward sent home by President Cleveland for an indiscreet interference in American politics, a small scattering collection from the British peerage, and a German delegation of Berlin financiers and literary men with Doctor Paul Lindau perhaps the most noteworthy among them. Besides all these there were, of course, the American newspaper men, of whom I happened to be one of the invited: Noah Brooks of the *Times*, General H. V. Boynton, Edward King, Henry Loomis Nelson, Wilmot Warren of the Springfield *Republican*, Herbert L. Bridgman, of Brooklyn journalism and Arctic renown, and William Henry Smith, Melville Stone's predecessor as manager of the Associated Press—probably a score all told. A few, but not many of this Pullman party survive; I made some long-lasting friendships on that joyous transcontinental trip.

I made also a variegated collection of mental pictures, some of which shall be crowded into this chapter.

Our Pullman for the month's habitation was the good *Tiber*, just from the shops in the new glory of its Eastlake trim. Years afterward I encountered the *Tiber* in Florida, worn, dingy, obsolete in its architectural and decorative fashion, battered almost beyond recognition by a recent railroad accident, but still running cheerfully as of old. I could have wept for it, if one ever shed tears over a sleeping-car's decrepitude. In 1883 the *Tiber* was administered by the senior porter in the company's employ, that is to say, the First of all the Georges. He made us very comfortable as long as he ruled over us. "Father *Tiber*" we used to call him.

Next in the train was a Pullman possessed by a party of three or four English aristocrats, titled personages. Their status in the excursion was a bit hazy, but somehow they were managing to deadhead across the continent at the cost of the Northern Pacific's exchequer. They became very unpopular with us at first, partly because they had attempted to monopolize the whole car in this crowded establishment and persisted in the attempt until higher authority delimited their frontiers; but principally because they so far disregarded the common law of Pullman domain as to resent visibly and sometimes audibly our passage through the aisle to the diner ahead.

One of the Britons was a young gentleman whom his companions addressed as "Sinjin." He was elaborately attired for the hunt and seemed to be keeping his eyes open for grizzlies as soon as we had left Minneapolis. I saw him in a great state of perturbation pacing the platform at a junction stop not far west of that place, and muttering profanities as he stamped up and down. I ventured to ask his trouble.

"I've lost me bloody brasses!" said "Sinjin," with what might have been but wasn't meant for a haughty stare. He wanted to get at his trunks in the baggage-car, it appeared later, and was unable to find in his pockets the metallic checks then in vogue.

But St. John's apotheosis came in a day or two when a hot box stopped our train out on the Dakota prairie. He was seen to jump from the car carrying two double-barrelled shot-guns and to plunge wildly into the sage-brush. His performance was watched with ironical interest from the windows of the *Tiber*. There was a flock of birds overhead. "Sinjin" fired, right barrel and left, and at each shot something dropped. He caught up the other gun, fired right and left again and two more birds confessed his unerring marksmanship. He picked up the game and waved it at us with a friendly grin as he re-

turned to his Pullman. It is remarkable how small an incident can change the aspect of international relations.

During another but much longer delay of our train in west Dakota I walked several miles into the prairie to the south of the track with Noah Brooks and General Boyn顿. The solitude was such that we wondered if any civilized shoe-leather had trodden that particular place since the days of the aborigines and the buffalo. By and by we came upon a group of bones, disjointed and weather-eaten, the scattered skeleton of an American bison. I picked up from among the bones a flint arrowhead, evidently from the shaft which had killed the big animal at a time so remote that the rifle had not yet replaced the bow and arrow in the Siouan hunter's hands.

A readjustment of ideas about the manners of nobility, less pleasing than that in the case of "Sinjin," occurred at a banquet in the hotel at Lake Minnetonka, early in the journey. The adjacent table was occupied by a party of Mr. Villard's German barons. They were silently but energetically devouring venison in huge mouthfuls and grunting satisfaction as they swallowed. I saw one florid, spectacled well-born interrupt his exercise and fix bulging eyes upon an especially attractive tidbit that lay upon the plate of his neighbor next but one. After a moment of envious observation he reached with his fork in front of the intervening banqueter, speared the desirable morsel and transferred it to his own æsophagus without a word of "by-your-leave, Herr Baron." It was not a mere act of heavy Teuton sportiveness, as one might have supposed; the rape was in dead earnest. The two barons glared at each other; the despoiled baron gurgled a gutteral protest; the despoiler stared him down, being perhaps an ace in Berlin high finance while the other was but a jack; and I derived then on the shore of Lake Minnetonka in Minnesota my first conception of the possibilities of Prussian ruthlessness.

At Bismarck we halted for a day to take part in the laying of the corner-stone of the State Capitol of North Dakota. The scene was at a windy and dreary spot, apparently a mile or so away from anywhere. The one thing that lent spectacular interest to the ceremony was the presence of Tatanka Yotanke, commonly known as Sitting Bull, the fierce fighter and crafty and cruel Sioux chief and medicine-man, the stubbornest spirit the red race had produced in half a century. He had been brought from his prison home at Standing Rock agency in the rôle of captive to decorate the triumph of civilization and the progress of Mr. Villard's excursionists. With Sitting Bull to Bismarck came a cortège of braves and squaws, prisoners like himself and about 7,000 other Sioux then under guard at the agency. There were Flying-By, in a green shirt, Tall-as-the-Clouds, Drag-the-Word, a chief who stuttered, Bone-Tomahawk and Holy-Ghost; and, of the other sex, Beautiful-Feather and Sparkling-Eyes the spouse of Spotted-Horn Bull. That morning Sitting Bull, then about sixty years old, had taken the first ride of his life behind a locomotive. That day, too, for the first time in his life, he beheld a white settlement big enough to be called a city.

When I saw this famous warrior, the Napoleon of his tribe and race, he was squatting in the tail of a mule cart, harmlessly engaged in writing his autograph on pad-paper with a stylograph and selling the signature for a dollar and a half to spectacled German Herr Professors, to delighted members of the British aristocracy, and to American soldiers and civilians, dignitaries of various designations. Here it is:

Sitting Bull

The letters were shaped with difficulty by his brawny hand. I formed the idea that it was a purely mechanical performance, learned at the agency school, and that for a thousand times a dollar and a half the distinguished prisoner could not have produced on demand any other written name, however short. In captivity he had become overfat. His face suggested the type of the backwoods Methodist bishop, strong-featured, properly bronzed. At the autograph cart the saturnine peddler penned away laboriously and pocketed the cash with placidity. Standing near him and observing him curiously were Ulysses S. Grant, Philip H. Sheridan, and a dozen senators and representatives of the government against which he had fought ferociously and treacherously. He paid no attention to Grant or to Sheridan, but he did look up with a grunt of something like admiration when there passed by the red-shirted chief of the Bismarck fire brigade. Seven years later he died as he had lived, the armed enemy of the race he hated.

Near the Montana border we traversed the so-called Bad Lands where Nature, gone crazy, has produced a vast agglomeration of fantastic hills of vividly colored ash and burned clay—a landscape which seemed to the newcomer as unearthly as if a piece of the moon had dropped and covered the region. We drove miles to the place of subterranean fires and walked over their crusts of soil, glowing red hot through every crevice. To light a cigarette it was only necessary to pluck a dry stalk and thrust it down underfoot for fire. We were near the estate of the astonishing Marquis de Mores; some of his cowboys visited us in their favorite pursuit of tenderfeet to guy. We did not know that just at that time in 1883 young Theodore Roosevelt was buying and stocking in the immediate neighborhood the ranches whereon he was to live for the next two years and acquire physical merit for a career to come.

At Greycliff, farther up the Yellowstone River and at no great distance from the scene of Custer's battle and Sitting Bull's capture, the Indian Agent on the Crow Reservation had rounded up for our entertainment about 2,000 members of that brave and industrious tribe. By bonfire and torchlight more than a hundred Crow warriors in full paint and feathers under the superintendence of Chief Two-Belly performed their war dance and ghost dance; and then half as many richly attired squaws, young and old, emerged from the conical teepees and gave the scalp dance, pressing shoulder to shoulder and hopping and sliding to the left at every stroke of the medicine men's drums. It was a spectacle, of course, that for magnitude and reality of surroundings has not been, and never can be duplicated.

It was one of my pieces of good luck to see this northwest country between the Missouri and Puget Sound before the glamour of frontier romance had departed from it forever. The Montana Vigilantes were still actively operating in the organized though lawless pursuit of lawlessness. I have by me now a sample of their placard, dreaded by every desperado, showing a skull and crossbones above the big black figures "3-7-77." Tacked to the door of a cabin, pinned to the flap of a tent, or nailed to a stake opposite the entrance of a ranch or wakiup in the wilderness, it meant that the undesirable to whom the message applied had the alternative of exodus within twenty-four hours or the swinging noose. Colonel W. F. Sanders, soon to be elected as United States Senator from Montana, told us many stories of the breaking up of Henry Plummer's band of road-agents, twenty-two of whom were hanged within thirty days without warrant of formal law. These robbers were known to have murdered not less than 102 persons in the four months preceding. The distinguished leader of the Montana bar told without hesitation how he had stood on the head of one

strangling wretch and wound the rope tighter around the tree-bough overhead that the Vigilantes' sentence might be promptly executed. Not far from the wild place in the mountains west of Helena where the iron highway from the East met the advance of civilization from the West, and where the Golden Spike was driven into the ultimate railroad tie to the accompaniment of Mr. Evarts's oration and music by the Fifth United States Infantry band, stood two fir-trees, one on each side of the track. Ten weeks before we passed there the body of the postmaster at Green-horn Gulch could have been seen from the car window swinging from one of these fir-trees, and from the other the body of the postmaster's partner in a crime of incendiarism and robbery.

Schoolhouses were being built and teachers were being paid in Montana towns like Butte and Miles City and Missoula out of the revenue derived by the taxation of legitimatized vice. Gambling-dens and saloons and brothels lined the Main Street of every settlement; you had but to push a swinging door to gain entrance. In one town I visited a number of these gambling establishments with the sheriff, who accompanied me rather as a guide than as a protector, for the places were as well regulated, superficially at least, as Monte Carlo. The favorite games were faro and stud poker. There were a few roulette-tables. Keno, which had held the first rank in the Western gamblers' esteem a few years before, had almost entirely disappeared. The affable sheriff knew everybody, called everybody by his or her first name, had a pleasant word for the bank authorities, exchanged jokes with the fortunate players, and dispensed consolation to the losers and judicious advice to hesitating novices. On the whole, the official representative of law and order deported himself like a good-natured schoolmaster who unbends while supervising the innocent recreations of his little charges. He gave me this schedule

of the tariff on which depended the prosperity of the county's educational system:

For a general license, every month.....	\$40
For each roulette-table, per month.....	150
For each stud-poker table, per month.....	100
For each faro-table, per month.....	25
The Chinese game of tan, per month.....	20
Houses of ill fame, where beer is sold, per quarter.	5

The county of Silver Bar was out of debt. Butte had just built and paid for a \$30,000 schoolhouse, besides others less expensive. It was about to build a \$150,000 court-house. Money was plenty in the county treasury. The Territorial tax was only one-tenth of one per cent. The Territory owed not a dollar.

The totem-poles of the extreme northwestern corner were reached and rounded after a surfeit of both instructive and festive experiences. The gastronomic summit was attained at a wonderful banquet given by the Chinese merchants of Portland, Oregon, on their own account when they had been excluded, because of race, from the general scheme of municipal entertainment. I learned from these gentlemen with pigtails how chopsticks are handled, what snow fungus soup tastes like, how good shark's fins are with port wine; and, what was more important, how delightful and truly refined is the educated Chinaman's practice of the arts of courteous hospitality. But perhaps the most lasting impression of Portland was that produced by the leonine personality of Harvey W. Scott of the *Oregonian*.

A wise person in New York had whispered, "Put a hundred dollars or so in your pocket and when you get to Seattle buy a good corner lot on Commercial Street. The town is bound to grow and real-estate values will go up immensely." My advance idea of this field for modest investment vaguely pictured a principal thoroughfare

lined with Esquimau snow huts of the domed variety. It seemed reasonable to suppose that after the melting season property might be acquired at reasonable prices. But the boom got there ahead of the Northern Pacific excursionists. When I reached Seattle desirable corner lots were selling for something like a thousand dollars a front foot. This was the only disappointment of the journey; and there was more than full compensation for it in the view of the peak called Mount Rainier by Seattle and Mount Tacoma by the rival city; a dream mountain towering nearly to the height of Mont Blanc and yet seen in its entire altitude from sea-level. The man who attempts to describe this magnificent eminence must be either a great artist in words or a fool.

That first sight of Rainier, realizing the ideal mountain one sometimes imagines moulded in cloud piles in the northwestern sky but rarely beholds in actual rock and snow, remains the most distinctly fixed picture of the Golden Spike expedition; unless, indeed, it must yield place to my last memory portrait of General Grant. It was at Minneapolis on our way home. He had just come from dinner and appeared at the door of the *Tiber*, with an unlit cigar between his teeth and an unusually troubled expression on his face as he fumbled vainly in his pockets for the means of ignition. There was a simultaneous scratching of matches all around, and a rush toward the general with a dozen hands extended to proffer relief. His face regained its accustomed tranquillity, he stooped and caught the nearest flame and then passed on through to his own headquarters, puffing smoke and saying, "Thank you all, gentlemen, just the same."

II

When I first voyaged to the Mediterranean the researches of the ingenious Mr. Baedeker had not yet extended to the North African countries, except Egypt.

The visitor to Morocco, Algeria, or Tunis was obliged to depend for practical guidance upon an English manual compiled by Sir Lambert Playfair, for many years the British consul-general at Algiers. This ponderous and rather pretentious *vade mecum*, however, was worth to me all it cost, if only for the deliciously unconscious humor of a single passage in the preface. "In order to have more room for historical, archæological and descriptive information," the erudite Sir Lambert explained—if not just in these words, certainly in words to this effect—"I have omitted such details as concern hotels, railway fares, cab tariffs, etc., etc., as the traveller can generally find out these things for himself."

There is so much rotten humbug about the difficulties of penetration to remote or sacred places. I once heard a stereopticon lecturer of repute describe his perilous visit to the "fanatically guarded tomb of Sidi-Okbar in an oasis of the Sahara." He went there disguised as a Moslem, clasping a revolver in the folds of his burnoose and taking his snap-shots, at the risk of life, with a secretly contrived camera. I suppose people like to hear of such alleged adventures; this seemed to thrill the audience. At least two of those who listened had then quite recently penetrated the tomb of the important saint, going thither to the Saharan oasis in a hired vehicle over an easy road for twenty kilometres or so from a comfortable hotel in Biskra, and carrying no weapons except an umbrella and the printed tickets of admission to the mosque and tomb sold at a franc apiece. It is true we were assailed by the fanatic guardians of Sidi-Okbar's last resting-place; they implored me to pay another franc for the privilege of kodaking the darkness within.

We were at Constantinople and in Anatolia during the Armenian massacres of 1896. We were caught at Brusa on the wrong side of a cholera quarantine and dodged it by driving in a rickety calash eighty or ninety miles,

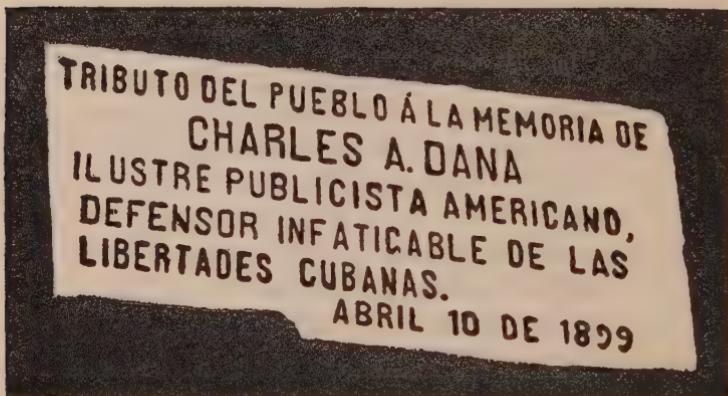
around the Mysian Mount Olympus, through Jenisher, an ancient capital of the Osmanli invaders before Brusa was conquered in 1326, across the country now lately fought over by the Turks and Greeks, to Bilejik and the Angora railway; passing, as we traversed the vilayet, village after village which the Turkish driver would identify by a grim census—two, three, or four hundred Armenians killed there last week or the week before last; sojourning in khans that had never registered a pleasure tourist; held up by soldier sentinels at the hill posts, who questioned us suspiciously but gave us sedimentary coffee from long-handled brass utensils; beset by government spies who were puzzled by our presence unpossessed of a teskere or Turkish passport—and all this without the sense or experience of any real adventure except such as would be of interest only to an entomologist.

The unconscious tendency to magnify foreign adventures reminds me of an American consul at Stuttgart with whom I once came home on a steamer. He was a serious person, a lawyer from a Middle Western State. The consul told me he had weathered many crises requiring difficult and delicate diplomacy on his part; one in particular. "What was that?" I asked. "It was the case," he replied, with perfect gravity, "of an American child whom the police wanted to arrest for snowballing the ex-King of Württemberg."

On one occasion, however, I did experience something of the thrill of the unexpected. It was in the interior Cuban city of Camagüey, formerly Puerto Principe. In a quarter of that town I stumbled upon a modest little square, or rather triangle, designated on the lamp-posts as "Plaza Charles A. Dana." On the wall of the church of Las Mercedes, at one corner of the plaza was the marble tablet inscribed as shown on the next page.

The editor of *The Sun* had been the warm friend of José Martí and the constant ally of the successive generations

of revolutionists plotting and fighting for the liberty of the island. He never wearied in his assistance to the patriots. His paper was the foremost, if not the only organ of Cuban independence. This affection for everything Cuban except Spanish domination lasted as long



as he lived; he died the year before Cuba was free. But the tablet is there.

When the war in Europe broke out, vacations and flights for a suaver climate led us mainly to the Caribbean region—Cuba, Porto Rico, Jamaica, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Curaçao, Venezuela. In some of these voyages, as also in Europe, I was blessed with the company of that finest of travelling companions, my friend Philip S. Marden of the Lowell *Courier-Citizen*, whose books on Spain, Greece, Egypt, and the American Mediterranean prove that he knows how to make travel almost as pleasant for those who don't go along with him as for those who do.

It is to Porto Rico that I have returned again and again for health and agreeable surroundings. The unsurpassed conditions of existence in the winter and spring months,

the air of the mountains, the sun, and the invigoration by the steady trade-winds have made the island for five seasons seem almost like another home among friends both Continental and Porto Rican by origin. And nothing there has been of larger interest than to watch the expansion of the educational system, not only in the public schools and the Rio Piedras University, but in such developments by individual initiative as in the case of that surprising young giant, Doctor John William Harris's Polytechnic Institute at San German, where is building swiftly by hands from among his own 400 students a campus equipment that for use and beauty will compare favorably with that of almost any New England college. There is also the unique school which that foremost expert in tropical medicine, Colonel and Doctor Bailey Kelly Ashford, is laboring to make a Pan-American centre of science, now with a powerful helping hand from Columbia in New York and Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler, and also with the assurance of liberal financial backing by the insular government.

The patient reader is going to be spared the narrative of the many journeys made abroad during forty-five years. He shall be subjected only to the relation of a few incidents that stand out from the jumble, and these without regard to sequence or importance. Indeed, after a dozen or fifteen tours had satisfied the hunger for the conventional routes and capital points of interest, I fell back on a zigzag scheme of my own devising, which may seem childish at first sight, but is hereby commended to the discerning as a combination of sport with instruction, variety and novelty of scene with the relish of a game of skill. The Alphabetical Itinerary is not copyrighted.

The aim of the game is to contrive the course of a journey of four, six, or eight weeks so that it will include with the least mileage an actual sojourn in—not merely a passage through—towns or cities whereof the names

begin with every letter from A to Z. It is not required that the alphabetic progress shall be consecutive. As place names beginning with some letters abound in some countries and are extremely rare or altogether lacking in others, the territorial changes must be frequent; but, after all, travelling is the purpose of travel. For instance, there are plenty of Ks and Zs in Greece but not a single Q or U or W; in Southern France K and W can't be found, while U counts up to a score and more; Ks grow like weeds in Ireland, but never a Z; and so on, in perplexing disparity. The pursuit, I admit, would be silly in the extreme if it did not reward you with unexpected revelations in out-of-the-way quarters; acquaintance with places and peoples off what is called the beaten path. Not to prolong the thesis, the needed X in different years lured me to the interesting sulphur region of inner Sicily, made me know the bodegas of Sherry-land in Andalusia, and, for sake of little Xertigny, instituted a reconnoissance of the area that was to become so familiar to the American Expeditionary Force—St. Mihiel, Toul, Neufchâteau, Épinal, and Joan of Arc's Domrémy-la-Pucelle. In the same way the rather difficult U has yielded at times a week in Utrecht and thereabouts, mediæval Ulm on the Danube and its fine one-spired cathedral, the loftiest ecclesiastical structure on earth, and Ulverston with the Vale of Nightshade and the Cisterian Furness Abbey. Vathy's V took me twice to Samos in Messageries ships into the society of the ballet-skirted, pompon-red-slipped warriors of that Icarian isle, there to witness the loading of innumerable casks of the crude Samian wine of which Horace sang, destined to be transmuted later by Bordeaux alchemists into noble liquid gold and labelled Château Yquem.

It was always my unorthodox practice to crowd as much as possible into a given vacation period. The impressions of even a half a day spent somewhere worth while endure as distinctly and often more usefully than

those of a month's or a whole season's tarry in inaction. So I am grateful to many of the esteemed children of Cadmus between A and Zed. I believe, however, that I succeeded but once in winning the game by rounding up the entire alphabet.

The ever-memorable first Atlantic crossing was with Captain Bussius on the *Donau*, a then palatial North German Lloyd liner of perhaps 3,500 tons, masted for sails and open-decked much like a sailing clipper. The first-class cabins, lighted each by a single candle behind a dingy pane of glass set in one corner of the room, surrounded the main dining-salon, as on an old-fashioned river-boat. Two parallel tables ran the length of the saloon, away aft, even to proximity with the screw. The passengers had their regular sittings at meals on benches ranged on each side of the long tables, and the benches had hinged backs. When a mid-table passenger came late to dinner, or for any reason desired to leave his seat, ten or a dozen people on one side of him or the other were obliged to get up and file out in order to permit his entrance or egress. The only alternative was to straddle over the back of the bench and drop as gracefully as possible into place. The smoking-room was a fair-sized ordinary outside cabin in the bowels of the ship, lighted by two candles and accommodating perhaps eight passengers around a plain wooden table. Such were the luxuries of ocean voyaging in 1878, a long time before I used to cross with Captain Polack, the viking of the same line, or had opportunity to measure the accommodations of the *Lusitania*.

My companion throughout this journey was Robert W. Johnson, who has been spoken of in a preceding chapter. He was a good fellow, a genius in pharmaceutic invention, and the founder of a great manufacturing business since then known all over the world. His purpose abroad was to prepare the way for export by explaining his appliances in person to retailers in England, Germany,

and France. When we were jointly admiring some architectural marvel or sentimentalizing at some historic site, Johnson would suddenly pull his tall silk hat more firmly upon his brow and dart away to enter the shop of a neighboring chemist or *apotheker* or *pharmacien* and talk for an hour about dry mustard plasters and elastic bandages for the wounded. I came to love him much, and to hate his hat. He insisted on wearing it on all occasions, formal or informal; alike by Shakespeare's tomb at Stratford-on-Avon, on the battle-field at Waterloo, in the presence of the Eleven Thousand Virgins at Cologne, on a pedestrian tour along the Rhine, on the topmost wall of Heidelberg Castle, at the Righi summit when the sun was rising.

Finally at Lucerne, in front of the Lion, I dared my friend into the pledge that when we reached the Devil's Bridge on our walk through the upper reaches of the St. Gotthard Pass we would sacrifice to Satan by simultaneously hurling our head-coverings, his beaver and my *chapeau melon*, into the abyss below. He consented reluctantly. We prepared for the ceremony by buying and pocketing each a cheap glossy black cambric cap of the peasant type. When the Devil's Bridge was beneath our soles some days later, his hesitation was painfully apparent. There was once a famous battle at that desolate, diabolical spot, but I doubt if the conflict was fiercer than that between Johnson's pride of possession and sense of honor. Not till I had shamed him by redeeming first my share of the vow did the cherished and detested stove-pipe descend to the divvle, to be caught by the foaming Reuss torrent and whirled to the Rhine and out into the North Sea unless intercepted.

We wore our cambric caps faithfully quite to Paris; they attracted considerable attention and some unfavorable comment from tourists and concierges, particularly at the fashionable hostellries of Vevey and Geneva. Our Swiss walk took us by the Gotthard to and over the Furka,

down past the Rhone Glacier and through the Rhone Valley to Martigny and Lake Léman. We paused on the way to climb the Eggishorn, a view mountain of respectable altitude, using our umbrellas as alpenstocks. The alpine conceit that seizes upon every novice struck us, as usual, not far above the snow-line. When Johnson and I could look down on the floating icebergs of the Märjelen See and the mighty sweep of the Aletsch glacier we were already wondering whether many mountaineering exploits on record really exceeded ours, and whether Edward Whymper could climb more intrepidly. Proud and inflated, we struggled up toward the wooden cross at the summit and there found two unattended English counterparts of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, wearing heavy shoes and green veils, seated on the topmost rock, calmly identifying the surrounding peaks by means of the panorama map in the guide-book. They did stare a little at our headgear, but paid us no further attention till we began to descend abjectly.

I remember also of this walk what a sensation of close approach to a previously remote world literature it gave me to discover among the names and dates scribbled in pencil on the white-painted balustrade of the Hotel Byron near Chillon, a very recent autograph of Ivan Turgueniev.

When we arrived in Paris by express-train from Geneva early one Sunday morning Johnson hastened before breakfast to a hat-shop in the Rue Vivienne and to my dismay expended a gold louis upon the nearest duplicate that the French mode afforded to the lost hat of the Teufelsbrücke. We dined at Brebant's. The Jablochkov candles had appeared on the Avenue de l'Opéra, the first city street, if I mistake not, to be lit by electricity. That night at the Comédie Française we saw Sarah Bernhardt in "Phèdre," with Mounet-Sully as *Hippolyte*. Sarah was then in her early thirties. It was my fortune to see her

again and again on the stage in Paris and New York, the last time, forty years after this "Phèdre," on her couch in Rostand's "L'Aiglon"; and though age had then registered on her features and infirmity on her body I could note no change in the crystalline, vibrant quality of the wonderful voice of her youth.

During one of Bernhardt's earlier visits to America she was pursued in the press and elsewhere by Marie Colombier with the ferocious ingenuity of a former friend of the same sex turned rival and enemy. A scandalous book, purporting to give unpleasant details of the great actress's private career, was sent by Colombier to editors whose sympathy she desired in what she called her "pleadings" for Sarah's public shaming; and the author would write coy missives of which this is a sample:

CHER MONSIEUR: Faut-il m'adresser à votre cœur ou à votre esprit? On dit que les deux se valent.

Je vous envoie mon plaidoyer. Faites que ma cause soit gagnée auprès des lecteurs de votre journal.

Reconnaissance et compliments de

M. COLOMBIER.

The warfare in Paris between Colombier and Bernhardt had involved literary people of celebrity and several duels and affrays, including at least one which was exclusively feminine in its composition. I speak of this because a prominent figure in that active feud, and consequently a leading character in Marie's printed "pleadings," was a certain boulevard journalist called Jehan Soudan. To the surprise of everybody, he turned up at one time as a reporter of events and observations for the columns of *The Sun*. The quality of his writings is nebulous in my memory. I can't say whether, if he had stayed long with us, his imported method would have given him rank in the remarkable line of reporters and correspondents which began with Amos J. Cummings, one of the greatest of them all both before and after he

went to Congress, and later, under the immediate supervision of Ballard Smith or Chester S. Lord, developed such artists and psychoanalysts as Edward G. Riggs and Julian Ralph and "Jersey" Chamberlin and "Al" Thomas and Laurence Hills and "Eddie" Hill and Frank Ward O'Malley—not to speak of that master of his profession, Louis Seibold, who came to us later—or to swell here a list practically continuous to the end of *The Sun's* chapter. Nor do I recall whether the Frenchman's strange advent in Printing House Square was due to Mr. Dana's instinctive fondness for All Gaul or to special intercession on the part of Thiéblin, Jehan Soudan's long-exiled compatriot. But as to the comparative worth of Paris and New York craftsmanship of the sort there was no better judge than Amos Cummings. The Parisian's affectations and productions caused him immense amusement and he used to call him "Johnny Sudden."

Napoléon Léon Thiéblin must not be forgotten. He was a highly sophisticated journalist of French blood and Russian birth, who had seen pretty much all that was to be seen in the civilized and semicivilized worlds. He had a European reputation gained under the name of "Azamat Batuk" as a correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette*. He went through the Carlist War of 1873 for Bennett's *Herald*, in close personal intimacy with the Pretender and his generals; and afterward he wrote a lively book about it. He talked French with Dana, grinned amiably at my attempts at the language, wrote good English in *The Sun* under various signatures, "Monsieur X," and "Rigolo" among others. He was a most versatile critic and reporter of the stage, the sports, music, art, and foreign polities, a theoretical and practical interloper in speculative finance, and, in addition, a gourmand of the first order.

Among Thiéblin's closest friends in America were the celebrated Sam Ward, ex-Mayor "Billy" Wickham, Jordan L. Mott, James R. Keene the Wall Street plunger,

and Senator John P. Jones of Nevada. When the goddess of luck had been kind to Thiéblin he would gather these and a few of us together at an elaborate banquet illustrated by masterpieces of gastronomy and the costliest wines obtainable. I recall one such occasion up-stairs in the old Delmonico's, corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, the stately brick mansion of Moses H. Grinnell. Sam Ward demonstrated for us his method of boiling Virginia ham in champagne. The menu of a later festival at the Twenty-sixth Street Delmonico's shows ten courses, each a wonder, and eight selected vintages of the highest rank, besides the liqueurs. This was on Saint Patrick's Day in 1884.

About that time Thiéblin invited me to meet his crony Don Carlos. After the collapse of the forces of "Carlos Setimo" in 1876 the claimant was a wanderer. He had been for some time in Mexico City, and came to New York to see a dentist; for he inherited the wretched cariosities of the Spanish Bourbon line. "Come down to Delmonico's Beaver Street place at four o'clock," said Thiéblin, "and I shall present you."

The approach was effected at that hour, with some anxiety on my part as to the proper manner of addressing royalty, and as to whether it would be necessary to back out of the room when the audience was over. I discovered Don Carlos and his best New York friend in the barroom that opened from the street. They were drinking gin cocktails, each with one foot upon the brass rail. Thiéblin beckoned me forward and introduced me. The Bourbon prince shook hands and ordered a third tumbler. He was about thirty years old, more than six feet tall, substantially built, with a handsome dark-brown beard that failed to conceal the rather slobbering expression of his lips. Carlos Setimo drank regally but the interview was otherwise uninstructive, partly because he spoke no English and partly because he was just then in gloom.

"He had seventeen out yesterday," Thiéblin explained to me in an aside. Don Carlos turned his head inquiringly. The remark was translated to him. He nodded to confirm the statistical statement and put a finger up to his mouth, while his face assumed an expression appropriate to a throneless and toothless monarch. I saw him again, twenty years later, getting out of a gondola at the steps of his palace on the Grand Canal.

Theodore Child was only once in this country, and that was for a brief visit before I knew him. However, he had been over pretty much all of Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America and his name was long familiar to thousands of North American readers through his volumes of critical essays on art, travel, and gastronomy, such as "The Desire of Beauty," "In Praise of Paris," and "Delicate Feasting," and by his remarkable letters to *The Sun* as its correspondent in Paris until his death in 1892. An Englishman, born in Liverpool and educated at Oxford, he had become thoroughly Parisian in temperament and habits. Tall, with close-cropped black hair, mustaches fiercely pointed, impressive spectacles, he looked little like the Oxford quadrangles and much like the boulevards. He knew everybody and liked everybody from the dignitaries of the Institute of France to the *biffins* of the Quartier Mouffetard—liked everybody unless it was James McNeill Whistler, with whom he had had the distinction of fighting a terrific duel of printed words. Theodore survived with literary honor; Whistler had attacked him savagely. He wrote me in 1887 from the Rue de Constantinople:

My replies to Whistler are published in Yates's *World* and Labouchère's *Truth*. I wish you could say a word about the matter in case any New York papers notice the affair. Jimmy—with whom I have made the mistake of being on friendly terms, allowing him to make my house his own—is a man who will resort to any means to get his name and his butterfly in print.

If he does not shut up I shall bring an action for libel against him.

It was with Child that I went to visit Dana's old friend William Henry Huntington, the Norwich, Connecticut, boy who had then been for a score of years the Paris correspondent of the *Tribune*. Huntington was a great crony of Clemenceau's; he was a disinterested friend of humanity if such ever lived, and an indefatigable collector of objects of art. His hobby was the pursuit of paintings, prints, statuettes, pieces of china, made in the likeness of Washington, Franklin, or Lafayette. His portraits of the three worthies overflowed the apartment in which he lived. One afternoon when I was there, Samuel P. Avery, the New York dealer and connoisseur, came in to tell him of a previously unknown Washington just unearthed in a town on the Zuider Zee, and Huntington announced his immediate departure for Holland in order to corral the treasure. He would have travelled to Bokhara for a desired object. He showed me with humorous joy a certain ceramic utensil which politeness does not name, decorated at Sèvres by Marie Antoinette's order with Franklin's portrait in a manner intended to express her dislike of the American philosopher. When Huntington died a few years after my visit to him he bequeathed his unique collection to the Metropolitan Museum, but there is reason for doubt whether the Marie Antoinette Franklin is on open exhibition there.

I think Child had acquaintance with every artist, great and small, in the city, and an intimate knowledge of the contents of every shop dealing in porcelains or the minor objects of art concerning which his judgment was universally considered authoritative. He could write sapiently and entertainingly about these as well as about many other things. Most of what I learned in my earlier visits to Paris of the bric-à-brac and book-marts of the Rue Drouot, the Rue de Paradis or the Quais, the cabarets

of Montmartre and the cafés and worth-while restaurants of both sides of the river was due to his friendly guidance. He introduced me one day to the maître d'hôtel of Foyot's, up by the Luxembourg. Trying to say something pleasant, I risked the remark that Foyot seemed to be the Voisin of the Rive Gauche. "Pardon, Monsieur," replied the dignified personage who dictated salads to the Senators of the Republic, "we prefer to say that Voisin is the Foyot of the Rive Droite."

My last letter from Child was mailed from Paris just as he was about to start on a horseback expedition to Persia and into India, through the region where prophets then thought they foresaw the next war between England and Russia, to write a book for the Harpers. The letter is dated June 22, 1892:

Thanks for your kind wishes for the success of my journey. I want this time all the good wishes I can get, and if some good friends I know could only lend me some of their brains and powers of observation and judgment I should be truly grateful. It is a fearful responsibility to have to trust to one's own brains or alleged brains. Did it ever strike you?

With kind regards, yours ever faithfully,

THEODORE CHILD.

He reached Tabriz, where he was stricken with the Asiatic cholera and nursed by a woman missionary there. He got better and started out again. The despatch announcing his death came from hundreds of miles farther on his route.

How strangely news sometimes comes to you! I was awakened early one morning in a hotel in Nantes, the place of the Edict, by a negro newsboy who yelled continuously beneath the window. I got up and went to the balcony and shook my head. After I had gone to bed again the vociferation did not lessen. In five minutes I tried once more to dismiss him, in order that there might

be sleep a little longer. He was relentless, wildly waving a paper, pointing up at me and shouting like one possessed. Eventually a waiter was summoned and sent to see why the annoyance persisted. He returned with *Le Populaire* of September 8, 1901, containing this despatch:

BUFFALO, 6 septembre, 10 h. soir.—M. MacKinley a reçu deux coups de feu à la poitrine et à l'abdomen pendant qu'il recevait au Temple de la Musique, à l'Exposition. Les blessures de M. MacKinley sont mortelles.

The Nantes newsboy had located one sure customer for his paper that sad morning.

III

The surprises of the apt use or odd misuse of the languages make one of the minor joys of travel. Of course, it was in a French city (Auxerre, I think) where occur the most delicate adjustments of nomenclature that I discovered a Rue and also an Avenue des Migraines, and, wondering whither it led, pursued the headachey way until the local insane asylum was reached. Winschoten, in the province of Groningen, Holland, exhibited a lively-looking establishment that rejoiced in the name "Hotel St. Vitus," manifestly no rest cure. In Paris there was the comprehensive "Hotel de l'Univers et du Portugal." The erudite Guide No. 58 at Pompeii told me long ago that it had been his honor to show Longfellow around soon after the appearance of the American poet's translation of the "Divina Commedia," and, being himself a Dante scholar, that he had seized the opportunity to communicate his "explication declaimed with gentle gestures" of the proper renderings of certain passages which he thought Longfellow had misapprehended. In the English column of the polyglot code of sea behavior posted on an Austrian Lloyd Steamer I read that passengers "*must* not middle

with the navigation"; also that "Any boots forbid in the beddings."

While we were waiting for a train's departure from the Milan station, a news-vender, shrewdly suspecting the nationality, thrust up through the carriage door a copy of *Town Topics*. "Vara comical!" he said with a grin. I shook my head. He immediately dove down into his bag and fished out a number of the *North American Review*. "Vara serial!" he announced, and his face assumed a correctly respectful expression.

Once in a Stamboul restaurant a Greek waiter who prided himself on his knowledge of English set before us an uncommonly mysterious dish of some gray substance. Asked as to its origin and constitution, he replied with dignity: "Eet ee sprance." Perceiving no light of comprehension, he proceeded to explain with a smile of pity, not perhaps as upon utter impostors but certainly as upon those who were suspiciously unfamiliar with the language they pretended to speak: "Prance! Pranz! Pranz! Ze yolk of ze head!"

The vernacular surprise is sometimes the other way. We happened to be in Damascus on the day of the inauguration of an electric line upon the Street called Straight. It was a singular experience to assist at modern innovation in this locality, of all others. The yellow dogs had squatter rights, as in Constantinople, everywhere on the pave, and custom respected their sovereignty. Foot passengers went around them or stepped carefully over them, and the leaves of Vallambrosa were no thicker than the sleeping curs on the Damascus car-tracks. Progress was therefore extremely difficult along the Street called Straight, and not unattended by tragic incidents. When we reached the Bab-esh-Sherki, the gate opening out toward the illimitable desert to the east, and were descending thankfully from the vehicle, I heard "Watch yer step!" from the platform behind me. I turned in amazement. The conduc-

tor in a red fez waved one hand gaily as he reached with the other to pull the starting signal, "Give my love," he remarked, "to old Broadway."

Something of the same sort occurred at Luxor, years before the building of the big winter-resort house by the Nile had increased the tourist influx from tens or dozens to hundreds and thousands. My son Frank had been dabbling at Cairo in the Arabic speech—at least, he had got as far as *bakhshîsh* and *mâ fish* and the numerals up to five. When we emerged from the small hotel at Luxor on the day of our arrival we saw ahead of us a group of natives, crouching as usual on the sunny side of the street, hoping for engagement as guides. The tall fellow who had the first turn in the line arose and strode to meet us, a magnificent specimen of his race in white burnoose. "Now is the time, Frank," I said, "to exercise your Arabic. He probably doesn't know twenty words of English."

The tall Egyptian approached, smiling in a winning way; "I *beg* your pardon," he said, in modulated chest tones that would have done credit to Oxford, "Can you by any chaunce give me information of my friend Mr. Carnegie?"

I recovered sufficiently to tell him that while I had not the honor of acquaintance with Mr. Carnegie, my understanding was that he still prospered in every respect.

"Chawmed to hear that such is the case," was the immediate response in the best society manner; "And Mrs. Carnegie?"

A story told me on a Khedivial ship between Beirut and Jaffa by Doctor Torrance, head of the Scottish Medical Mission at Tiberias, has quite a different flavor of remoteness and detachment from civilization. The good doctor's post by Lake Gennesaret in Galilee was within easy distance of the edge of the great Syrian desert, whence stretch the adjacent seas of sand and stony

wastes almost unbroken to the Indian Ocean. Some successful operations performed at Tiberias on visiting Bedouins from neighboring regions had carried the fame of his surgery even far into Arabia; the intercommunication of intelligence among the nomad tribes is surprising in its speed and scope.

One day as Doctor Torrance was sitting after luncheon in front of his hospital there rode up to the door two Arab sheiks, an old man and a young man, on blooded camels handsomely caparisoned but showing signs of fatigue and the dust-marks of a long journey. The riders were evidently persons of distinction. The younger dismounted and briefly told his errand. He was anxious about his father's eyes. They had heard of Doctor Torrance's skill and had ridden from Riad in the heart of Arabia, thirty days and more than a thousand miles across the desert, in order to consult him.

The examination was made. Torrance found glaucoma and told the son the case was hopeless. "But don't depend on my opinion only," he said to the young sheik, "Take your father to Jerusalem and have Doctor Eisler look at his eyes. I may be wrong about this."

There was a brief conference between the two Arabs. When the old sheik heard his sentence there was not the shade of a change on his fine countenance. At the suggestion of Jerusalem he shook his head. "It would be useless," he said. "His word is enough. If Allah wills me blindness, Allah's will be accomplished." With grave politeness he accepted a cup of coffee, and half an hour after their arrival the two camels' heads were turned back toward Nejd and Er-Riad for the thirty days' return journey through the desert, the son mourning but affecting cheerfulness, the doomed old sheik unbroken in spirit or in dignity of port.

III

Frank Hopkinson Smith I had known in New York before I happened to run across him one morning as he was sketching in the Piazza delle Erbe in Verona. There or in Venice or in Constantinople or Mexico or elsewhere, his habit of memorandum-making was the same. If a thing caught the fancy of his eyes, he would consign it to the first expanse of blank space at hand—a scrap of pasteboard, the fly-leaf of a guide-book, the back of an envelope—in what seemed to me to be an altogether irregular if not ignoble method of scrawliness. Sometimes he may have used a kodak, but I never saw him handling one. That function was reserved, while we were in company, to a poor mechanical layman like myself. I was elated when the products of my industry in Venice won the sole certificate of photographic merit that ever came from authority:

July 11 [1896]

DEAR MITCHELL: They are all FINE! Thank you very much for every one of them.

Yours aff'y,
F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

Anyhow, the despised camera did manage to preserve for this book the only correct representation known to me of Hopkinson Smith in the act of painting in water-colors his favorite view of the Salute across the mouth of the Grand Canal from a point on the Riva degli Schiavoni just beyond Danieli's. Furthermore, it shows Smith's cherished gondolier and attendant, the faithful Giorgio, enforcing the dead-line for the protection of this modern painter. Of Giorgio's subsequent discomfiture and apotheosis I shall have something to say.

We went together from Verona to Venice and lived as near neighbors and daily companions for a fortnight or more at the Hotel Britannia on the Grand Canal. Smith's



SOME OF F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S MEMORANDA

first inquiry, year after year, on being helped out of the gondola by the omniscient Swiss porter would be, "Joseph, is Rico in Venice yet?" and Joseph would reply, "He isn't here yet, Mr. Smith, but I fear he is coming next week to the Europa." Rico was the Spanish-Parisian professional rival of Hopkinson Smith in the world market for *calle e canali* depiction. Each of them privately thought he owned Venice in this regard, and each of them had considerable justice in his claim.

His enthusiasm for everything Venetian was infectious. Night after night he would insist on my threading with him the narrow back way into the Piazza San Marco. He would take me by the arm and plant me in the middle of the square. "Look at it again," he would say. "Just look at it! What great fellows they were!" His arm swept around three sides of the quadrangle. "Low, uniform classic façades above the arcades. Over there," pointing to the fourth side, "that domed jewel-box, sparkling with mosaic. Just one thing was needed to make the show perfect. And those fellows knew it and got it, *that* skyrocket!" He added a "Whiz!" and his arm shot straight up into the air to simulate the Campanile, which had not as yet collapsed and been rebuilded.

Speaking of Giorgio: It may be remembered that the architects of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago planned a lagoon on which to float a number of real gondolas, brought from Venice. Somebody selected also a corresponding number of gondoliers to come over to propel the sable craft. Giorgio's name was not in the honor list. My own old gondolier, Giovanni Palmerin, told me afterward that the disappointed pusher of oars went about like one utterly crushed. These *poppi* are, or used to be, with few exceptions the finest chaps in the world, gentle, skilful, courteous, and sometimes astonishingly unmercenary. Giorgio wrote a letter to Hopkinson Smith which the latter showed me in New York; I wish I had asked him

then to let me have a copy. It neither expressed resentment nor attempted appeal; the substance of Giorgio's communication was the fear that his omission might tend to disgrace or lessen him in his patron's esteem. Just at that time Smith was invited to speak at the banquet in honor, I believe, of Mr. Burnham, which celebrated the completion of the preparations for the centennial display. Instead of making a speech at table, Smith produced from his pocket the letter from Venice and read it without comment, and then and there it was unanimously agreed by the Exposition authorities that Giorgio should be summoned forthwith to Chicago.

This artist with both brush and pen, lecturer of note, man of heart plus nigh universal genius that could create at call not only a lighthouse or a hotel or a pedestal for Liberty's statue but also a Colonel Carter of Cartersville or an astonishing multicolored record of modern Venice, had among his varied assets an 'unsurpassed reputation as a raconteur. A pet story of his was of an address delivered at a meeting of a woman's club in Minneapolis or St. Paul, it matters not which. The hostess and president of the club was likewise prominent in the local organization of the W. C. T. U.

Hopkinson Smith arrived at the house—he knew the family well—in twenty-below-zero weather. He was chilled through and shivering visibly beneath his heavy fur over-coat. When the hostess met him at the door he made bold to suggest a remedy which caused her to hesitate long and inspect him severely. At last she beckoned mysteriously, put a finger to her lips and led him up-stairs to the bathroom. From the medicine-closet on the wall she produced a teaspoon and a two-ounce vial labelled "whiskey." She herself poured the dose and administered it; "and she didn't heap the spoon, either," the patient used to say.

They went down to the parlor where the expectant



SMITH AND GIORGIO AT VENICE

ladies were assembled, but such was the lecturer's mood of humor that he jettisoned the intended subject—"Taddeo Gaddi and the Early Florentines," or whatever it may have been—and proceeded extemporaneously to discuss with mild sarcasm women's clubs in general. There was an outburst of indignant comment when he had departed. The president raised her hand.

"Ladies! Ladies!" she expostulated, "you would not judge him so harshly if you had been aware, as I was, that the poor man was not responsible for what he said. He was under the influence of liquor," she whispered, "far gone in his cups."

The famous Tile Club, of which Hopkinson Smith, Edwin A. Abbey, Elihu Vedder, William M. Laffan, and other chosen souls were members, used to meet for its séances in the old frame house reached through a tunnel under Number 58 West Tenth Street. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, that learned and loving explorer of the literary topography of the metropolis, has pointed out the place as the scene chosen by Smith for the abode and pistol gallery of Colonel Carter. Laffan was known as "Polyphemus" by his fellows in the historic association. His wanderings with plate and etching-needle among the shadows and flotillas of the North River water-front had introduced him to a big-bellied canal-boat of tempting architecture and reasonably clean. The club chartered this craft, furnished the capacious interior sumptuously with easy chairs and beddings and oriental rugs and studio hangings, laid in a store of provisions, easels, and palettes, and had itself towed by mule-power in lazy comfort through the interior canals, Polyphemus being the chronicler of the expedition.

The great Nantucket Whaling Story, the very Koh-i-nor of New England yarns, was first reduced to classic form and veracious nomenclature by the researches of Hopkinson Smith at New Bedford and on Cape Cod, at

Wood's Hole and Siasconset. No more important service, perhaps, to the folk-lore of the ancient industry has been rendered since Herman Melville wrote "Moby Dick." No end of versions of this tale have found circulation during the past fifty years, differing widely as to length, to incident, and to attribution. In order that the orthodox text may not be lost to the world, I give it here exactly as it was entered in the archives of the Tile Club in the late seventies or early eighties and came to me from Hopkinson Smith; and this with apologies to the chaste types crowded out by profane blanks:

—Being the yarn of Mr. Jones, first mate of the brig *Betsy Jane*, whaler, of Nantucket:

"'Cap'n Simmons,' says I, 'she blows. Shall I lower?' 'She may blow, Mr. Jones, but I don't see fitten' for to lower.' Then the lookout, he sings down: 'She blows, an' she's a spouter!' 'Cap'n Simmons,' says I, 'she blows an' she's a spouter. Shall I lower?' 'She may blow, Mr. Jones, an' she may be a spouter, but I don't see fitten' for to lower; but if so be's you see fitten' for to lower, Mr. Jones, you may lower, an' be good blank blanked to you, Mr. Jones!'

"I lowers an' when I come in seventy-five foot of her I says: 'Hold on, boys, for I'm hell with the long harpoon, I am.' Well, I tows her alongside, an' when I come on deck Cap'n Simmons, he stood in the gangway, an' says he: 'Mr. Jones you are an officer an' a gentleman. There's rum an' tobaccoey in the locker, Mr. Jones, at your sarvice!' Says I, 'Cap'n Simmons, I'm a man as knows his duty, an' does it. All I axes of you, Cap'n Simmons, is a little sevility, an' that of the commonest blank blanked kind!'"

This was not only Hopkinson Smith's favorite tale of typical seafaring New England character, but it was also Robert Louis Stevenson's; and in somewhat different form it was long cherished by Theodore Roosevelt. Stevenson heard it first in San Francisco or Honolulu and rated it thereafter as primal among Yankee yarns. Will H. Low, in

AN ETCHING BY WILLIAM M. LAFFAN



his "Chronicle of Friendships," relates how he attempted to tell it in 1886 at the dinner-table at Stevenson's house in the Rue Vernier in Paris, and was sent to the bench for not telling it "in a proper manner," that is to say, for dodging or blurring the profanities. "Louis declared," wrote Low, "that it was positively the best American story that he had ever heard; but that the man who would maim its fair proportions, as I was about to do, was quite unfit for publication."

The last letter I ever had from Theodore Roosevelt related to the Nantucket Whaling Yarn. He preferred a longer version, with more detail and conversation injected; and, although he was chafing terribly at the time over the failure of the Administration to prepare for a coming war, he entered with characteristic zest into a controversy over this little subject. I tried him with the orthodox text. He wrote, all in his own still boyish hand:

Oyster Bay, Long Island, N. Y.
Nov. 30, 1916.

DEAR MR. MITCHELL: I return the interesting clipping.

There are of course all kinds of variants. The one that filled my soul with the most perfect content is more elaborate than Hopkinson Smith's (and what a trump Hopkinson Smith was!); the first dialogue between the thrusting mate and the reluctant captain is longer; the mate's appeal in successive sentences is cumulative, "thar she blows!—and breaches!—and belches!—and sperm at that!" The captain's successive negations increase in geometric progression in force until he finally yields, running: "Mr. Jones, I've already told you I didn't see fitten for to lower—I've already told you four times—I've already told you more'n sixteen times."

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"My beloved brother's letter is so deliciously like him," his sister Corinne, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, remarked to me after Colonel Roosevelt's death at the beginning of

1919, "taking as minute pains about the variant of the whaler story as if it were the most important fact in history or natural history. How he delighted in just such humor, too!" But I think Hopkinson Smith could have convinced him about the versions, even if I couldn't.

CHAPTER XIV

VAGARIES OF THE IMAGINATION

I

FOR me, a sheaf of letters which I have not had the heart to destroy—perhaps rather a hayrick than a sheaf, if dimensions decide the term—serves to repopulate that *Sun* corner with a thousand vivid images of great and small. Will you tolerate a cross-section of the sheaf? The sign manual again of Theodore Roosevelt, who wrote always like a schoolboy holding a too coarse pen in a clumsy hand, brings back my first sight of him in *The Sun* office; it was in the remote days when he was a civil-service commissioner. He had written for a magazine or review—possibly *The Forum*—one of his youthfully earnest essays. It was designed to show that an administration could get along splendidly with a President belonging to one party and a Vice-President belonging to the other. He illustrated his thesis, to the best of my recollection, by citing the case of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson in those respective offices. I wrote an editorial congratulating the young explorer upon the success of his researches in the early political history of the Republic and his discovery that Thomas Jefferson, not John Adams, was Washington's Vice-President. Roosevelt—not yet a colonel—came to *The Sun* beaming. If he had shot an okapi in Madison Square or knocked out a middle-weight champion he could not have been more gleeful. He regarded the slip of memory as a tremendous and delightful joke on himself and dwelt on it afterward with joy.

It has been said of him that he could never admit a mistake personal to himself. That was true in a certain sense, but only when the admission involved a confession hurtful to his pride. When the cut went deep beneath the

skin, as in the Harriman-Sidney Webster affair and in dozens of other instances, no matter how strong the case against him seemed to be, he possessed, apparently, all docketed and ready for use at a moment's notice an incredible amount of material for argument or rejoinder or evidence in rebuttal, which he proceeded to use ruthlessly; and no man then living had a quicker, more accurate perception of strategic principles in personal controversy. He was bold as a lion and persevering as the almanac, but he could be agile as a rabbit and know when and how to retreat. Yet it was always hard for him to modify a course to which his pride of opinion had publicly committed itself.

And this lusty contender with pen and voice was the author of those letters to his children, charming masterpieces of unposed literature, tender in their tone as Eugene Field's best, pen-illustrated with a humor not unlike Eugene's pictorial efforts. The eternal boy that rejoiced beneath Theodore Roosevelt's jacket, frock, or dinner-coat, military uniform, hunter's shirt, and toga of state as long as he lived was one of the secrets of the charm he wrought on friends and acquaintances, on supporters and adversaries. When he was departing from our office one day through an outer room he spied George Bendelari sitting there at work at his desk. Bendelari had been Roosevelt's instructor in German or some other modern language at Harvard. The governor of New York made straightway for his former preceptor but before he reached him had instinctively reduced speed and modified attitude to proper etiquette as between pupil and teacher. "He called me 'Sir' all through," said Bendelari afterward, "just as if we were in the classroom."

Some of the later writers of distinction in *The Sun* renew themselves to me at sight of these letters: Will Irwin, reporter and special writer from California, who, when the news came in 1906 of the San Francisco earth-

quake and fire, broke into my locked room and occupied it all night, sending forth to the printers column after column of that unique compound of memory and genius which became a classic under the title "The City That Was"; Isabel Hapgood, translator of Turgueniev, of De Amicis, of Palacio-Valdés, of Victor Hugo, and whose command of Russian, Italian, Spanish, and French was almost as perfect as that of the language in which she carried on for years with learning and gumption the book-reviewing done by Hazeltine before her; Montgomery Schuyler, who came to us from the *Times*, bringing his fine perceptions of the æsthetic in architecture and English prose; Albert Gardner Robinson, historian of the intervention in Cuba and of old New England doorways; Logan Grant McPherson, political economist, railway expert, and yet man of poetic imagination; Miles Menander Dawson, poet also, though philosopher and actuary; William Elliot Griffis, who knows Japan.

And here is John Hay, confiding freely and frankly from Washington his intentions to keep the door open in China; and, singularly enough, at about the same time Wellington Koo, afterward to be diplomat, foreign minister, and premier, but then plain John Wellington Koo, a freshman or sophomore in Nicholas Murray Butler's big school, favoring the paper frequently with his views on the state of the nations.

Admirals, urging the Sea Power doctrine: letter after letter from Mahan, conveying to me articles for *The Sun* on the subject or discussing them, or acknowledging the honorarium; Bradley Allen Fiske, in his time not less urgent philosophically, while much more objective in technical specifications; George Dewey, saying of a certain editorial article about him, "I have already placed it among my most cherished papers for safe keeping"; at least a dozen long and earnest missives from another American Admiral, after the *Lusitania* incident but before our entry

into the war, entreating *The Sun* to back the cause of the Kaiser who had sent Diedrich to worry Dewey in Manila Bay; and, pleasantest of all to remember, grateful words from Admiral Sampson's wife, my neighbor at Glen Ridge, for her first news of the victory off Santiago.

Here is a letter from the first assistant postmaster-general, enclosing a beautiful set of proofs on cardboard of a newly engraved issue with a red two-cent postage-stamp, for which he magnanimously gives full credit to the efforts of *The Sun*. The hue of the previous two-center had been an unpleasant green. The newspaper had attacked it, in the interest of the public's eyes, denouncing it as a sickly green insult to the revered countenance of George Washington, comparing it to a tombstone splashed with spinach, demanding a return to the good old red two-cent stamp of our fathers, and otherwise manifesting an ardor which could not have been exceeded in a campaign against the star-eyed goddess of tariff reform or a sixteen-to-one specie currency.

How many of these little side issues recur now more readily even than the great political battles! There was the Jones River controversy, for example, to which Miller of the *Times* and I devoted dozens and dozens of editorial columns on the one side and the other, the question being whether a certain woe-begone stream up in Alaska near Mount Saint Elias should properly be called by the name of Jones or by an Indian name which now escapes me. Miller was for Jones and I was against Jones. The plodding industry of geographical and historical research by which I finally won a verdict from the Board of Geographical Names at Washington, in a decree of "*Not Jones River!*" was not half so fine as the satirical rhetoric and controversial urbanity with which he supported his hopeless case. But was it a hopeless case? Possibly Professor William Libbey of Princeton was the only living man who could have spoken with decision.

Here comes the once famous Sunset Cox, for years the first-chop humorist of Congress, now perhaps better remembered by some for the ridiculous bronze effigy of him in New York City, and for the brushing of him aside by Ben Butler's contemptuous "Shoo ! fly, don't boddere me," than for his really intelligent services to legislation. He is deplored the handicap of his reputation as a funny man. "You must rescue my fame!" he plaintively writes. "I get all the disadvantages of specific levity; but when it becomes useful as well as mirthful, am I to be robbed by Sam Randall?"

And here is Thomas Brackett Reed, statesman of both wit and power, commenting on certain critical remarks *The Sun* had printed over the signature "Franz Hals" concerning a portrait of the Speaker by Sargent:

That portrait has given me a queer experience in life. All my friends are hurt, and the Democracy seem to think that all my sins must be expiated by the treatment I have received therein.

As for me, I like it. I am under the dreadful thrall under which I am told all Mr. Sargent's subjects are, and am not in the least moved by the criticism of so many, except perhaps I am willing to admit that the picture is not so good looking as the original.

I shall not throw "Franz Hals" into the waste basket, for Mrs. Reed, who entirely sympathizes with him, wants to retain it as a perpetual memorial that there is one man of sense left in the world. This she says having brought her Philistine eyes to bear only on the reproduction. When she starts to see the original I shall start on a vacation.

Nevertheless, I like it.

And Eddie Riggs—may the grass grow green and the flowers bloom over him!—tells me in 1918 this little story:

Twenty years and more ago I asked Senator Platt of New York: "In all your battles, skirmishes, fights, and experience, tell me the name of the greatest Republican statesman of your time."

"Well," replied Platt, "I'd liked to have been Matt Quay's office boy for just about six months."

The same experimental transverse section brings up a personally addressed postal card of 1916 from a crazy pro-German threatening assassination unless *The Sun* was brought to the Kaiser's cause; a note from Murray Crane, my friend always till he died (as that good and simple-hearted and shrewd-headed New Englander was the friend of all who knew enough to value the gold that was in him), referring to a dinner the night before at the White House, where he and I sat with Archie Butt at the family table and President Taft urged turkey and cranberry sauce, and bubbled with his contagious good nature; and of all the unexpected communications that come from over the world to the editor's desk, a long letter in neat Greek script signed individually by Ἀριστείδης Παππαππίλιπου, Περικλῆς Βελιούρης and Θεόδωρος Σιούλης, besides thirty-seven other respectable citizens of Kalabaka, where the sky-high monasteries of Metéora surmount stupendous crags accessible only in baskets by windlass and rope. Aristides, Pericles, Theodore and the rest of the worthy Kalabakans emotionally implored *The Sun* to keep vigilant eyes upon the local concerns of their interesting Thessalian town; that is, to shine for Kalabaka.

This is but a cross-section from the sheaf, and a limited one; for the imperative finis of the book and of the reader's patience is not far off. It is intended to show that in the newspaper man's zest for his work the non-essentials often count quite as much as the big things, as I have always believed and still believe they do with the intelligent peruser of the columns.

II

In later years the artist-delineator has appeared in force to relieve the overburdened writer of part of his task in meeting the unvarying public demand for humor-

ous or sentimental comment on the news of the day. The cartoon of power, which influences opinion and leaves a lasting impression on the imagination, like Tenniel's Pilot Bismarck departing from the German Ship of State, or Keppler's tattooed man in the Blaine campaign, or many of Oscar Cesare's conceptions during the Great War period, showing the strength and breadth of Daumier's drawing with a much heavier impact of suggestion in the political sense, is the picture which produces thought rather than provokes mirth. Such cartoons win often the admiring smile that recognizes intellectual wit, but rarely start up the muscles of cachinnation. The newspaper pictures over which men laugh heartily and which they recall long afterward to laugh again, belong to a different department of humorous illustration.

I suppose everybody's memory preserves a larger or smaller collection of pictures that gave unintellectual pleasure. Frederick B. Opper, whom I knew as far back as 1875, has made the world more cheerful during his long and prolific term of activity. He could not help being funny, nor can Fontaine Fox with his little people. There are dozens of other artists, whether their names are remembered or forgotten, who belong in the same catalogue of benevolent comicality. My own recollection still cherishes three of these true comics, all appearing long ago in the pages of *Puck* or *Judge*, though perhaps one of them was in *Life*.

The first picture was in a series illustrating lines from Shakespeare. It represented an irascible old gentleman nearly losing his centre of gravity as he kicked down the front steps a frightened mongrel; and the legend was from "Macbeth," "Out! damned Spot!" Somehow I connect this idea with the Reverend Sydney Smith.

Another depicted a dinner-party in a house whereof the table furniture and the attire and correct demeanor of the guests denoted aristocratic conservatism. The new

maid, charged with the duty of keeping the glasses full, had evidently gained her professional education in a different sphere. She was leaning jauntily over the shoulder of an astonished prelate, and as she extended the champagne-bottle was genially remarking, "Say when, Bishop!"

The third picture brought home to his wife's dressing-table late at night a disordered gentleman who had wined not wisely but too well. He had picked up a silver-mounted hairbrush, mistaking it for the hand-mirror. He was peering anxiously into the bristly side to ascertain the state of his physiognomy, and was exclaiming with astonishment: "Gosh! but I do need a shave."

This is only to illustrate the imagination that creates incongruities that gratify the appetite for the ludicrous. Such imagination is as real in its way, and as desirable in its place and time, as the imagination building loftily and beautifully in the territory of æsthetics. The best newspaper men, so far as my observations go, have been those whose own sense of humor was comprehensive enough to perceive without sniffing this homely truth.

When the reform mayor of New York, the Honorable William L. Strong, was setting a good example to local politicians, and incidentally exciting decorously suppressed delight in the bosom of his private secretary, the Honorable Job E. Hedges, by serving Ceylon tea instead of the more familiar beverages at his five o'clocks in the City Hall, what comment could have been more suggestive of the mayor's excellent intentions than

this little sketch by a *Sun* artist of the first and original Tea Pot Dome?

My cross-section brings together strange company:



Notes from Nikola Tesla, the electrician; I remember how he took me once as early as 1890 to his workshop in a loft in South Fifth Avenue and showed a great tank of water on which floated a fleet of miniature gunboats, controlled and manœuvred wirelessly; it seemed then like a dream of magic. Likewise I recall the musical affair in Steinway Hall in Fourteenth Street, when a New York audience for the first time heard melodies played in Philadelphia, the stumbling beginnings of telephony. Bell's instrument had not been adapted to practical communications by the human voice. The radio era was in the distant future, beyond the farthest range of the scientific imagination. And yet I printed in *The Sun* of July 27, 1879—forgive the vanity of an aged and forgotten inventor!—a story entitled “The Senator’s Daughter” to which I now turn and find in a passage describing an inaugural ball in the Capitol rotunda at Washington this prophecy of wireless broadcasting, made forty-five years agone:

From the centre of the floor ascended to the height of forty or fifty feet a single jet of water, rendered intensely luminous by the newly discovered hydroelectric process and flooding the room with a light ten times brighter than daylight, yet soft and grateful as the light of the moon. The air pulsated with music, for every flower in the dome overhead gave utterance to the notes which Raibolini, in the Conservatoire at Paris, was sending across the Atlantic from the vibrant tip of his *bâton*.

Until serious cares accumulated I was very fond of composing these pseudo-scientific extravaganzas, based on what was believed to be some novel or bizarre idea of the speculative imagination. One or two of them have been mentioned already in the rambling course of the present reminiscences. There were perhaps two dozen in all, mostly printed anonymously in the Sunday paper, between 1875 and 1885, when the pursuit of the will-o’-

the wisps of science and metaphysics was abandoned for more definite things. In glancing back at them now I am astonished to discover the swiftness with which actual progress has overhauled some of the most improbable of the imaginary creatures. No magician of the laboratory, however, has yet realized the device, in a tale of 1877 called "*The Man Without a Body*," for the long-distance transportation of humans by voltaic disintegration at one end of the telegraph wire or cable and instantaneous reconstruction in good health and shape at the cathode. Nor has any bold promoter put into operation yet the more mechanical *Tachypomp* of 1874, spoken of in a preceding chapter. Nor, again, has there been accomplished the perfection of the delicate mechanism that now performs miracles of mathematical computation into a logical machine that reasons infallibly, as in the case of Baron Savitch in "*The Ablest Man in the World*."

There is one kind of scientific imagination which imagines and then realizes. There is a diluted, purely literary form which imagines without the power to realize; it lets fancy trespass on fields to which it has no warrant of entry and then waits for an Edison, or a Marconi, or a Pupin to come along and do the realizing. When I was a boy in school and college I used to speculate about theories and possibilities in a manner that made my teachers smile. Once or twice they looked interested. To the surprise of my judgment, but to the delight of an individual blend of conceit and diffidence, both "*The Tachypomp*" and "*The Ablest Man in the World*" were included by Burlingame in the ten-volume series of "*Stories by American Authors*," first published by the Scribners in 1884, and then in subsequent editions.

This respectably yellow publication was the cause of a memorable dinner given to all the surviving story-writers represented in the collection whom the diligence and good nature of the brothers Scribner were able to round up at

the Union League Club on March 21, 1885. I was almost the youngest and certainly the least considerable of all the guests; but it made me feel more at home in the company when Frank Stockton, in a voice very kindly raised far above his habitually quiet conversational tone so that everybody would be sure to hear him, demanded to know whether I had come to the dinner on a tachypomp. And I found myself seated at the big round table alongside of Brander Matthews, only by a month my senior, but already illustrious in my eyes because of his story-writing in collaboration with the sprightly, beaming Bunner, not far away over there behind his eyeglasses and wine-glasses. Near him were Thomas Nelson Page and Frederick Jesup Stimson, the "J. S. of Dale" who created Mrs. Knollys's well-preserved husband and has since produced numerous valuable treatises on constitutional and statutory law. He was then especially dear to my heart on account of his definitive history of the doings of Rollo, Jonas, Uncle George, and Benjamin F. Butler at Harvard.

There have been few such dinners, I am sure. With characteristic earnestness Professor Brander Matthews engaged me in a discussion of an ethical question, namely, whether it was moral for a newspaper writer to frame, in behalf of his employing journal, arguments or statements in politics not entirely in line with his personal convictions. Matthews was strong against the toleration of any latitude in this respect; it was simply selling conscience for cash. I tentatively instanced the privileges of another profession, wherein a practitioner takes money from a client for making the best of a case in which the lawyer privately may not have full confidence. As I remember, this important controversy did not reach a decision. General attention was just then besought by Thomas Nelson Page, who with upraised glass was announcing a toast which he declared to be the finest toast in the prandial literature of this or any other country, in this or any other

age, unsurpassed and unapproachable because it was the gem product of Virginian refinement of wit and delicacy of sentiment. It was, indeed, a most admirable toast and was received with enthusiasm; I wish I had written it down at the time. But Frank Millet had another specimen to offer, sprung from the colder shores of Cape Cod Bay, and somebody else had another, and so on, and I fear the libretto of the competition is lost to the toast-connoisseurs of to-day.

Of those whose autographs were pencilled on the back of my menu card, I think that besides Charles and Arthur Scribner, the hosts, not more than five, possibly but four, are now living. The eldest then probably was John Eddy, a lawyer-like gentleman with a white mustache and a Boston manner, of whom the others seemed to know little but to be curious to learn more. He was the author of a remarkable tale called "A Dinner Party," reprinted in the Scribner collection from an *Atlantic Monthly* of 1872. It was an extremely clever and learned story of the exploits of an accomplished criminal and an equally accomplished psychoanalyst detective, foreshadowing the Sherlock Holmes type. Mr. Eddy was apparently not a professional story-writer. He said little, but displayed contentment in the company of the younger men. I have never heard anything else of his writings.

Millet and Noah Brooks and George Parsons Lathrop, the son-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne, I knew somewhat at that time. All who sat at the dinner interested me keenly, but none more than Edward Bellamy. His "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process" and "Miss Ludington's Sister" had been published, though "Looking Backward," by which he is now best remembered, was not to come for two or three years. When the party broke up into groups and the conversation became animated, Bellamy was the centre of the largest special audience. He was developing, with the eloquence of sincerity, his philosophy of the insignificance

W. H. Bishop

Thos. D. Page

Edward L. Burlingame

H. C. Barnes

Samuel R. Chapman

C. de Kay

F. J. Hinman

Franklin Mathewson

Arthur H. Scribner

John Eddy

P. F. Coffey

Edward Bellamy

T. D. Miller

Frank R. Shatto

Charles Scribner

John Brooks

E. P. Mitchell's card.

of the individual and the greatness of the commonweal. "When I die," he was saying to Charles Scribner and Stockton and Stimson and Page and the rest, "I wish no burial location, no tombstone, no record of identity. I would have my friends carry my ashes to the top of Mount Tom on a bright windy day and scatter them by the handful wherever they might be blown farthest."

CHAPTER XV TO WATCHAPEY

I

WHEN the climacteric rung of the ladder was reached at threescore and ten, it was pleasant to read words of appreciation and affection like those which Frank Munsey wrote in the same columns to which so wide a span of my own lifetime had been devoted:

The half century of his newspaper work—years that have brought him great contacts and great triumphs—will pass in review before him today together with the childhood and young manhood, the old Maine home—his father and mother, his brother and sisters, the boys and girls of his world, and the Thanksgiving dinners with turkey, plum pudding and all that.

Half a century of brilliant contributions to American journalism, with a conscientious appreciation of the true functions of a great newspaper, moulding public thought, shaping statesmanship, breathing culture and refinement into the printed word, constitutes a highly worth while achievement. . . . And so in 1875 Mr. Mitchell, then only twenty-three, took his place with the most distinguished company of editorial writers ever known to any American newspaper. That was forty-seven years ago, and in this long span of unbroken connection with *The Sun*, which next to his own family came to be the love of his life, he has done as brilliant and beautiful work as has ever been penned in the editorial rooms of any newspaper anywhere.

Mr. Mitchell's viewpoint has been broad and big. His work has been sound, scholarly, faithful, painstaking, and imbued always with a warm sense of justice, good taste, and good form. As editor-in-chief of *The Sun* after Mr. Dana's death, and chief editorial writer for many years when Mr. Dana occupied the distinguished place as the greatest of American journalists, Mr. Mitchell's utterances in *The Sun* have been a power and a delight in this community and in the nation.

Notwithstanding his very great place in the newspaper world Mr. Mitchell is little known to the American people. . . . He has insistently kept himself in the background of his newspaper and in the background among men. Except for his travels Mr. Mitchell's hours of freedom from the office of *The Sun* have been spent mainly with his family and in his library. He has a scholarly mind, a love of the beautiful in art and in life, and has a heart and a nature that have won the love and devotion of all those associated with him in his work and in the making of *The Sun*.

Mr. Mitchell is to-day starting out afresh on the trail he has so splendidly illumined for half a century, starting out with a clear mind, clear vision, and with reasonable expectancy of another decade at least of ripened years to add to the full and useful and beautiful life he has lived.

To that seventieth anniversary, I confess, I had looked forward with a little trepidation as to a day of reflections likely to be more or less disconsolate. Yet the day brought to me in Porto Rico nothing but brightness, in the shape of this utterance of good-will and sincere if undeserved praise in my own newspaper and many similar expressions by esteemed contemporaries in different parts of the country; and from friends outside the profession cheery personal messages by mail or cable of which this is a sample:

New York, March 24, 1922.

Cordial congratulations on three score and ten. It is no longer the limit, and the succeeding years are richer and happier. I hope to welcome you into the select circle of the eighties.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

And to this supreme authority on the art of gold-mining at the end of the rainbow it was my privilege to reply, two years later, on the occasion of his own ninetieth birthday, with affectionate greetings from the admiring junior he had welcomed to the seventies.

In the foregoing reminiscences I have honestly tried to

make the narrative as impersonal as might be, so far as the narrator himself is concerned. Those readers, if any there are, who have been good enough to acquire a little interest in the personal career involved are perhaps entitled to be told that not long before the time of retirement from active service the publishers and editors of all the great New York and Brooklyn newspapers joined the celebrated Amen Corner and forty or fifty journalists of distinction in the city and elsewhere as hosts at a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria on January 7, 1922, given in honor of one retiring editor. Seven hundred and fifty representatives of American life attended the Amen Corner dinner. The late Edward G. Riggs, beloved of all newspaper men and president of the Corner, occupied the chair. At the dais table figured the proprietors or editors of the *Herald*, the *Times*, the *Tribune*, the *World*, the *Journal*, the *Evening Post*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the heads of the two great press associations, Archbishop, now Cardinal Hayes, and Bishop William T. Manning, both of the United States senators from New York, the governor and four former governors of the State, and other dignitaries. Letters and telegrams of congratulation were received from President Harding, Vice-President Coolidge, Secretary Hughes, Postmaster-General Hays, Ambassador Harvey, Solicitor-General Beck, Henry Watterson, and many editors, writers, and public men unable to be present in person. The speakers were Judge Job E. Hedges, Frank Munsey, and Ex-Governor Martin H. Glynn. The kindest-hearted of Presidents of the United States, himself a veteran editor, wrote in part as follows:

I do not remember anybody among American journalists who has so long occupied a place of such unique distinction. His career covers the beginnings, the development and the acting present of the great era of metropolitan journalism in this country. In all its stages he has been a leading and dominating participant, and the best of all the good things that may-

be said for him is that he has always stood for the finest newspaper ideals and the most unselfish and patriotic public purposes.

And, asking pardon once more for the vanity which permits these references to the professional esteem and personal good-will that brightened the sunset, the story nears its conclusion.

II

I wake in the morning in a farmhouse room with three sides lighted by broad windows through which can be surveyed three-quarters or more of the encircling horizon. The entire circumference of forty or fifty miles is a serrated enclosure of tree-tops, unbroken by human habitation. Below the sky-line, here and there at wide intervals, half a dozen cottages and barns are visible. Some of the modest dwellings show the huge central stone chimneys that denote perhaps a century and a half or two centuries of respectable existence, with the consequent infirmities of age. The farm fields slope away to the nearer trees and the skirting forest line borders the blue.

There is color everywhere, all the year round. In spring and summer the surrounding foliage is vivid green, while swiftly pushing wild vegetation creates an undergrowth almost as lush as a tropical jungle. In autumn there is a blaze of reds and yellows, sobering down as the weeks go by to the yet more lovely hues of late November and December. This nature-painting well along toward Christmas has the restraint and dignity of a Turkoman camel's-hair carpet, or of South Seas tapa-cloth upon which primitive artistry anticipated with its dyes the refinement of the educated taste that prizes the browns of the dead leaf, the dried grasses, and the ploughed ground. No more charming tint occurs in the gradual transition than that of the scrub oaks that hold their dead foliage stoutly, notwithstanding wind and snow. And in the winter these

clinging oak leaves, with the dark cedars and lighter pines and sentinel savins, show finely against the white mantle.

The New England stone walls stretch in every direction; seemingly miles and miles of them, with years of conscientious skilled labor invested in their construction. Some must date quite back to Roger Williams and Canonchet. They are found where they are wanted and likewise where they are and always were unnecessary; in some places delicate as fretwork, in other places Cyclopean in their massiveness, according to the mood and muscle of their makers. They record the ceaseless efforts of generations to get the lands required for agriculture clear of the débris of the terminal moraine. Monuments of industry they are, more lasting than barbed wire or cedar zigzags; but the art of building them properly has so far departed from the countryside that few men can now be trusted with their extension or repair.

The Age of Ice dealt liberally with this region. The receding glacier deposited reminders of its visit varying in size from that of a modest man's head to that of a comfortable barn. Some of the big fellows split when they struck bedrock, leaving fissures as cleanly regular as if cut by a mason's tools. One great boulder close by is a tooth-shaped peak like the top of the Matterhorn, cropping fifteen or twenty feet above soil that perhaps conceals twice that much of altitude. Atop the sharp apex, inaccessible without a ladder to any but a human fly, there flourishes a considerable pine-tree, the product of seed sown by a whimsical gust on this hopeless pinnacle. Yet somehow, in spite of common sense and life-probability tables, the tree has managed to claw into and around the rock with its hard-pushed roots firmly enough to defy the blizzards of fifty years. Few of the first comers, the settlers of this historic coast, could have shown greater enterprise or tenacity than this squatter pine.

Stones everywhere, as has been said, either assembled in walls or yet unharvested. And yet scarcely a mile and a half away, and equidistant from the ocean shore, is another region where they are wholly lacking; a tract of ancient sand-dunes, so Saharan in aspect and feeling that my artist friend Cyrus Farnum declares that he does not really need to go to Biskra to make desert studies.

Nothing from the aforesaid windows of Watchapey is largely spectacular; but mountain ranges and Lake Louises and giant redwood groves are not indispensable to the sense of rest and remoteness from Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. The deer come out of the woods singly or in couples. One morning I counted five at once, including a buck with noble horns, not far beyond the barn. They saw or scented humanity and loped gracefully back into the thicket, white tails aloft. Possibly it was Habakkuk, the stateliest and most dissolute of bronze turkey-gobblers, who caused the deer to skedaddle.

Stranger automobiles passing on the dirt road are hardly more frequent than aeroplanes overhead. No electricity, no gas even, but back to kerosene and candles. Country cross-road stores only two or three miles away where the loungers sit on barrels and discuss for hours the state of the nation; emporia nevertheless quite adequate to the requirements of a mellow philosophy. Neighbors mostly the esteemed descendants of the aboriginal Americans with admixture of Japheth and Ham; some of them assuming distinguished Rhode Island names, Hazards, Stantons, Perrys, and so on, but exhibiting features that need only a feathered bandeau to take place at once upon Uncle Sam's copper coinage. These are the last of the Narragansetts. The Great Swamp battle-ground of King Philip's War is less than half a dozen miles away in one direction; the Coronation Rock of the Ninigret Indians on King Tom's Farm not so far the opposite way.

This wooded solitude, wherein is found surcease of the

traffic's noise, of daytime hurry, of politics except the microscopic variety, of midnight anxiety in apprehension of the clanging of the presses, extends east and west and south to the ocean and north with few interruptions full forty miles; cut through, it is true, by the New York and Boston express-trains, whose rumblings and whistlings soothe and reassure when the air is still. To the spacious township of forest and Adirondack-like ponds the census men of 1920 are generous enough to accord 759 souls. And all this in the State which, by verifiable statistics, is the most densely populated of the forty-eight.

. . . "Rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life——"

Mr. Jemmy Thompson did not mean it quite that way, but let it go as voucher of usefulness; and let me go back to the old secretary desk to write good-by to the comrade years that have marched along with me, turn and turn, mostly through sunshine, since I learned to pull myself up to my feet with the assistance of that same venerable piece of furniture.



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